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A VACATION IN VERMONT.

Of the Green Mountains one might probably say, paraphrasing Montesquieu's famous prediction about the *spirit of laws*, that they are more generally admired than visited. Poets sing without seeing them. They have furnished ready and familiar figures to orators who could hardly point them out on the map. That they stimulate the virtues of the patriot, and grow a stalwart race of men, is one of those axioms which one meets over and over again in the pages of writers who have never felt their rugged breezes, or measured the sons of Vermont in their own homes. Nor is this service which the State renders to rhetoric shared in anything like an equal degree by other States, which also have mountains, loftier perhaps and grander than its own. Even the White Mountains seem to be less frequently used, while the Alleghanies, the Rocky Mountains, and other noble chains throughout the country are almost unknown in literature and oratory. Only one thing is therefore wanting to complete the singular pre-eminence of Vermont. If her mountains and valleys were more often traversed and better known, if her children were studied through personal contact and acquaintance, the phrases of enthusiasm and admiration would not perhaps be subdued, but they would be well informed, just, rational, more serviceable to their authors, and not less complimentary to their objects.

The present article can, of course, repair this neglect only in part. To describe the whole State, or even all its leading beauties, would require a dozen volumes instead of as many pages; or if attempted on a small scale would be little more than a catalogue of natural objects, without those minute details which could alone justify them to the critical eye. We shall therefore take for description two favorite points in the Vermont landscape, and then invite the reader with their aid to complete the picture. One of these shall be the highest peak in the State; the other, one of the lowest valleys. The former is in the northeast, and stands guard over the Connecticut; the latter is in the southwest, and opens out into Champlain and the Hudson. Mount Mansfield will illustrate the grandeur and majesty of the Green Mountains themselves. Otter Creek irrigates a narrow vale between the mountains, and supplies the power for one of the leading industries of the State. Both regions, too, are somewhat frequented by tourists, and one of them is on the direct line of a railway.

Mount Mansfield is accessible either from the east or from the west. If from the west, the last railway station is Underhill, where there is a popular summer hotel, and whence carriages can ascend as far as the Half-way House. For the rest of the distance the tour is only for pedestrians, but there is a good foot-path, and a succession of views, as one ascends, affords a pleasant diversion, relieves the labor, and prepares for the final panorama which is revealed from the summit. The favorite route is, however, by way of Stowe, which lies southeast of the mountain. It is reached by stage from Morrisville, eight miles distant on the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain Railroad, or from the better known and more convenient station of Waterbury, ten miles distant, on the Central Vermont Railroad. This great thoroughfare furnishes the means of easy access from New York and Boston, and connects with the more important lines of communication in all directions.

The tourist who like myself chooses the last described course finds at Waterbury the final traces of a corrupt urban civili-

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zation. Beyond here all is primitive, idyllic, Arcadian; at Waterbury the contentious hackman still survives. But it is a mild form of contention, sobered apparently and rendered decorous by the clear air, or the solemn mountains, or the grave religious tone of a Vermont village. We had missed the stage, and the runners for several livery-stables offered to provide special transportation. Their rivalry, though really keen, was suppressed into a sympathetic desire to furnish the traveller the most comfortable, the swiftest, and safest conveyance; and from this desire every low, mercenary consideration was sternly banished. "Don't take that other fellow's team," said one of them, in a sad tone; "the last time he went over, a wheel run off, and he nearly killed his party." "That man," retorted the other, brushing a kindly tear out of his eye, "lost his way last week, and was five hours on the road." Then a third began, in a mild, expostulating voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, I wouldn't go with either of them men. If you *really* want to go, I have a team," etc. Thus the strife of these benevolent gentlemen went on. We finally decided to wait for the stage, and the three rivals walked off together with an air of pious resignation, humming in chorus one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. In some other parts of the world, I suppose, a writer who wished to show that the inherent friendship of these men could survive all brief professional differences would say that they repaired to the nearest bar and took a drink together. At Waterbury the evening prayer-meeting would seem to be a more fitting place for the fraternal reconciliation.

The stage is ready at last, and the two hours' drive, especially if one has an outside seat, is no unpleasant experience on a July evening. It is the very heart of the Green Mountains. The road is good; the hills are neither too prolonged nor too abrupt. Enticing trout streams shoot across the way or ripple along its side. Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump are seen, now on one hand, now on the other, as we pursue our sinuous course. The farms are neat, orderly, and apparently prosperous, although the oats and wheat seem to have a hard battle for life with the rocks and the sand. The people are plain, but cheerful, civil, and obliging. One observes little of that outward sullenness by which in some other parts of the country the poorer farmers take revenge on society for inequalities that are really due to their own idleness and improvidence. The Vermont farmer works, saves, keeps clear of mortgages, and—is polite.

At a little village where we stopped to water the horses a Green Mountain boy of some seventy summers, wrinkled and browned, but with flexible muscles in his gaunt frame and a smart twinkle in his eyes, entertained the passengers with some conversation.

"Goin' up to Stowe?"

"Yes."

"Ever been there?"

"No."

"Wa'al, our girls about these parts they've all gone to the White Mountains."

"Indeed! That's surprising. There's such fine scenery right here at home, why do they go to the White Mountains?"

"Why do they go to the White Mountains? Wa'al, they go there because they git three dollars a week."

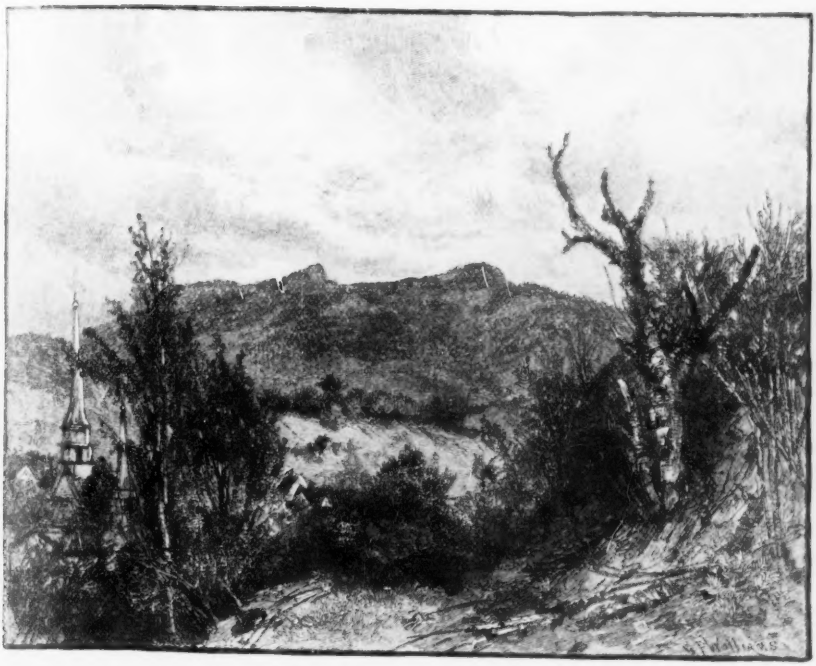
"Oh!" rejoined the coach, hastily, with some embarrassment; "we had not thought of it in that light."

"Yes, sir," added the veteran, clinching his argument—"yes, sir, one of my girls gits three dollars a week, and don't have nothing to do but wash tumblers." And he bowed kindly as the stage moved away.

It seemed fitting to one of our party, a cynical person, to remark afterward that even washing tumblers day after day might become monotonous, and exclude the opportunities for that æsthetic culture now so much needed by domestic servants. "Still," he added, "if the newspapers may be trusted, they have the society of Dartmouth students in the busy season."

Let us respect honest toil. Not all Vermont girls are drawn to the White Mountains even by the liberal conditions which are there offered. Enough of them at least remain to do the service of the Mount Mansfield House, and to do it well. Neat, quick, intelligent, obliging, they lose no caste by earning their way; in winter they are the belles of "society." Brawny young farmers will find them the best of wives, and if another war should afflict the country, their sons will rush to arms not less promptly than did their fathers and brothers twenty years ago.

Stowe is a typical Vermont village of some one thousand inhabitants. The houses are nearly all white, and the white houses nearly all have green shutters.



MOUNT MANSFIELD FROM STOWE.

though slight differences in the styles of architecture and a modest discrimination in the choice of flowers and the arrangement of flower beds afford a partial satisfaction to the eye. There is a small white church, and its spire, or "steeple," as the parishioners call it, shoots ambitiously upward into the clear blue air. There is a hotel, the Mount Mansfield House, built in 1864, and for some time in charge of a veteran Boston journalist—a spacious building, with broad verandas and long halls, with vast *salons*, where the waltz may safely be attempted, and well-disposed lawns, across which the croquet balls bound from morning till night, and the harmless missiles of tennis make their abrupt flights. From "Sunset Hill," a sharp elevation back of the hotel, the village resembles a flock of geese on the wing, the two main streets diverging toward the east and the west, while the apex, where the leader may be imagined, points timidly toward Waterbury on the south. Many other things may also be seen from Sunset Hill. In the rear is the Worcester range; south, Camel's Hump; west, Mount Mansfield itself; and in the intervals, especially toward the northwest, the green valley with its silver streams, its well-stocked farms, its neat farm-houses, with their barns and other buildings grouped in little colonies about them. This is, too, a good point from which to begin the work of seeing a man's face in the profile of Mount Mansfield. The illustration provides all the materials of the problem. The features are all there in bold relief—forehead, nose, mouth, lips, chin—and the reader who fails to catch the resemblance will never understand why the mountain was called "Mans-field." He will be reduced to the false theory that its namesake was a famous English judge.

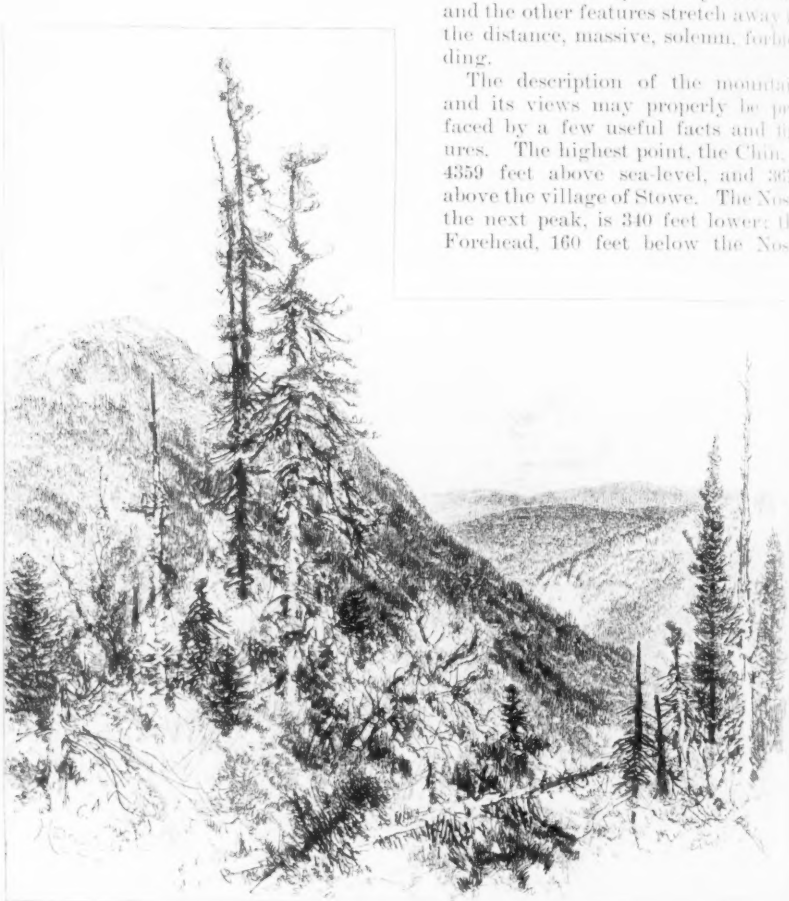
The distance from Stowe to the summit of the mountain is about nine miles. For five miles the route follows the ordinary country road through a pleasant valley; then it breaks off into the mountain, and winds about by easy grades to the top.

The carriage road has now been open several years, and the ascent can be made in any vehicle with the greatest comfort.

The way is thickly wooded—along the lower part with beech, maple, birch, and even oak, which, however, gradually disappear, until the evergreen varieties alone remain, and these seem ill satisfied with their existence. Shade is therefore abundant, and the sun's rays are little felt. But this is at the cost of another form of enjoyment. Short of the summit itself no satisfactory view is obtained, with perhaps a partial exception in favor of the Half-way House. This seems once to have been a habitable house, at least for horses; though, thanks to the fretful porcupine, it now offers hospitality neither to quadrupeds nor to bipeds. The hoary hogs have attacked the stalls and floor with ferocity and persistence, and have created vast intervals in the most solid partitions. The little animals are abundant all over the mountain, and many wild stories are told of their exploits. A horse belonging to the hotel was attacked by one, said John, the driver, and they afterward pulled seven hundred quills out of the poor beast; and if John had been coining a story he would not have been so recklessly exact.

Half a mile before the summit is reached the woods open, and the carriage climbs a stiff rocky ledge for the rest of the way. The Nose towers up directly above us, and the other features stretch away in the distance, massive, solemn, forbidding.

The description of the mountain and its views may properly be prefaced by a few useful facts and figures. The highest point, the Chin, is 4359 feet above sea-level, and 3670 above the village of Stowe. The Nose, the next peak, is 340 feet lower; the Forehead, 160 feet below the Nose.



THE NOSE AND SMUGGLER'S NOTCH.

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

From the Nose to the Chin—the extreme points of ordinary exploration—the distance is about one and a half miles. The mountain has long been accessible to adventurous tourists, but it is only within the last twenty years, or since the opening of the Mount Mansfield House, that they have come in any number or regularly. The completion of the carriage road to the summit brought, of course, a large increase of both transient and permanent guests.

We can now examine the face of the giant as calmly and fearlessly as the Lilliputians walked about over the prostrate Gulliver.

To reach the point of the Nose involves a sharp though short climb, facilitated by a flight of rude steps which have been formed by the ledges of the rock. The old Latin line must be reversed before it can be applied to the Nose. The ascent is safe and not difficult, but the descent—*hic labor, hoc opus est*. The stone is as smooth and slippery as ice; and a single false step would precipitate one two hundred feet or more to the bottom. This is on the west. The northern side is nearly perpendicular; and although the process which shaped it began thousands of years ago, it has not yet ceased. From time to time immense masses of rock detach themselves and plunge into the abyss below, where they still lie heaped upon one another in wild disorder. One of these terrible bowlders was formerly poised on the very end of the Nose, almost without visible means of support. It was supposed that it could be pried loose by hand, but repeated attempts led only to disappointment. One day in 1859, however, it started voluntarily, and rolled down the precipice, shaking the mountain like an earthquake, and at the bottom bursting into a thousand fragments. A party of men and women had been on the rock but half an hour before it fell, and others had been strolling about the foot of the cliff where it lodged.

The Summit House is situated at the foot of the Nose, on the eastward slope of the ridge. It is a frame building of two stories, with ample balconies, comfortable rooms, and a satisfactory cuisine. Its

MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM MOUNT MANSFIELD.

manager at the time of our visit was Demis, a French Canadian, who had been so long on the mountain that he could hardly walk on level ground. He was, of course, well stocked with stories, most of them based on personal experience. Thunder-storms on the summit are not infrequent, but Demis remembered one in particular which broke forth without any warning on a bright sunny day. He was sitting in the "parlor," when he saw a flash, and before he knew it the room was full of lightning, and he was up to his knees in the electric fluid. "I was half stunted to death," added the veteran Gaul, somewhat obscurely. And in proof of his story he showed us where the same bolt had struck the end of the Nose, leaving a long scar, brightly polished as by some mechanical instrument. Demis's only permanent companions on the mountain were five cats, a few chickens, and Dolly the cow. Dolly had lived nine years in this lofty region. Her predecessor was there seventeen years. An artificial grass-plot, built up much as the peasants on the Rhine create soil for vineyards, was her only pasture, except such browsing as she might get among the evergreens and ferns; but she seemed happy, and in the winter, when brought down to the village, she returned invariably to the summit as often as she could escape.

For the walk to the Chin some little time is necessary, though the rise is gradual and not troublesome. The ridge of the mountain is narrow and nearly bare, a few dwarfish cedars, and a carpet of moss softer and richer than the finest tapestry of Smyrna, being the only forms of vegetable life. By a brisk walk the visitor can in fifteen minutes reach the Lips. These are mere accumulations of great bowlders, deposited there by volcanic or glacial movements, and not specially interesting, except, perhaps, the so-called "Rock of Terror," which, poised precariously on its apex, seems ready on slight provocation to roll down, and the caves, which are formed by series of overlying bowlders, though one of them is of considerable depth. Geologists have found evidence for the glacial theory in scars or scratches made on the surface of the rocks

here and there in a direction pretty consistently from the northwest to the southeast. But the eye of the layman will not readily find or recognize them.

From the Chin the spectator has one of the most comprehensive, variegated, and beautiful views to be found in all New England. Toward the west, the eye, starting from the base of the mountain, runs over the Winooski Valley, threaded by roads and streams, and dotted with countless white villages; takes in Lake Champlain, which on a clear day can be seen for nearly its entire length; and is arrested only by the Adirondacks in the remote horizon. On the north, the outlook is even more extensive, and at rare intervals, under peculiarly favorable conditions, even includes the spires and towers of Montreal, one hundred miles distant. Directly beneath, and between the first and second chins, lies the Lake of the Clouds; lower down, the dark recesses of the Smuggler's Notch; and across this, the Sterling Mountains. Moving to the east, the eye falls first upon a succession of dark and heavy ridges, thickly wooded, giving and receiving shadows in endless variety; farther away, the valley of the Connecticut; and beyond, the White Mountains. Mount Washington itself can sometimes be seen, though indistinctly. The picture is completed by Stowe and its neighbors, nestling in the rich valley, and directly south the rival peak of Camel's Hump and the main chain of the Green Mountains. Such is, in gen-

OLD WOMAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

ROCK OF TERROR.

eral, the scope of the view afforded from the summit of Mount Mansfield. The countless details which give it grace, picturesqueness, and value can not even be enumerated, but must be left with the assurance that not one which the imagination could crave will be found wanting by the most exacting lover of nature.

The neighborhood of Stowe affords a multitude of other charming resorts, some of which must be at least mentioned. One of these is the Smuggler's Notch, a narrow pass between Mount Mansfield and the Sterling Mountain. It is supposed to have been used in former times by smugglers, as it is an easy and convenient connection between western and eastern Vermont, and a link in the chain of communication between Montreal and Boston, once an important thoroughfare for contraband traffic. At the summit of the pass there is a deserted inn, the Notch House. The local guide-book says it affords accommodation for man and beast; and this is true, for if the visitor brings with him sandwiches for the man and oats for the beast, they can be eaten in the ruins of the edifice. Otherwise a common famine will be the result. A good road following the course of a noble trout stream ends only at the Notch House, and the source of the stream, the "Mammoth Spring," which is not improperly named. Beyond the house a foot-path leads through a succession of mighty bowlders which have fallen from the cliffs above, under abrupt precipices which stretch up on either side to appalling heights, through damp ravines where the ferns grow in fantastic luxuriance and beauty, finally issues at the western mouth of the pass, and then descends swiftly to the valley. It is customary in visiting the Notch to include also Bingham's Falls, named after an eminent citizen of Stowe, who has done much to make the region accessible and agreeable to tourists. They are composed of a series of chasms worn in the solid rock.

Other attractions are Moss Glen Cascade, only four miles from Stowe, in Worcester Mountains; Gold Brook, a favorite drive; Morrisville Falls and Johnson Falls, somewhat more distant; and various other choice rural nooks which will well repay a visit. The roads are, for mountain roads, uniformly good, and ladies unaccompanied ride in confidence and safety all over the country.

For loftiness, grandeur, and majesty, Mount Mansfield is, of course, inferior to Mount Washington. Its charms are of a more modest nature. But it has, nevertheless, peculiar advantages of its own, which will not escape the eye of discerning visitors, and which to a large class of persons will recommend it even above the White Mountains. One of these is the singular extent and freedom of the view which may be had from its summit. Instead of being only one of a vast army of peaks, and distinguished from its comrades merely by a slight superiority in height, it is more like an isolated structure rising out of a surrounding plain. In at least two directions, east and west, the landscape is unobstructed for a hundred miles. The country lies spread out in a vast plateau, beginning at the very base of the mountain, and enlivened by every element which belongs to a complete picture. The landscape itself is therefore an ample reward for the toil and expense of the visit. But there is a further felicity in the exemption of the real lover of nature from the intrusion of unsympathetic Philistines. Unfortunately no part of the world in these days of rapid and cheap travel is absolutely free from the shoddyite, the cockney, and the snob; but Mount Mansfield as a resort is in this respect at least comparatively favored. It is little frequented by "fashionable" people, and even less so by that still lower class who pursue and imitate fashionable people. Serious, thoughtful, and appreciative persons form the larger part of its summer patrons. They who spend there one season generally spend also the next and the next; acquaintances are renewed from year to year; and in this way Mount Mansfield is gradually enrolling a considerable band of faithful, zealous, and devout disciples.

The scene changes now abruptly to another part of Vermont, and to other elements of interest and attraction. Our route lies diagonally across the State, from the Alps to the Apennines; from Mont Blanc to Carrara; from a region newly settled and still full of a wild beauty and vigor to a region rich in colonial and Revolutionary traditions, and throbbing with a varied and active industry.

The history of southwestern Vermont goes back to a time when, strictly speaking, there was no Vermont; when there was a New Hampshire and a New York, but when it was uncertain to which of

SMUGGLER'S NOTCH.

the two the valley of Otter Creek belonged. The settlers in the disputed tract hated, indeed, the "Yorkers." The bailiffs of the western tyrant found no little difficulty in performing their duties; and if the local chronicles are veracious, the sturdy villagers now and then tied one of them to a tree and, whip in hand, taught him the error of his ways. Incidents in this border warfare are given in Miss Hemenway's excellent *Vermont Gazetteer*, and in various productions, poetical and unpoetical, of home talent. Not even the outbreak of the Revolution wholly allayed this fierce hostility. There exists, for instance, the record of a meeting of delegates from "the towns on the west side of the Green Mountains," held September 25,

1776, in Dorset, at the house of Deacon Cephas Kent, a leading patriot, and ancestor of many eminent men, Chancellor Kent being one. There were present Colonel Seth Warner, the Revolutionary hero, several Allens, and representatives of the Chittendens, Morgans, Fays, Saffords, Robinsons, and Marshes, all historic families of Vermont. The tone of the assembly may be learned from the resolutions which were adopted. They affirm that the people of that section were tired of the "tyranny of New York toward the New Hampshire Grants"; that, for geographical reasons, they could not well co-operate with New York in the war of Independence; and that they were determined, in their participation in the common cause, to recognize only the superiority of the Continental Congress. In virtue of this, and a still higher authority, Ethan Allen demanded and obtained the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga. On this basis the Vermonters fought the battle of Bennington, and thus prepared the way for the surrender of Burgoyne himself. Every town and hamlet throughout the region has its own proud Revolutionary legends, its own noble list of martyrs, its own heroes. Take Dorset again. The champion of Revolutionary Dorset is a valiant citizen who, aided by one ally, captured at Bennington seven prisoners, one of them a colonel, and brought them safely off the field. It is evident that such a people would not submit to the authority even of New York if it were unjust and distasteful. By their efforts they won, in fact, a double independence—first their independence, with the other colonies, from England, and then their independence as a State in the Union of States.

In the neighborhood of Dorset arise two streams, which, after this single early meeting, turn their backs rudely upon each other, and thenceforth flow in opposite directions. The Battenkill bears southward for twenty miles or more, then strikes westward through the mountains, and onward to the Hudson. Otter Creek is true throughout to its Vermont allegiance. Its course is north, and it finally empties into Lake Champlain, at Vergennes. The valley through which the two flow is narrowest about the point where the Battenkill leaves it; obtains its most striking natural characteristics near Manchester and Dorset, and then, proceeding northward, gradually widens out into a spacious and fertile plain, lying between the main line of the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain.

The first of the towns just named, Manchester, is, in respect to outward beauty and to popularity as a summer resort, easily superior to all the others. It lies on a high plateau formed by a long, low spur of Mount Equinox; has one broad street, luxuriantly shaded; is calm, decorous, and soothing; and being well provided with hotels, is favorably known to the annual fugitives from New York and Boston. The ascent of Equinox is easily made, and the vicinity affords an abundance of delightful excursions.

One of these is, for example, to Dorset Mountain. It should first be explained, however, that the term Green Mountains is applied only to the range east of the valley, that on the west being known as the Taconic Mountains. Between the two chains there are also some striking differences. The Taconic Mountains are higher, bolder, and more imposing. The water which flows down from them is much harder than that from the east. They are also much richer in natural deposits, yielding marble, slate, and a superior quality of the ordinary building limestone. Mount Equinox is one of the peaks in the Taconic range. Dorset Mountain, five miles farther north, is another, and the one at which Otter Valley properly begins.

I have adhered to the older name, Dorset Mountain, although an attempt has been made to provide another, more ambitious, more sonorous, but not more honorable or dignified. This upstart term is Mount Æolus, and the author of the unhappy innovation is Professor Charles H. Hitchcock, who in 1861 visited the region with a class of students from Amherst College. Dr. Hitchcock gave the following explanation of the phenomenal absence of snow in Dorset Valley: "Æolus, the god of the winds, fled from fallen Greece, and took up his abode in the caves and marble halls of this mountain. When this god calls home Boreas, driving before him snow and hail, there comes also Auster, with warm breath and weeping showers, and the frost-work volute and scroll soon disappear." The ceremony of christening was performed. Standing on a natural platform near the mouth of the cave, the party broke a bottle of water over

the mountain, the chorus of the winds furnished music, and when this had subsided a poem was read, of which the following stanza is a sample:

"Then blow, ye winds, ye breezes all,
Obey your king's command;
He sits in this grand marble hall;
Ye are his servant band."

SKETCHES NEAR STOWE.

Thus Dorset Mountain became Mount Æolus; for the new term has obtained some little currency, and has the authority even of print.

The cave to which allusion has been made is no insignificant affair. It is composed of a succession of rooms, one of which is eighty-six feet long and thirty-six wide, and it is said that explorers have penetrated forty or fifty rods without finding any end.

If Dorset Mountain is little favored by snow, it has plenty of snowy marble. Viewed from the east, the whole hill-side seems to be ridged and furrowed with quarries, and the vast accumulations of débris tell the tale of years of industrious burrowing in the earth.

The Dorset quarries were the earliest to be discovered and worked in Vermont, and their products are still, in respect to quality, among the best. The first quarry was opened in 1785,

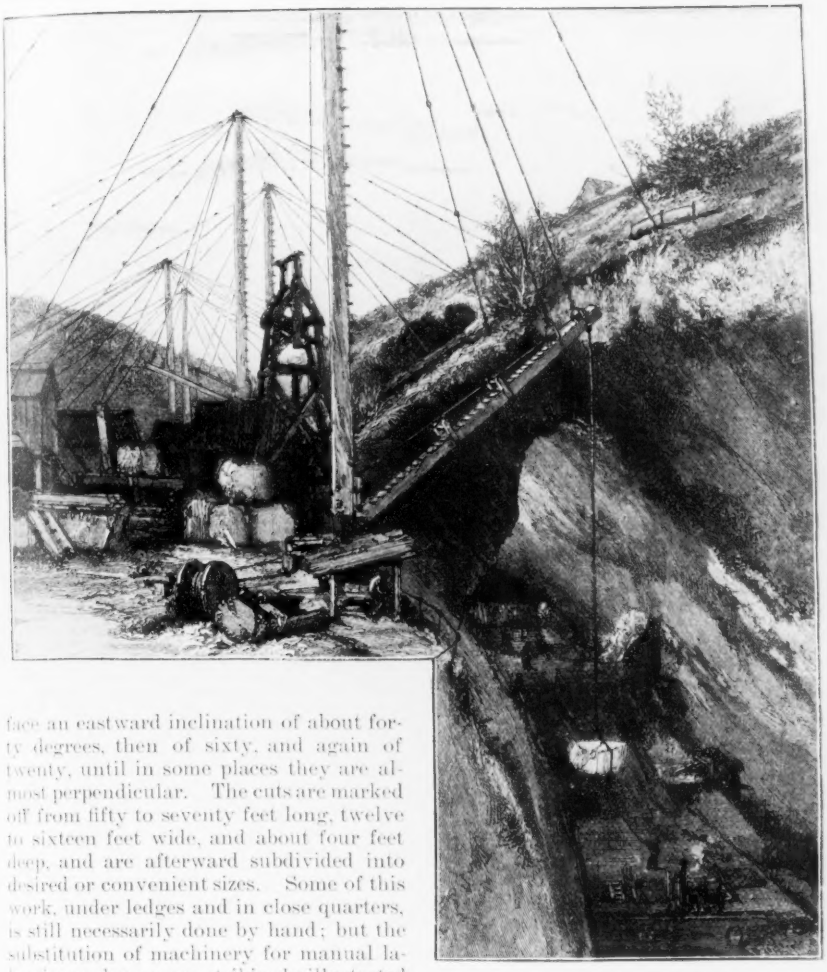
six years before the State was admitted into the Union, and it is still owned by the descendants of the original proprietors. This discovery was the great sensation of the day. People came hundreds of miles to get the crude slabs for fire-place stones and other domestic uses, and a brisk traffic in the new commodity soon sprang up. In 1808 a second quarry was opened, and subsequently many others, following in rapid succession. All but two of these are still in operation. The channelling process, now familiar to mining engineers, was introduced in 1841; the first derrick for hoisting the blocks in 1848; the first tunnelling in 1859. In 1818 the first attempt at sawing marble was made, but it was many years before the experiment proved successful. For a long time after these works were opened they had little competition, and the demand for their products far exceeded the supply; but the trade was subsequently injured by the introduction of Italian marbles, and the discovery of other Vermont quarries, especially those near Rutland.

Of this town, Rutland, some patriarch who should die now might say that he found it brick or frame and left it marble. The chaste, cold, glossy stone is almost oppressively plenty in this smart and thriving village, and meets the eye in a multitude of forms and uses—buildings, pavements, walls, besides interior decoration and finishing. Rutland is in fact the best advertisement of its own leading industry. To use the language of the exchange, its principal capitalists are already "in marble" before their death, and without the aid of the sculptor. Concerns like the Vermont Marble Company, Sheldon and Slason, Flint Brothers, Ripley and Sons, Gilson and Woodfin, and others, with their fifteen or twenty quarries, give an idea of the extent to which the marble interest engrosses the capacity and the resources of this neighborhood.

The more important quarries and works are situated north and west of the town itself, at Centre Rutland, West Rutland, Sutherland Falls, and lesser points in the vicinity. The Vermont Marble Company is, in fact, domiciled at all three of these places. It has finishing-works at Centre Rutland, quarries at West Rutland, and both quarries and mills at Sutherland Falls. At the first-named point no marble is excavated, but there is a splendid water-power, which naturally is not neglected, and here one can observe every stage in the process except the quarrying itself. The marble is brought to the mills in massive cubes, is sawed, turned, chiselled, polished, mounted, and emerges as tomb-stones, capitals, cornices, columns, mantel-pieces, and table-tops. Much of this work, especially the hand-work, can, of course, be studied in every place where people die and have monuments set up by the local stone-cutter over their graves, but the heavier preliminary labor is best to be seen near the quarries themselves.

The marble is delivered at the mills in elongated cubes—parallelopipeds, I suppose Euclid would say—from ten to fifteen feet long and three to five feet square, and placed on the frames for sawing. An expert will then decide as to the manner of reduction, that is, the thickness and number of the slabs, according to the quality, the shape and size of the block, or the special nature of the orders to be filled. In outward appearance a "gang," as a set of saws is called, resembles the old-fashioned upright saw-mill, except that the vertical frame contains not one but many saws, arranged at different intervals, corresponding to the desired thickness of the cuts. One process, therefore, divides an entire block into slabs. The saw has, it should be added, no teeth. The cutting is the joint effect of the hard edge of the steel blade and the wet sand which is fed into the opening, and thus produces an incisive friction. The ordinary progress is about two and a half inches an hour, and the gangs work night and day. The polishing of small pieces is done on a revolving iron disk some twelve feet in diameter. The marble is thrown upon this, and caught by fixed wooden strips like the radii of a circle, while the motion of the wheel, which is supplied with sand and water, furnishes the attrition. It takes two or three hours to polish a surface down one inch. Heavy pieces are smoothed by hand, with the aid of pumice-stone. Marble is turned into circular shapes in a lathe, exactly like iron, and is bored with an ordinary dry drill.

The West Rutland quarries are not, like those of Dorset, in the side of a great mountain, but seem to form the bed of a low hill or ridge rising very little above a level. The excavations follow, therefore, nearly vertical lines directly into the earth; and the cuts themselves, which are shaped to the seams of the stone, have at the sur-



A MARBLE QUARRY.

face an eastward inclination of about forty degrees, then of sixty, and again of twenty, until in some places they are almost perpendicular. The cuts are marked off from fifty to seventy feet long, twelve to sixteen feet wide, and about four feet deep, and are afterward subdivided into desired or convenient sizes. Some of this work, under ledges and in close quarters, is still necessarily done by hand; but the substitution of machinery for manual labor is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in a Vermont marble quarry. Three of the machines thus used may be described. For the diamond borer or drill the power is steam, and the work is done by two drills terminating in diamond points about one foot apart. By going frequently over the course a close line of holes is formed, not unlike the perforated division between postage stamps, and as the instrument works with great rapidity, it makes a cut one foot deep and seventy-five feet long in one day. It can be adjusted to any angle near the perpendicular, and is used for upright drilling. Another machine, the Wardwell, for vertical work, is a species of locomotive on a track, along which it moves backward and forward, and makes complete cuts by means of systems of chisels acting on the trip-hammer principle. There are two of these, four or five feet apart, and both sides of a block are therefore cut at once. The horizontal cut is made by the Ingersoll drill. It is a small instrument hanging and movable on a fixed cylinder, and adjustable there to an angle either above or below the horizontal. The power is supplied in the form of steam in rubber pipes. Besides

SUTHERLAND FALLS.

these three leading varieties there are other machines, differing in slight details, all of use for special kinds of work, but difficult to describe in the language of a layman.

The final rupture between a block and its ancient bed is an interesting process. Let us suppose the two cuts to be made, one nearly vertical, and the other, or horizontal one, at right angles to it, and both one or two feet deep. A series of wedges is then inserted into the openings, and a man with a heavy hammer goes along tapping them lightly one after another. As they are driven in, the men listen sharply for the effect, the crack gradually widens, the great mass of stone begins to heave and swell under the strain, the quick ear of the experts detects the critical moment, and a simultaneous blow on all the wedges throws the monster loose. Now and then, of course, a failure is made, and a block splits in two. But the judgment of the workmen is singularly correct, and the block is generally thrown out in its full integrity.

At West Rutland there are half a dozen or more quarries belonging to as many

different firms; and others are strewn along the hill-sides throughout the region, especially between Rutland and Sutherland Falls, and north as far as Brandon. One of the finest quarries in respect to quality, connected with one of the most extensive mills, is that at Sutherland Falls. The common laborers are nearly all foreigners — French Canadians, Irish, and Swedes — but they are temperate and orderly; strikes are rare; and here, as in the other marble districts, the proprietors have shown themselves the friends of their employés by building neat little cottages, founding libraries and reading-rooms, and endowing churches. For the Green Mountain State likes to boast of its men as well as of its mountains.

LOUIS XVII.

CAPET, ÉVEILLE TOI!

HEAVEN's golden gates were opened wide one day,
And through them shot one glittering, dazzling ray
From the veiled Glory, through the shining bars,
Whilst the glad armies of the ransomed dead
Welcomed a spirit by child-angels led
Beneath the dome of stars.

From griefs untold that boy-soul took its flight.
Sorrow had dimmed his eyes and quenched their light;
Round his pale features floats his golden hair;
Whilst virgin souls with songs of welcome stand
With martyr palms to fill his childish hand,
And crown him with that crown the Innocents should wear.

Hark! Hear th' angelic hosts their song begin:
New angel! Heaven is open — enter in.
Come to thy rest; thine earthly griefs are o'er.
God orders all who chant in praise of Him,
Prophets, archangels, seraphim,
To hail thee as a King and Martyr evermore!

When did I reign? the gentle spirit cries.
I am a captive, not a crowned king.
Last night in a sad tower I closed my eyes.
When did I reign? O Lord, explain this thing.
My father's death still fills my heart with fear.
A cup of gall to me, his son, was given.
I am an orphan. Is my mother here?
I always see her in my dreams of heaven.

The angels answered: God the Wise and Good,
Dear boy, hath called thee from an evil world,
A world that tramples on the Blessed Rood,
Where regicides with ruthless hands have hurled
Kings from their thrones,
And from their very graves have tossed their mouldering bones.

What! is my long, sad, weary waiting o'er?
The child exclaimed. Has all been suffered, then?
Is it quite true that from this dream no more
I shall be rudely waked by cruel men?
Ah! in my prison every day I prayed,
How long, O God, before some help will come?
Oh, can this be a dream? I feel afraid —
Can I have died, and be at last at home?

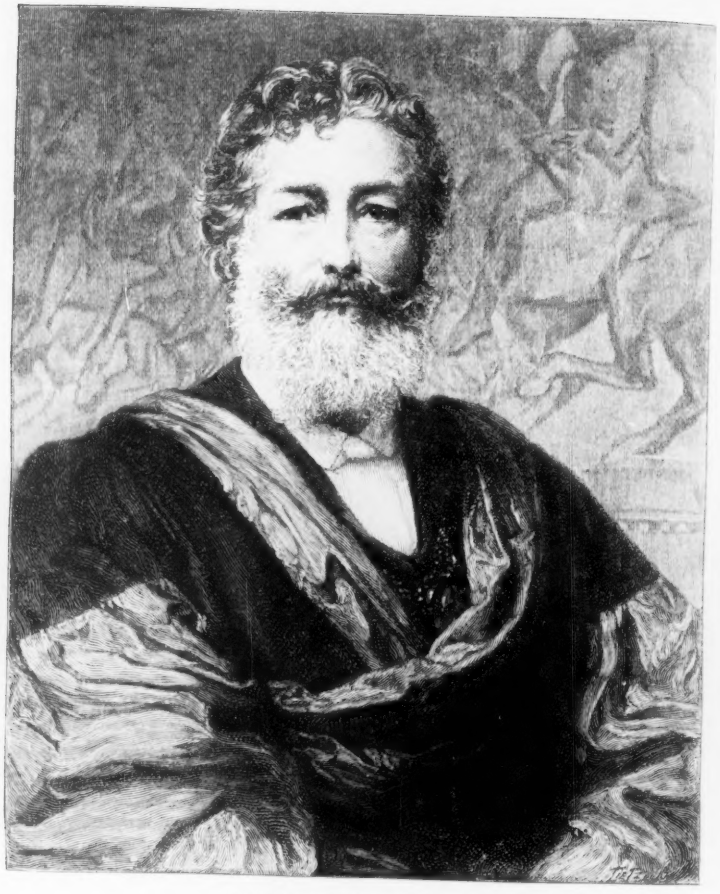
You know not half my griefs that long sad while;
Each day life seemed more terrible to bear;
I wept, but had no mother's pitying smile,
No dear caress to soften my despair.
It seemed as if some punishment were sent
Through me some unknown sin to expiate.
I was so young — ere knowing what sin meant
Could I have earned my fate?

Vaguely, far off, my memory half recalls
Bright happy days before these days of fear;
Asleep a glorious murmur sometimes falls
Of cheers and plaudits on my childish ear.
Then I remember all this passed away;
Mysteriously its brightness ceased to be;
A lonely, friendless boy I helpless lay,
And all men hated me.

My young life in a living tomb they threw;
My eyes no more beheld the sun's bright beams;
But now I see you angels, brothers, who
So often came to watch me in my dreams.
Men crushed my life in those hard hands of theirs.
But they had wrongs. O Lord, do not condemn!
Be not as deaf as they were to my prayers!
I want to pray for them.

The angels chanted: Heaven's holiest place
Welcomes thee in. We'll crown thee with a star;
Blue wings of cherubim thy form shall grace,
On which to float afar.
Come with us. Thou shalt comfort babes who weep
In unwatched cradles in the world below,
Or bear fresh light on wings of glorious sweep
To suns that burn too low.
The angels paused. The child's eyes filled with tears.
On heaven an awful silence seemed to fall.
The Father spake, and echoing through the spheres
His voice was heard by all.

My love, dear king, preserved thee from the fate
Of earth-crowned kings whose griefs thou hast not known.
Rejoice, and join the angels' happy hymns.
Thou hast not known the slavery of the great;
Thy brow was never bruised beneath a crown,
Though chains were on thy limbs.
What though life's burden crushed thy tender frame,
Child of bright hopes, heir of a royal name!
Better to be
Child of that blessed One who suffered scorn,
Heir of that King who wore a crown of thorn,
Hated and mocked — like thee.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

From his autograph portrait for the Uffizi Gallery, photographed by F. Hollyer.

SOME GLIMPSES OF ARTISTIC LONDON.

IT is a popular fiction that English progress is exceptionally slow, more especially when compared with forward movements in the United States. This view is perhaps even more prevalent in England than in America. In certain things appertaining to the saving of labor, in the encouragement and adoption of new inventions for lubricating the wheels of trade, in the application of the laws of hygiene to hotel management, and in the construction of theatres, the Americans, indeed, advance by bounds, while the English move with tardy step and slow. But there must be taken into account the fact that the mother country has a habit of repose which more or less disguises the rapidity with which some of her changes and improvements march onward. Her greatest social, artistic, and material reforms have been accomplished with the least noise and the smallest amount of friction. It may take her a long time to make up her mind as to the adoption of some new idea, but when she has decided she is neither slow nor uncertain in her action. In this way she possibly makes fewer experiments than her neighbors,

though now and then she must be credited with changes which, accepted as advances in the path of progress, have unfortunately proved to be steps backward. The reign of stucco in English, more particularly in London, architecture—a tyranny of ugliness only just now being dethroned—marks a period which might well be designated as that of the "mud-pie" order of architecture. The name of Nash will go down to posterity as the interpreter of a spirit of vulgar economy and sham, which found London a city of brick, and left it a city of stucco.

It is in the discovery of errors that England is apt to be tardy; but mistakes or abuses once exposed, we have now and then a habit of vigor which surprises ourselves almost as much as our foreign critics. In nothing have we been more energetic of late years than in the hearty recognition of the errors of our ways in regard to architecture and decoration, or rather in our admission that since stucco came in there has been an interregnum of taste. The art preachers and teachers having fairly demonstrated the fact that we were groaning under a despotism of ugliness, we began to set about dethroning the tyrant, and though as late as a dozen years ago he still clung to possession inside and outside our houses, he is to-day tottering to his fall. Tributes to the new power are set up all over the land, and it is proper that London, which accepted the stucco king, should be most active in its allegiance to the restoration of brick and stone, and most earnest in promoting the new alliance of beauty and utility. It does not come within the compass of this article to tell the story of the revival of artistic taste, but rather to illustrate its very notable existence. One might date its prominent beginning to the Exhibition year of 1851, since which time South Kensington has passed on the torch of knowledge from town to town. Art schools have sprung up all over the land; Lambeth has competed with Worcester, and both with the great potteries of the Continent; Durham and Kidderminster have vied with the carpet looms of Brussels, and the hand-weavers of Persia and Turkey; Birmingham and Sheffield have sought to perpetuate classic models in their metal wares; Manchester, Bradford, and Belfast have consulted the best schools of design and color for their textile fabrics; the illustrated newspapers have given the cottage and the nursery artistic substitutes for poor German prints; famous draughtsmen have adorned the fairy tales and fables of youthful literature with characteristic forms of beauty; the painter has left his garret among the London chimney-pots; and once more English architects and builders are erecting English houses in which all that was useful and picturesque in the "Old Kensington" and "Queen Anne" styles is restored and adapted to our greater knowledge and better sanitary skill, and more or less idealized through the impulse of the reaction that has set in against whitewashing church-wardens and the other Goths and Vandals of the interregnum now happily at an end.

It is fitting that in this paper, which can snatch glimpses of but a few representative features of its wide subject, he should have foremost mention who is not only enthroned by his peers as the official head of English art, but is in some respects the highest example of modern culture, and shows in his life-work that universality which some regard as better and greater than nationalism of aim and purpose. Sir Frederick Leighton's house and studio are notable not only in themselves, but as the centre of an art colony which has been somewhere strikingly described as a red group of artists' houses, like soldiers or clansmen loyally closing round their chief. There is no mistaking the character of Sir Frederick Leighton's house as you approach it by a side street running out of Melbury Road. It presents itself to your understanding at once as the private residence and studio of an artist. I suspect the master would not consider it *infra dig.* if you should credit him with having seen the advantages of the site long before many of his friends, and found his reward thereby in an easy purchase of land. He built his house irrespective of some very humble surroundings, and it is curious to-day to note at his very gate the cottage of a "builder and stone-mason," who still hangs out his sign, in spite of the shadow that falls upon it from over the way, where architect and constructor, as well as designer and draughtsman, and poet and orator, might learn many valuable lessons. A red brick house, with windows deep set and various, with loop-holes here and there, indications of inner stairways, and suggestions of colonnades, and with a

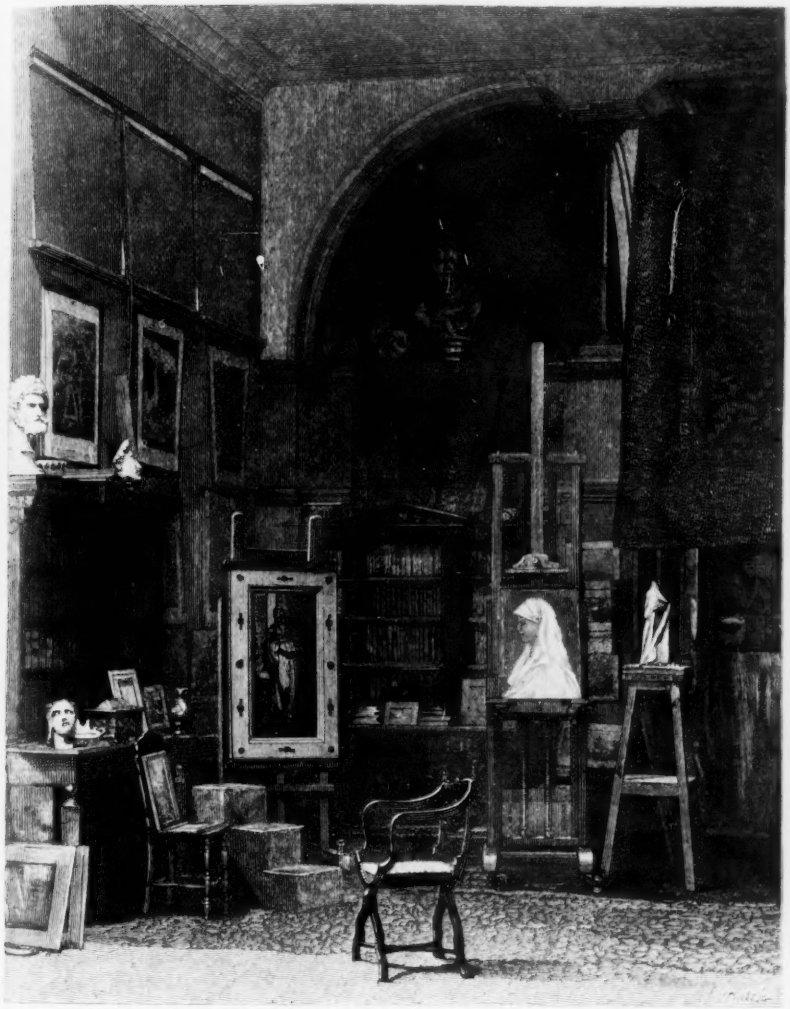
domed octagon and bays wrought in terra cotta—there is an indescribable air of individuality about the house that marks it as the dwelling of a travelled man who has brought home to his own country many artistic memories.

At Sir Frederick Leighton's house the taste of the master reveals itself as you cross the threshold. The entrance hall, or lobby, is decorated in subdued color, a chocolate tone prevailing. A fine drawing of the "Fontana delle Tartarughe" hangs on one side, and some monochromes on the other. The former is the work of Sir Frederick's old Roman master Steinle. Near the door are several reminiscences of the figure studies of Jean Goujon, the sculptor, whose name comes down to us with the double interest of his work and his death. He was one of the victims of the Saint Bartholomew massacre. It is to be noted that in this lobby, which gives upon the central hall, the pictures are examples of black and white, the pavement is mosaic, the doors dead black, decorated with incised scroll-work. The effect is in useful contrast to the inner hall, where one is met by an effect of color in a setting of tiles that eclipses the peacock in azure sheen. Before, however, the eye is fully gratified with this variety of blue lustre, one has to pause and notice that the floor is a dark polished piece of Italian mosaic-work, in the centre of which stands an enormous antique brass pot, from which springs a tall palm. The lowest angle of the staircase is fronted with an inlaid Persian cabinet, upon which is perched a peacock singularly rich in plumage. There is a seat here enriched with olive-amber cushions, and as you look upward, while ascending the staircase to the studio, you find that with all the shimmer of color that made itself manifest at first, the *tout ensemble* impresses you as exquisitely harmonious and pleasant. The hues of the peacock strike a high key, but it is delightfully maintained without incongruity.

There are artists who seem to think that the painter's home is not the place for pictures. The President of the Royal Academy does not think so. One of the staircase walls is given over to a copy of Michael Angelo's cartoon of "Adam." There are many smaller works—several Venetian, bright with color, a head by Tintoretto, and an unfinished painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Approaching the studio door the visitor is arrested by Watts's fine portrait of the master, Leighton's study of the characteristic profile of Captain Burton, a landscape by Signor Costa, a figure subject by Legros, a woman and child by Armstrong (a Manchester man, and for some time a pupil of Ary Scheffer in Paris), and pencil sketches by Wilkie and John Leech. Even these few details between the porch and the entrance to the studio give a broad understanding of the artist's many-sidedness.

The President makes it a point to be "at home" on Sunday afternoons, and he has friends who do not go more religiously to morning service at their churches than to his informal and cordial reception afterward. Pausing at the head of the staircase to have poured into my ear some grateful reminiscences of a young Academy Associate touching the kindnesses he had received at the hands of the master of the house, I pause here also to mention this generous characteristic of the famous painter: whatever the pressure upon his time, he always finds opportunities to give a word of counsel and a friendly hand to struggling workers who show signs of promise or surety of future power. "And," says my friend—who is himself high up on the ladder of fame—"when he begins to drop you, when he no longer looks in, or when he is too busy to give you the old attention, then you may be sure you are getting on, or that he can be of no further use to you, and that he is helping some one else who has more need of his sympathy and advice."

There are two studios in Sir Frederick Leighton's house. It is in his studio proper, his great art workshop, that the master especially reveals himself. The first impression of the place is exactly what one might expect. Your mind travels back in imagination to the studio of one of the princely artists of Italy, to be brought back, however, to these modern days by a touch of nineteenth-century color or some latter-day device of comfort. You are surrounded by sufficient in the way of luxury to suggest the home of a Rubens, a Titian, or a Rembrandt, but I suspect there is an air of elegant refinement and usefulness in this studio of to-day which was absent in perhaps the more regal aspect of the grand studios of those old masters who entertained kings. An artist might live here as well as work, might play the æsthetic hermit and never leave the room except for exercise, so pleasant, so adapted is it to



LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.

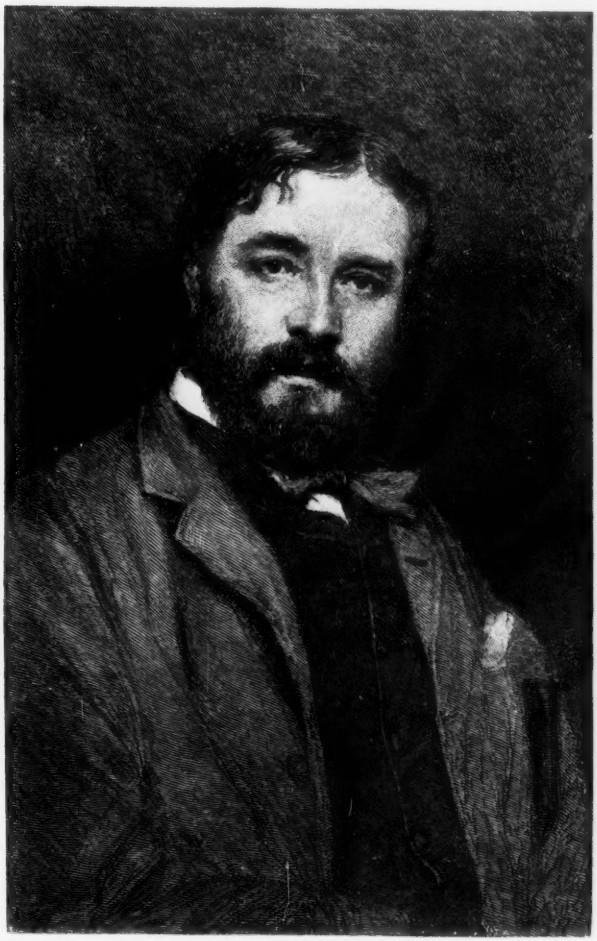
intellectual requirements and luxurious ease. Books, pictures, easy-chairs, soft lights, and tempting shadows—the room is furnished with so much taste and care that it is like a room which has been put together carelessly, for work merely when the occupant feels like it, and for recreation and rest when he has worked enough.

One's eye naturally falls first upon that end of the room where the current works of the moment (if it be "Picture Sunday," those waiting to go to the Academy) are arranged for the pleasure of the master's friends. So far as an observer, even a critical one, can see, they may be finished, but so long as they remain here Sir Frederick will touch them and work upon them.

In a bay-window, where the light in softened splendor falls upon these recent works, may be found illustrations of the secret of the master's genius, which in his case, as in that of so many other geniuses, is the capacity for taking infinite pains. Here is a small group in terra cotta, designed and modelled by the artist for his well-known picture the "Daphnephoria." It is a common practice for this artist to model in clay the figures he puts into his works, and the little group under notice might be antique, the figures are so perfect in detail and so entirely classic in outline and pose. Close by stands a small model of his "Python-slayer." On the wall between the window and the easels is a book-case, chiefly devoted to the works of Goethe in their original language, and to the poets of other lands besides that which gave birth to Shakspeare. Turn your back on the well-filled case if you can, and notice the rich rugs that lie here and there, excellent keys for color, the tables crowded with books and sketches, the portfolios with studies of the figure, nude and draped, the cozy fire at the other end of the room—on one side of the crackling wall's-end a fluffy-looking deep-seated easy-chair, on the other a couch of equal capacity for rest. Further on you notice a screen that partially shuts out a recess, a sort of fanciful alcove, where the artist's tools are kept. The half-domed ceiling is decorated in gold which is rich in many hues of a dead-bronze-like harmony.

Sir Frederick is for the nonce at work in his smaller studio, while we await him in the greater one. Presently there enters an officer of the famous corps of volunteer rifles of which the master is commander. There had been a parade on the previous day. Some important question of military administration in connection with the corps has arisen. Sir Frederick enters. His manner at once confirms all that his friends say in regard to his cordiality. The President of the Academy is a courtier by nature, but he carries his dignity with an easy frankness, and he is too many-sided, too sincere a student, too well-travelled, for any charge of narrowness to hold against him. It is a great thing for art in these days that not only English but universal art is represented by a master who rivals the great ones of the past in the selection of his subjects, in his treatment of them, and in his noble idealization of the profession which he adorns. If modern painters in England took pupils as their contemporaries of the Continent do, Leighton would found a school, a classic rival of Italy; and Millais would be the prophet of the English school, which would count in the foremost ranks such painters as Pettie, Nicol, Orchardson, Fildes, Haynes, Williams, Boughton, Yeames, Long, Marks, Herkomer, and others, who recognize the English idea of stories on canvas, some of whom are especially impressed with the view that it is for them to lay hold on the incidents of our own time, the pictures that lie around them, so that in the future men may look back upon these days through the medium of painted as well as written history.

Seeing him in his academical robes and badge of office, in evening dress, in his military uniform, receiving the guests of the Academy, delivering a post-prandial oration or an address to students, or on parade in Hyde Park, you might come to regard Sir Frederick Leighton as a formalist and disciplinarian. He is very much in earnest about all he does. A courtier, you might think him the embodiment of form and ceremony; an orator, you might fancy he spent his life in thinking out striking similes and rounding sentences; a soldier, you would credit him with "a soul in arms," if not "eager for the fray"; and similarly in his own house you find him the friendliest and heartiest of hosts. He comes upon his guests in the cheeriest way, pleasant, open-handed, eager to make them at home. A little above the medium height, he is gray-headed, and his short beard and mustache are frosted with a silvery hue that adds dignity to the mobile and handsome features. His first duty is military, and it is worth while to notice how thoroughly he flings himself into the business which his subordinate has come to discuss. For the moment there is for him only one question in life; that is the particular subject which is before him in regard to a certain detail of management in connection with the volunteer company of which he is the head. Sitting upon the couch by the fire, he is for some minutes as intent upon his brother officer's story as if honor, fortune, life, depended upon it; and when the point is settled he is just as earnest, of course in a lesser degree, in his pleasant attentions to us, listening to remarks upon art with the deference of one who ignores his own individuality, and offering his own views with a modest



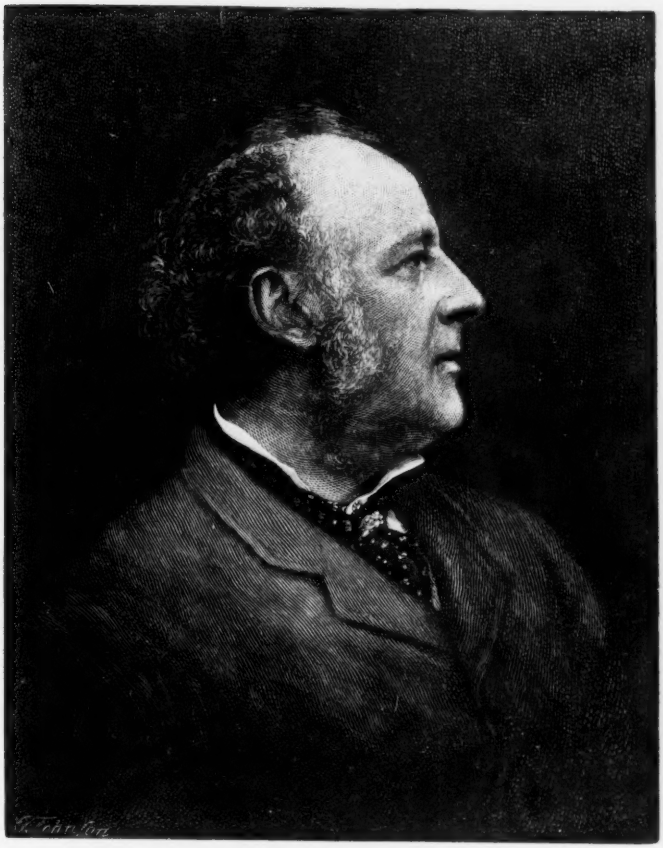
LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.—Photographed by F. Hollyer.

deference, but none the less satisfied that he knows exactly what he is talking about. His manner is sympathetic, open, frank, unreserved, and it is easy to see that he takes a lively pleasure in his house, and that his mind is large enough to take in the eclecticism of Greek art, the devotionalism of the Mediæval, and the warmth of Orientalism. If the great workers of the past and the noble results of their art have for him a charm beyond everything in the present, there is no evidence in his labors of a blind worship of old masters, but there is every evidence of a desire to understand what was good and great in their methods, and to profit by it.

It is a generous grip of the hand that emphasizes "good-by" as we pass into the smaller studio, and descending the stairs once more, as we notice its handsome columns we see that the seat mentioned at the outset is part of a recessed divan, and presently find ourselves in the Arab Hall, which is a dream of Oriental splendors

dreamed in Kensington. The plan of the place is copied from La Ziza, at Palermo, and you need not go to Cairo, or anywhere else on the Nile or on the Bosporus, to get "infused" with the best influence of Eastern art in decoration so long as the President of the Academy will permit you to study Orientalism in his Arab Hall, soothed by the musical plash of its fountain, and cheered by the gayety of its colored glass and splendid tiles. Sir Frederick has a rare sense of the fitness of things. His dining-room is quiet and unpretentious—too dark, some think—in its decorations. "Froist" is inscribed on the lintel. The floor and walls are painted a dull red. The ornaments are chiefly Persian china and Venetian glass. In the library adjoining there are a grand picture of a doge of Venice, some studies by Ingres, drawings of Canova's "Venus," etchings by Legros, and drawings by Prinsep, Watts, and Alfred Stevens; and the excellent plan of having a fire-place beneath a window is adopted with good effect. The drawing-room, which, like the apartments just mentioned, is entered from the ground-floor (the doors giving upon the inner hall previously mentioned), is a cheerful-looking apartment. This strikes one particularly in contrast with the dining-room. It has, however, a certain air of formality, perhaps; or is it the knowledge that the owner is a bachelor which suggests a something lacking? There are no flowers, no suggestions of embroidery in process, nor any other indications of a woman's presence. With the exception of what an actor would call a "property" lyre or guitar, there is not a musical instrument in the house. All the melodies and harmonies of the place are in the colors of its decorations and in its art treasures. A room which boasts of pictures by Constable, David Cox, and Corôt may do well without flowers or pianos, and more especially when one can contemplate from its bay-window a lovely English lawn of velvet-like grass shut in "from the rude world" by a belt of old English trees, through which are seen the red coats of that group of artists' houses, the soldiers or clansmen that are rallying to the support of their chief—a simile for which I find Mrs. Caddy, the author of *Lares and Penates*, must be credited.

Turning out of the narrow way that leads to the famous house of the Arab Hall, we are in Melbury Road, and facing us is one of the most typical houses of this artists' quarter. There is nothing more grateful to the eye in these modern days than the red brick buildings which are dotting the town in all directions, springing up in all parts of the great city. Mr. Norman Shaw has designed and erected most of the houses of that red company behind Sir Frederick's palace, of which, as we enter Melbury Road, the abode of Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A., stands to the front, as if in command, though the colony domiciles such distinguished and successful men as Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. Marks, Mr. Burger, and others. Fildes is, in the broadest sense of the term, a representative artist of the day, a typical product of those very schools of art I have mentioned. Educated and created as a painter since South Kensington raised its first easel and sent out its first missionary, Fildes was a boy in Lancashire when a section of the London press was ridiculing the pretensions of South Kensington. It is the lot of all great reformers to be laughed at and contemned at the outset. The aspiring Lancashire lad went to the first art school that was opened in his neighborhood. Having graduated in design, he had soon outlearned the teacher, and he travelled further afield to a more ambitious school in a larger town. In a few years he fought his way to London, and passed the portals of the Academy schools, earning his living meanwhile by drawing on the wood for various publications. He found the careful work required by the engravers a help to his severer studies at the Academy, and both advanced together. By the time he had achieved the upper life school he had made a reputation as a draughtsman on wood. In the early days of *Once a Week*, which commanded the best artistic talent in London, having on its staff Millais, Gilbert, Birket Foster, and Tenniel, Luke Fildes held a prominent place; and when Bradbury and Evans were casting about for an artist to illustrate Victor Hugo's *L'Homme Qui Rit*, I had the satisfaction to suggest the clever young *Once a Week* draughtsman, and the further satisfaction of having to convey to him the expression of Victor Hugo's compliments on his graceful and striking interpretations of the great fictionist's characters and scenes. There are now lying before me proofs of the artist's first drawings of the mutilated



J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.—Photographed by A. F. Mackenzie, Birnam, Scotland.

hero, evidences of his obstinate earnestness. It was contended on my side that Gwinplane's face should never be shown in the illustrations. This opinion, I remember, was enforced with many and weighty arguments; but Fildes, as a conscientious interpreter of the story, and with a sense of the realistic strong within him, contested the necessity of endeavoring to realize the terrible face, and thus enforcing it as the grim factor Hugo made of it in his strange romance. He had his way, and under the circumstances the compliments of the illustrious French author were of special weight. Later on in his career he was selected by the master of English fiction, Dickens, to illustrate his last story, *Edwin Drood*, the author being induced to invite his collaboration through the strong impression of power which he found in a *Graphic* picture by Fildes, the origin of the greater work which afterward took the town by storm, "The Casual Ward." Fildes is well known in America, not only on account of the exhibition of this work at Philadelphia, but for the *Edwin Drood* drawings, "The Empty Chair at Gadshill," and his "Betty," which is a popular engraving in the United States.

It is an open, honest, earnest face that turns toward me with a pleasant smile as I enter the spacious studio of the successful young Associate. Lancashire born

and bred, Luke Fildes stands firmly on his feet. He looks at you through bright gray eyes, set well apart beneath a square brow. He wears a short-cropped beard and mustache, the latter not interfering with the outlines of a generous and sensitive mouth. It is no mere flattery to say that he is a handsome man, and in saying so one pauses to remember that many of the leading English artists are peculiarly "well favored" by nature, notably Leighton, Millais, Herkomer, and the painter at present more immediately under notice. Fildes is one of the most successful of our young artists. He has come to the front with as firm, steady, and sure an advance as Herkomer, and he is destined to hold possibly a higher place as a characteristic English painter, a representative of the school that loves to tell domestic and historical stories on canvas.

"I have just read an attack on schools of art," I say, as he motions me to a seat and continues his work, "in which the writer contends that they do harm in introducing people into the practice and profession of art who have no faculty for it, and are therefore wasting time."

"Yes, I think I have seen the article. The answer is very simple. Many persons are no doubt induced to begin art studies on account of the great facilities now offered, some of them no doubt without the necessary qualifications for success. But they will soon discover their mistake, or if not, the fact that they do not get on will prompt them to take up some other branch of industry. But their efforts will have done them no harm, and everybody can not come to the front. The usefulness of schools of art in our generation can not be overestimated. Their local influences in provincial districts have a humanizing tendency which is of the highest importance. People who do not care about politics, and who have no taste for theological and other controversial subjects, find the art school interesting; and those who are opposed to each other on public questions meet here on neutral ground; and insensibly the local magnates who are active in administering the affairs of the district become instruments in the promotion of an improved taste in art, which is already seen in the decoration of their houses and in the pictures they hang on their walls."

While we talk the artist is engaged upon a composition in black and white for the illustration of a novel. His model for one of the author's characters is standing, prayer-book in hand, supposed to be on her way from church. I notice with what consideration the artist treats her, how often he allows her to rest, and with what painstaking care and minuteness he introduces her into the rural group which he is depicting.

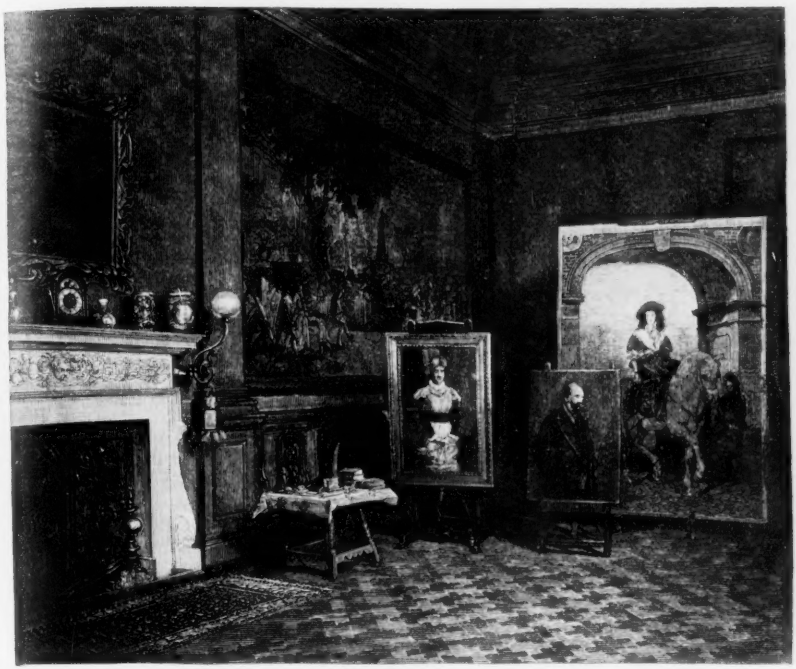
"Talk of questioning the value of schools of art," he says, as his model goes into the adjoining room for luncheon—"look at this!"

He takes from his book-case a copy of Caldicott's nursery book *The Mad Dog*, and asks if that would ever have been produced but for schools of art; and then we drift into a discussion of his more important pictures, and I find him enthusiastic in regard to the mission of the painter. His Muse has nothing morbid in her song; her promptings are akin to the inspiration which tinged the brushes of Reynolds and Wilkie, and fired the souls of Defoe and Dickens.

"My idea in painting 'The Reformed Penitent,'" he says, "was to contrast the way in which the Prodigal is received and the home-returning of the penitent woman who has been led astray. There is no forgiveness for the erring sister; she goes back to her native village to find nothing but desolation, a ruined home, a cold, unsympathetic stare of wonder and indignation even from her once dear friends. Surely there is something wrong in this; anyhow, it is very pathetic, and I have tried to put it on record."

How touchingly he has done so all will remember who saw the work: the desolate cottage, the wretched girl prone upon her face in its shadow; the village awakened to her presence; the gossips telling each other of her return; the only individual in the entire crowd who is not thinking or talking of her being a little child, whose first ambition in life is to get upon the back of the great cart-horse which his father is driving home. The story is as admirably told as those of "The Casual" and "The Widower." There is no artist who takes a broader or more sensible view of his profession, none with a more honest admiration for English art, or a greater faith in its splendid destiny, than Luke Fildes.

Turning back toward the heart of London from this new art colony of Melbury Road, we reach, on the other edge of Old



MILLAIS'S STUDIO.

Kensington, the home of John Everett Millais, who, national in his inspiration and national in his works, lives in the high esteem of his fellows, and is to-day the very head and front of the English school of painting.

It is a remarkable career of success, that of the painter of "The Boyhood of Raleigh" and "Chill October." An infant phenomenon in art, he passed unscathed through the perils of a strange precocity. A seeker after truth, he entered the shadow and the valley of pre-Raphaelitism, and came forth not only unharmed, but stronger for his wanderings. Born in the leafy month of June, fifty-four years ago, his pencil drawings at the age of eight were sufficiently striking to greatly astonish the President of the Royal Academy of that day. At nine he won a silver medal of the Society of Arts, and at sixteen he was the author of a historical painting, "The Capture of the Inca by Pizarro," which was hung with distinction on the walls of the Royal Academy. At twenty he joined the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," which until his accession consisted prominently of Dante Gabriel Rossetti the poet, Holman Hunt the painter, Woolner the sculptor, Coventry Patmore the poet and essayist. A protest against conventionalism in art, this school split upon the very rock which it started to avoid. Nothing more conventional ever saw the light in the history of art than the works of the pre-Raphaelites. Their motto was "Truth," and the details of their pictures came out as if the spectator had viewed them through a microscope. Their motto was "Truth," and yet they saw no beauty in man nor woman. Under their inspiration Millais painted a sentimental picture entitled "The Woodman's Daughter," and the village maiden was positively ugly. It is not necessary to dwell upon these anomalies of a school which had a foundation of good, and which undoubtedly proved a

useful training for the conscientious brush of young Millais; but it is fortunate for English art that eventually Millais flung from him the shackles of a narrow Mediævalism of style and color, and turned his back upon "Christ in the House of His Parents," with its realistic shavings and its ascetic figures, to paint "The Order of Release," "The Northwest Passage," "Chill October," and "The Cuckoo"—examples of a healthy inspiration as robust in their grand breadth of treatment as they are perfect in *technique* and true to nature. "The Cuckoo" is a poet's dream of English childhood; "Chill October," a dirge for dead summer-time, sung in gusty moanings by swaying reeds that shiver in the autumn winds.

In his house, as in his pictures, Mr. Millais has discarded every affectation of art and knowledge. Neither the shadow of the pre-Raphaelite nor the intensity of the so-called æsthete disturbs the general air of unpretentious prosperity that characterizes his handsome house at Palace Gate. It might be the residence of an opulent merchant of good taste, so far as any special idiosyncrasies of style or appearance go, with the exception of that tall northernmost window that looks out upon the Kensington High-road, and that great "roomy" studio which it lights within. A magnificent apartment is this same studio, worthy of the man and his art—a lofty, spacious, impressive room, its dull red walls literally covered with tapestry. The mantel-piece is a block of carved marble. Above it hangs a portrait by Murillo. A polished floor amply covered with soft carpets and rugs; a few cabinets; a platform for models; a majolica pedestal for vases or flowers; a blazing fire on the hearth, the light of which dwells lovingly upon a rich rug—and this is the famous painter's workshop. How the painter's appearance and manner were characteristic of his work would have struck the most careless observer. A frank, robust, fresh-looking English gentleman, above the medium height, sturdy of build, broad of shoulder, a complexion suggestive of breezy downs and hills, a rich mellow voice, and a manner that of a county lord, master of fox-hounds, and owner of a thousand acres in the Midlands.

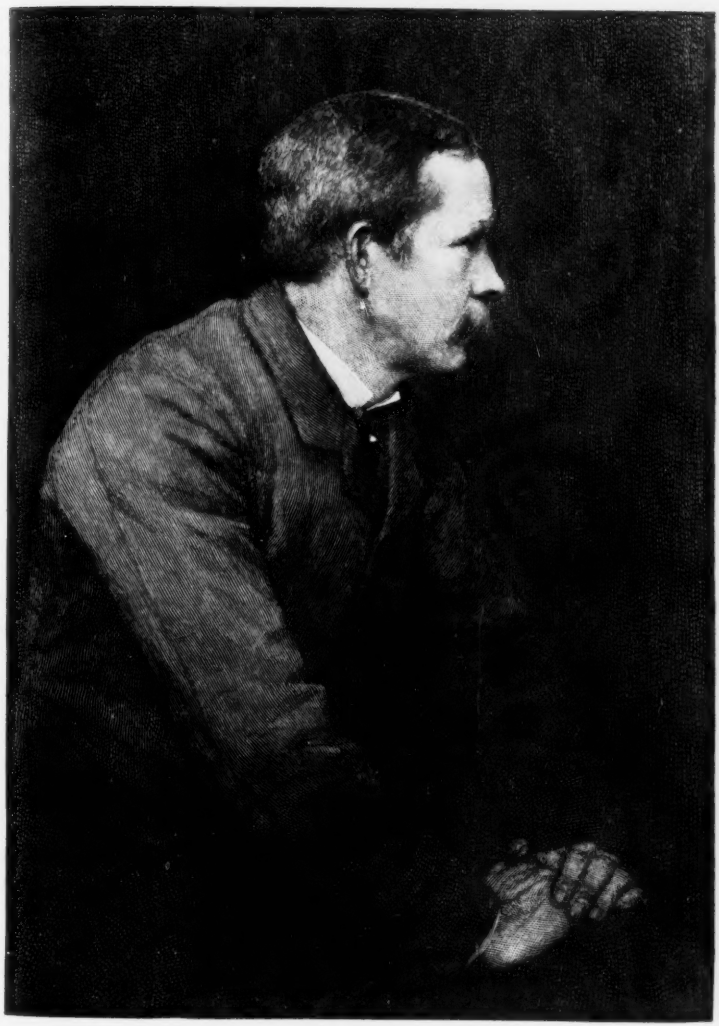
As one example of the modern artists' homes of London, one of the earliest of them is West House, Campden Hill, built by Norman Shaw for George H. Boughton, A.R.A., in the internal decoration of which the artist and his wife have expended much cultured taste, a wide study of the picturesqueness of England in the days of William III., Queen Anne, and the early Georges, and a current knowledge of the fine old furniture and decorations that still adorn many a delightful nook and corner of the Netherlands. Entering Campden Hill from the Notting Hill Gate side, you suddenly come upon a red brick oasis in the architectural desert—a house with crow-step gables and seventeenth-century windows that might in some sense find a parallel in a poem by Herrick dropped into the midst of a *Times* money article; for its due proportions are dwarfed and hidden by the hard stony wall of the local water-works, the tall chimney of which stands out in grim lines against the sky.

Pushing back a quaint pair of hammered iron gates, you pull at a handle that might have hung by a convent wicket, you raise a knocker that has surely come from the door of a painter's house in the days and country of Rubens, and you are in a lobby that gives upon the hall of the house. The staircase opens upon it, as do the three reception or living rooms. The hall is a small room itself, and is often used for afternoon tea in summer days. The floor is a piece of Florentine mosaic, chiefly black and white. "It was laid by five Italian noblemen," says Boughton, who joins me while I am taking note of it, assuming the air of the professional guide so dear to the humorous fancy of Mark Twain—"at least they behaved as such, and they sang operas night and morning." I ventured a remark as to the expense. "As you are really going to write about it," says my host, "it is worth while to mention that those things that are beautiful are not necessarily dear, and that as a fact they are often very cheap. An oil-cloth for this floor would have cost me twenty pounds; the mosaic only cost eighty, and it will last forever." It has also the advantage of being firm and pleasant to the foot, and is never the worse for any amount of cleansing. The design is simple and effective. "You know how they make it?" asks the master of the house, as he leaves me once more to wander about at my own pleasure. "The bits of marble are fastened upon sheets of paper according to a plan and design previously settled upon, and are then sent over

here in packing-cases, each part marked ready for laying down. This preliminary work is done by prisoners in Italy; the finishing process, as I said before, by noblemen, who sing entire operas during the process."

The hall is panelled in wood painted two tints of Indian red, the wall above being a pale dull salmon-color. There is a velvet couch in the hall, an ornamental heater or stove, a cabinet of old china, a palm in a delf pot, and a few etchings and monochromes upon the walls. The general effect is cool and pleasant. The three rooms which open from the hall may be, and often are, used *en suite*, being separated by doors or curtains which are arranged in such a way as to make artistic breaks upon the whole when opened as one long saloon. The first is the Yellow, the second the Blue, and the third the Gold Room. Let me say at the outset that in mentioning these primary colors the reader is not expected to think of them in their positive boldness. Neutral tints are chiefly meant, though here and there crops out a bit of strong color. The first room is a successful attempt to deal with pinks and blues, which predominate in frieze and wall, held in check by golden panels with decorative sketches of the Seasons. The furniture is black, picked out lightly with dull gold, and the ornaments are chiefly Venetian glass. The dado is painted a brown amber, the tones of which are repeated in various cushions and in the portière. The furniture is chiefly Chippendale. Drawing aside a pair of yellow satin hangings embroidered in Japan, you step into the Blue Room, which is one of the most charming of bijou parlors, with a fire-place that is a delightful combination of the useful and the beautiful. You go to it at once. It is practically a cabinet for bric-à-brac, with a fire-place in the centre of it. The wainscot is high, and, like the fire-place, is painted on the flat a light greenish-blue, so smooth and delicate that it might be china. Above it are hung some notable etchings, some of them from Mr. Boughton's own work, one of them notably "The Waning of the Honeymoon," another "Hester Prynne," the latter the work of an American publisher, and an exquisite specimen of the art now once more popular, one of the many happy revivals of the time. Delicate sketches of lilies and other flowers and plants adorn the window-panes, and the blinds are blue silk. Striking effects are got out of deep blue plaques on the fire-place, and on a side table there is a handful of wall-flowers in a delf bowl. Chippendale and Adam furniture prevails, the latter being more particularly prominent in a couple of china cabinets and a handsome bookcase. Possibly, in considering this kind of inventory, which only sets forth points of note, the reader may imagine that I am describing what is, after all, only a room for show, and not a room for use. This is not so. You never lose the idea of comfort in Boughton's house. The sofas are made to loll upon, the chairs to sit in, and there is no suggestion that you may spoil anything. Beauty goes hand in hand with usefulness in every room, and the owner might have spent double the money upon both furniture and decorations without inspiring half so much confidence in this respect, and certainly without adding to the picturesqueness of this suite of rooms, elegant enough for a prince, useful enough for the humblest of his *ménage*.

The third, or Amber Room, is the dining-room. Having regard to the harmonious effect of the decoration, an investigation of the details of it is full of surprises. Spanish leather, old oak, India matting, gold and brass, are all used upon dado and walls, with here and there a paper panel deftly worked in. The general tone is a soft amber, though you are not conscious of any particular color that calls for notice; the effect is full of repose and rest, and this in spite of a large old-fashioned window, with panels of sun flowers and lilies on a rich blue ground. Up in the frieze of the room two painted circular windows are placed with excellent effect, especially as they appear to compete in form with the plaques that are hung here and there in well-selected places. The white cloth laid for luncheon upon an oval Chippendale table, with a tinted centre cloth in the middle, and a somewhat motley service of glass and china, with a bowl of daffodils on one side and a button-hole of hyacinths on the other; one of the illuminated panels of the window open, and the sun streaming in; a rich Persian rug by the fire-place absorbing all the bright light that reaches it—the picture is one to remember as a pleasant sensation. A few paintings adorn the walls, among them a fine por-



GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

trait of Boughton by Pettie, and in an out-of-the-way corner is a handsome cabinet daintily decorated by the artist himself. There are some fine pieces of china here and there, and a fine effect of harmonious color is obtained by looking along the entire suite of apartments to the bay-window that lights the Yellow Room.

The Indian red dado of the hall is continued along the open staircase to the studio, and where the staircase is not filled in with windows, the walls are panelled in fine old Beauvais tapestry. On the way to the studio one pauses to inspect a pretty little "snuggery," or resting-place, the walls covered with a matting dado, between which and a frieze of the pretty reedy flower known as flag is a distemper of brownish-yellow. There is a tiny

window of a pretty design, and such furniture as the room contains is old marquetry.

Boughton's is just the studio we can imagine it to have been the dream of his life to build and to furnish. His art is human and tender; it deals chiefly with the gentle and domestic side of life; it has in it an element of the poetry of Longfellow, and is capable of portraying the patient sweetness of Hawthorne's woman of *The Scarlet Letter;* it is in sympathy with the gray English landscapes and village comedies, and is at home with the simple humor and humble courtships of Dutch fishermen and Friesland maidens; it revels in the detail of a Hollander's costume as well as in the grass-grown wharves and picturesque barges of the dead cities. Comedy and tragedy go on close together in real life, and if Boughton steps aside from the bowl and dagger, he has nevertheless shown sufficient dramatic power for a strong theme, as witness his "Pilgrims going to Church," the sedate force of several of his illustrations of peasant life in Brittany, and the gloom of his Hester Prynne on a mission of mercy to a house stricken with the plague.

As I enter his studio, one end (the north) nearly filled with a window, the other with a gallery, like the place for the musicians in an old banqueting room, and an alcove of cushions beneath it, I find the master intently at work, his model for the Friesland skating girl posed more particularly for the head. His touches were of the lightest and finest, and as often made with the tip of his little finger as with his brush.

"The finger is sensitive," he says, as if I had asked a question. "There can be no rule for its application; just a touch and go, the effect of which is more or less accidental, more or less knack, a sort of instinct."

"Something more than instinct," I suggest, "is required to deal with a palette so full of color."

"There is nothing that requires so many colors for its representation as the human face," he answers. "You can not lay the brush upon a part of this palette that has not been used on this face."

He was putting in the shadow of the dainty under lip, and it was a lesson to see how deftly he flecked off its redundance and softened the edges of it with his finger.

"It is very entertaining to see an artist at work," I remark, for want of a better thought at the moment. "What a delightful contrast to that of an author at work, or a poet, even when his eyes are in a fine frenzy rolling!"

"But the author has the advantage," he answers, "in having people all over the world contemplating his pictures at the same time."

Boughton works as though he is indeed engaged upon a labor of love, stepping back now and then to see the effect of those touches he is pleased to call accidental, but which are strokes of technical skillfulness.

"And in the case of a landscape," he says, taking me by the arm, "look here. I open the door; I walk out to the very head of the staircase; and I can see my work as far away as you can get from it at the Academy."

This is a great advantage, and it is only one of the points which have entered into the artist's calculation in the designing of his workshop. There is no kind of light he can not command—north or south, high or low, straight light or cross light. The walls of the room are a warm gray in color, not distempered, nor painted, nor papered, but the plaster colored in process of mixing—the artist's own idea, and one that may yet lead to some interesting changes in regard to the decoration of walls. On the west side of the room is an alcove just sufficient to hold a comfortable settee, and display some fine rugs upon the floor and a golden ceiling. The most gratifying bits of color in the studio are seen in the Persian, Turkish, and other rugs that find suitable places for both use and ornament on floor, couches, and chairs. A small but well-filled book-case, a writing-desk, and shelves full of pamphlets, papers, magazines, works in miscellaneous literature, French and English, give an air of sociability to the room. A bust of Dante on a pedestal, a rough sketch of the bird sacred to Minerva, a Japanese cabinet, a bit of old blue from Delft, and other miscellaneous incidents of decoration are accidentally, as it were, dropped here and there into the general story; and the tapestry of the staircase is repeated here and there in the gallery at the south end and on the eastern wall. A work-room, living-room, recreation-room, reception-room, is this sensibly furnished studio, in which Mr. Boughton gives form and color to his elaborate studies.

"I notice that you make many and careful sketches," I remark.

"Yes, I have note-books full of them—sketches, studies, and memoranda, though I rarely refer to them afterward," he replies. "The fact that I have them, can lay my hand upon them at any time, seems to be sufficient; and in treatment, though perhaps not in spirit, I invariably depart wholly from my first suggestions and sketches for picture subjects."

Boughton is an artist whom two countries claim. He was brought from England to Albany, New York, by his parents when four years old, opened his studio there at sixteen, and grew up as an American artist. He enjoys thus the unusual distinction of being an N.A. and an A.R.A.

At work Boughton as a rule wears an ordinary gray suit of clothes with a velvet cap, and is never put out by the companionship of a familiar friend, even when absorbed in one of the difficulties of his

ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.—Photographed by F. Hollyer.

labors. He is as genial as many of his latter-day subjects, notably one upon his easel at my visit, a buxom young Dutch-woman running the gauntlet of the idle badinage of half a dozen sailors or bargemen smoking their pipes on the sunny side of a canal quay wall. It is an uncommon face the artist turns toward you, marked with lines of thought, the brown eyes partially hidden while he is at work by spectacles, the mouth by a brown mustache.

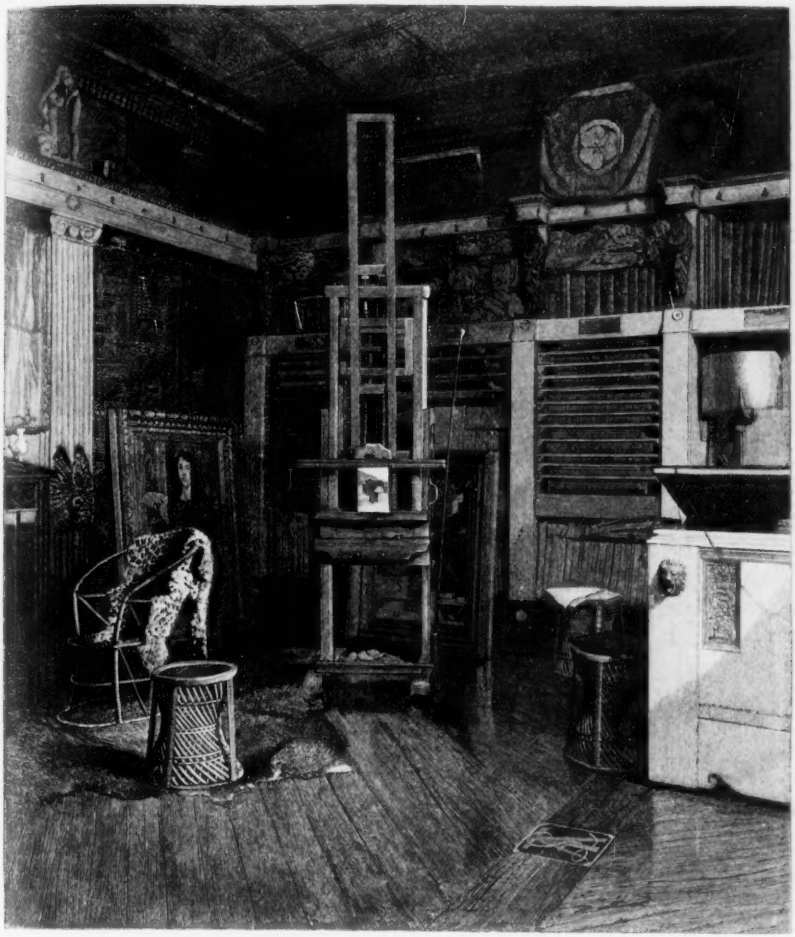
The model is presently dismissed with kindly words, and we sit down to coffee and cigarettes. "You were speaking of artists' houses," says Boughton — "why should we not have handsome places? The old masters, so much, and many so deservedly, worshipped, had. Teniers had a fine place; so had Rubens; so had Wouvermans. Rembrandt's pictures of studios show one that it was a common thing for the artists of his time to have magnificent places. Paul Veronese had a lovely house; but Roberts the best of all. Holbein did not paint in a garret, but at Whitehall and Hampton Court. Look at the surroundings of Velasquez, as conveyed in his own and contemporary works, and also at Raphael. Titian's house is a show place even to-day. Sir Joshua Reynolds lived in fine style in Leicester Square; Hogarth was handsomely lodged; Benjamin West had several galleries attached to his house in Newman Street. There is no want of precedent for artists to have suitable houses and fine studios, and precedent is a great matter in England. Thank goodness, the garret era is passed both for writers and painters —passed with the Georges and their narrow days!"

I mention the so-called æsthetic movement, and after the expression of regrets at the misuse of a word full of noble significance, Boughton remarks:

"People forget the commercial value of the movement, its influence on trade and manufactures. For example: we used to go to France for stuffs and paper-hangings and dyes; we not only do so no longer, but France is coming to us for these very things. As for the brick houses which are now being built, they are eminently suitable to the climate. It is perhaps a misnomer to call them Queen Anne; we use the term to cover a long series of years. The modern artistic house might be called Norman Shaw's adaptation of the best features of Flemish, Dutch, old English, Queen Anne, to our climate and to our modern requirements."

Mrs. Boughton occasionally annexes the studio for social gatherings and receptions. Forbes lectured here on the eve of his American tour. A fancy ball formed another agreeable reminiscence of the place, and then the gallery was occupied by musicians. This utilization of studios for the purposes of society reunions is a pleasant feature of artistic London, varied as it is by smoking parties in bachelors' quarters and weekly "evenings."

Among the notable "at homes" of London, for instance, are the Tuesdays at Mr. Alma-Tadema's, Townshend House, near the North Gate, Regent's Park, where the artist's amiable wife charmingly presides over a house which is unique in its repetition of many of the bits of detail which are so lovingly rendered in the painter's best works. The light in this quarter of London and at Hampstead falls earlier upon the many north windows constructed to receive it, and dwells longer in its gentle merging into night than at Kensington. The Regent's Park and St. John's Wood district have always been favorite localities both for art and literary workers. One recalls among the famous residents of this neighborhood, Landseer, Douglas Jerrold, George Eliot, Tom Hood, Shirley Brooks, Hepworth Dixon, besides many distinguished vocalists, notably Mlle. Titiens and Mr. Santley. Mr. Alma-Tadema takes great delight in the furnishing and ornamentation of his house. An ordinary and somewhat commonplace London residence, he has converted it into a perfect art gem, every bit of it a study and an example of his great knowledge, his love of antiquities, and his cultivated taste. He has entirely transformed the interior, even to reconstructing the staircases, and building into one of the rooms a groined roof to suit his furnishing. This is what he calls the Panel Room, or, as his friends have christened it, "the Burgomaster's Room" — a perfect little Dutch interior, windows, panelling, seats, floor, jugs, and all, with a sofa upon which you feel inclined to sit and dream of the days of Van Tromp and the Dutch battles for freedom, of the grand old burgomasters and their robust wives, and of Holland's triumphs over sea and wind, that are even greater than her glorious struggles against Spain. One steps from this room presently into



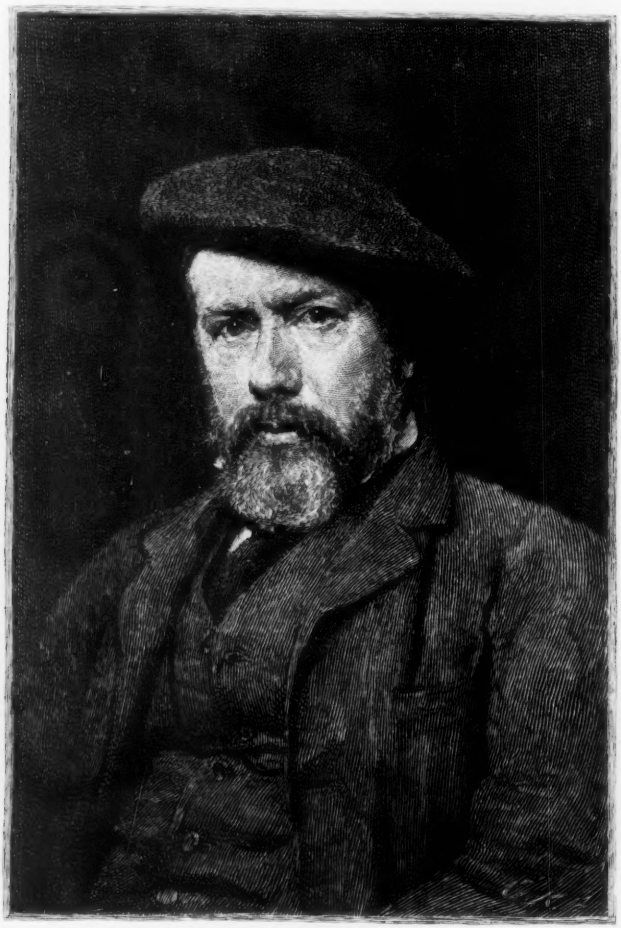
ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

others as far away in sentiment and character from the Dutch as Persia is from the Hague, or Venice from Mexico. It would be impossible in the space of this paper to even indicate the artistic treasures, apart from the novel furniture and decorations, which are crowded into Townshend House, and for a time one feels that they are crowded, but this impression goes as one examines the house leisurely. Whatever the style of decoration that characterizes any particular room, it is carried out with a knowledge of its best features, and with the same patience and devotion to truth which the artist puts into his pictures, be his subject an Egyptian theme of three thousand years ago, an audience at Agrippa's, or a reminiscence of Marathon.

Artist friends have not unfrequently noticed with surprise as they look a second time on some work in progress that the artist has painted out some elaborate incident of life or color with which he was dissatisfied. He is never content to doubt; his work must be correct and true from his own stand-point, or it does not leave

his studio. He lays his plans for one of those remarkable studies of the ancient life of Greece or Rome or Pompeii or Egypt, which are the delight of students

familiar to him as Regent and Bond streets; his wharves and stores and boats are better known to him possibly than their nineteenth-century successors.



JOHN PETTIE, R.A.—Photographed by F. Hollyer.

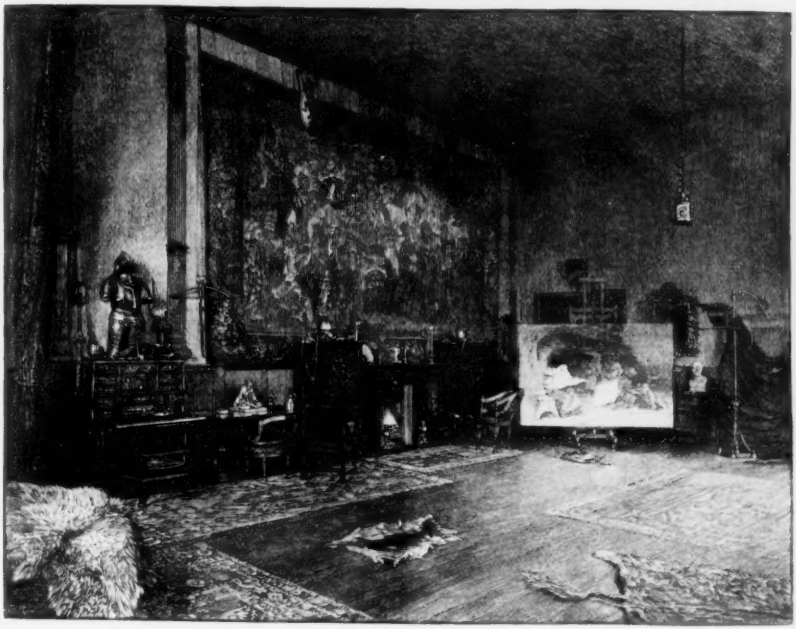
of history as well as art connoisseurs, with the carefulness of the designer of a ship or the architect of a palace. There is not a detail of marble, brick, or wood in his pictures, either as to its purpose, use, color, weight, that he can not explain to you, just as he also can the texture and quality of the dresses, the character and offices of his people. His streets are in his mind as

I recall seeing upon his easel a partly finished picture of a Pompeiian festival, with a distant view of a street of the period—the Regent Street of the classic city, with its shops and its people. A gig of the time is being driven along. It is going from us, and the horse really is going, though only its legs are to be seen beneath the carriage.

"I put them in last week," said the artist, laughing. "It was in this way: driving in a hansom to Brompton, a greengrocer's cart came out of a street ahead, the horse galloping. I could only see the back of the cart and the lower part of the horse's legs. I took note of it all the way. It turned off into a street close to the house I was going to. I jumped out, and I said, 'Give me a bit of paper'; I had a pencil. I put down the result of my observations as fast as I could—my friends thought I had gone a little mad—and the horse's legs before you are those of the animal in the grocer's cart; but I think I must work them out a little more. Oh yes, and the floor in the foreground is not half done. I fear I will never finish."

He speaks with lively animation and full of earnestness, the excitement of his drive behind the grocer's cart in his voice, the momentary dejection of his reflection that he will never finish his work also. But he is cheered by the encouraging words of a sympathetic friend whose own experience enables him to appreciate the difficulties already overcome; and in due course the new works will receive their last touches, and go down to posterity among the best examples of his easel. Fancy that London cart linking to-day with the classic life of Pompeii!

You might lose Mr. Alma-Tadema's studio in one of the big studios in the same way that Americans often say you might drop England into one of their lakes, or lose it in one of their forests—a characteristic suggestion of comparisons of size. It is a small square room with a bay-window to the north, and the easels fixed right in the light, in the very eye of day. The light is never too strong for Tadema. You may inspect his details with a glass, and find them clear and definite; and though he paints his marble without reflections, you can see the very grain of it, and feel sure that if you broke it you would see the crystalline sparkle of the fragments. After passing up a staircase, which is decorated with a fluted dado of some soft material of a dull hue, above which hang photographs of many of the artist's works, you enter the studio. On your left is a white marble counter or



PETTIE'S STUDIO

HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A.—From a drawing by Herman Herkomer.

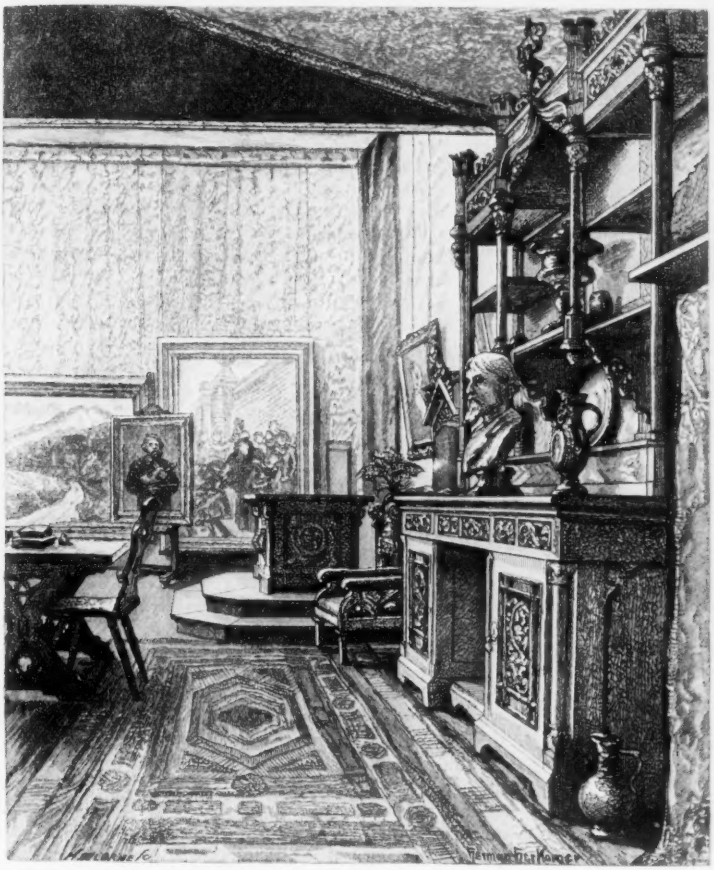
bench, on the right a bay-window rising upon several minor panels, beneath which is a convenient and pretty settee. Fronting you are the easels. The wall beyond is filled with shelves and drawers packed with draperies and artistic properties. On the other wall are a few pictures, and on a pedestal a bust of Mrs. Tadema. The room is decorated in Pompeiian designs in reds and yellows, the floor is inlaid and polished, and the entire surroundings are quite in keeping with his work.

A man of medium height, broad shoulders, light brown hair, large eyes and mouth, Alma-Tadema is a type of the sturdy Netherlanders from whom he sprang, and he may well find in his adopted country a congenial brotherhood. He is a naturalized Englishman, and regards himself as an English painter. His wife is English, the honors he most prizes are English, and he is one of the most popular of the Royal Academicians, not only among his colleagues, but in the art schools of Burlington House.

There are other quarters of London where art is establishing itself in red brick palaces, and inducing imitation on the part of outsiders, which must in time bring about an entire change in the appearance of the English metropolis. There are two very notable houses Hampstead-way—one in the little suburban town, the other on this side of it. The first, Mr. Long's, in Fitzjohn Avenue, is well known to the art world. The other, Mr. Pettie's, is one of the most recent of the new houses, and has a studio which for size and scientific arrangements of light is almost unique. The tapestry over the fire-place is Flemish, and designed by Rubens. The arms hung upon it are those of Scotland and England. Being a Scotchman, Mr. Pettie

has given the lion of his country the dexter side, a token of precedence which is a characteristic trait of "auld Scotia," though the artist is one of her most unassuming sons. The statuette on the mantel-shelf is the well-known Leighton essay in sculpture; the figure on the table is the "Dominie Sampson" by Lawson, another painter who is eminent also as a modeller in clay. The bust at the end of the room is from his studio, and it is an excellent effigy of the R. A. The armor standing upon a cabinet is a demi-suit worn in the days of Henry VIII. The picture on the easel is seven and a half feet by five, and the studio is thirty feet long, and high and wide in proportion.

Mr. John Pettie, R. A., is a rare example of courage and industry, and young painters should find great encouragement in his career. Born in Edinburgh in 1839, he began a regular study of art at eighteen, and he worked his way to public favor with a steady persistence, occasionally disheartened, but never looking back, always correct, never careless, a student of the period he illustrates, and an authority on its dress and manners. Successful in Edinburgh, he left that city for London the moment the Royal Academy hung one of



HERKOMER'S STUDIO.

his pictures. He took new ground not only as to living, but painting. The new height scaled, he still looked upward, and every year brought to the front a new triumph of his patient genius. "What d'ye lack, Madam?—what d'ye lack?" was one of the freshest and most characteristic of his works in his early London days. It represented one of the London apprentices of the picturesque time described by Scott, and also by Dickens, offering his wares—an incident from *The Fortunes of Nigel*. This was in 1862, since which time one looks back over a perfect gallery of masterly works, in which "The Trio," "George Fox refusing the Oath," "Arrested for Witchcraft," "Scene in Hal o' the Wynd's Smithy," "Hunted Down," "A Sword and Dagger Fight," "The Death-Warrant," "His Grace," and "Before the Battle" hold leading places. Square-headed, of the Burns and Scott type, Mr. Pettie is of medium height, and speaks with the accent of his country, as men do who love it. By the side of his palette on the floor, beneath the unfinished picture, you will see his pipe, his constant companion. In his studio and throughout his house there is noticeable a characteristic solidity and plainness—not the plainness of a Puritanical taste, but the undemonstrative air of a modesty that is inclined to repress its love of form and color. The result is a restful atmosphere of repose, represented in the half tones of the decorations and in the simplicity of the general arrangements.

While English art is nobly represented by the painters who are now in middle age, the succession promises to be, if possible, even more brilliant. The career of Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., is hardly less remarkable than that of Millais himself, though in the case of the former there are incidents of trial and hardship which did not belong to the young life of the last-mentioned artist. Mr. Herkomer is still comparatively youthful, and yet he has tasted the bitterness of "bread-winning" under difficulties, and also the glory of an art success which has even been indorsed by France. Mr. Herkomer is not only a painter, he is master of many arts, and his studio and art school at Bushey suggest the range of his subjects and of his enthusiasm. He has himself told, in an autobiographical lecture which is one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of "self-made men," the story of his early hard-earned successes—how at the start of the *Graphic* he ventured nearly all his money in buying a page wood-block, which began his successful relations with that successful journal, and how with the money earned by this drawing he "purchased leisure" to look around for subjects, and so drew for the *Graphic* "The Chelsea Pensioners," which afterward, painted as "The Last Muster," won him the grand prize at Paris in 1878. This artist is another example of the cosmopolitanism of artistic London, for he was born in Bavaria, and lived as a boy in America, where he has been gaining new triumphs. His chief purpose is now the building up of his art school at Bushey, and the modest studio of old days has already developed into grand things. The studio itself is a room of noble proportions; in one corner Mr. Herkomer does, as a play from heavier work, the mezzotint engraving which he has revived; the mantel is in beaten brass worked by himself; the richly carved screen is the work of the venerable father from whom the artist inherits his various dexterity of hand. In a separate building is the printing-room, where workmen print the engravings under the watchful care of the artist himself, and about the studio other buildings are to afford facilities for the colony of art students this enterprising master means to gather about him.

To do anything like justice to the subject of "artistic London," one ought to visit many houses and many studios, to spend an evening at the Arts Club, describe a Burlington House soirée, an Academy dinner, a Press Day and a Private View, enter into particulars of the course of study at the Royal Academy schools, discuss the art features of South Kensington, interview the management of the various galleries, take note of the interesting revivals in the graphic arts, examine the work and prospects of the tapestry looms at Windsor, and record the successes of women, more particularly in the decorative arts. But "art is long," and one may almost say of artistic London as of great London itself, that no traveller can traverse all its streets. The reader has been asked only to take a few glimpses as he passed, and from these to imagine for himself the wealth of art which is the fair possession of the great metropolis.

CHAPTER LI.

WHICH TELLS OF A REUNION OF VERY DEAR OLD FRIENDS.

WHILE Brooke and Talbot were thus conversing, others were indulging in the same occupation, and none to better purpose than Harry and Katie.

No one can say that Katie had not been very severely tried, and had not passed through a most distressing ordeal. Apart from the long trial of mind which had preceded that eventful morning, the circumstances of the final scene were enough to shake stronger nerves than those of Katie. So completely was she prostrated that, under any other circumstances, nothing could have saved her from a fit of sickness, which might possibly have resulted in brain-fever, and terminated fatally; but fortunately, under the actually existing circumstances, she was spared all this. The presence of Harry made all the difference in the world.

After retiring from the scene of conflict they ascended into that upper chamber in which Katie had last been imprisoned, and here they seated themselves so that Katie might rest, supported by Harry's encircling arm, and at the same time be refreshed by the fresh air. Katie now began to rally with the rapidity which is characteristic of buoyant natures, and soon showed something of her usual lightness of heart. Harry, however, though most tender and affectionate, seemed changed, and the change was soon detected by Katie's quick perception.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked. "You don't seem glad at all."

"THEY RETREATED TO A RUDE BENCH, UPON WHICH THEY SEATED THEMSELVES."—[SEE PAGE 862.]

"Oh yes," said Harry, "I'm very glad indeed."

He spoke in a doleful tone of voice, which was by no means in accord with his words.

"Your voice don't sound very glad," said Katie, reproachfully, "and you look troubled. You are so preoccupied that you can't say anything. But I suppose you feel the effects of that awful scene—and oh, how awful it was!"

Katie relapsed into silence, and Harry felt somewhat relieved; for in truth he was preoccupied, and had much on his mind.

It was the thought of Talbot that filled

"THE JOVIAL MONARCH CAUGHT MRS. RUSSELL'S HAND IN HIS, AND PROCEEDED TO DANCE."—[SEE PAGE 870.]

his mind. It was she whom he had seen in that priest's disguise. It was his affianced bride, whom he had lost, and now at last found! Found! Great Heaven! and here! and thus! Here—when he was ready to die for Katie; when he was now with Katie, who had turned to him from all the world!

Was he a man of honor? Honor! The word now seemed a mockery. Which way would honor impel him? To give up Katie? What! when she had given up all for him? What! when he had faced death in quarrel with Ashby for her? Honor! Was not honor due to Ashby? and had he not been a traitor to his friend?

There was this fight yet before him, and it would be soon; for Ashby was free. A fight for Katie! And Talbot was here! She would know all. And she—she who had come all the way from England, who had found him not, who had imagined herself deserted—she would learn of his perfidy. The thought was horrible.

Upon such agonizing thoughts as these came Katie's question:

"Why are you so sad?"

Harry sighed.

"I'm thinking of Ashby," said he. "He's free now. He'll soon find you."

At this Katie tapped with her foot nervously.

"Well," said she, "if you are thinking of him, it's very bad taste to say so. I wasn't thinking of him at all."

But this remark seemed to set Katie off thinking about Ashby, for she too seemed preoccupied.

"I think it's a great shame," said she.

"What?"

"Why, for Mr. Ashby to come bothering me just now."

Harry said nothing, and they both relapsed once more into silence.

The harder task was before Harry. There were two for him to face. One, the friend to whom he had been a traitor; the other, his betrothed, to whom he had been false. Of these two the latter was by far the worse. He had faced Ashby already, and could face him again, as a mortal enemy, to fight a mortal battle; but Talbot! Ah! with what eyes could he look upon that pure and noble face? with what words could he address her?

Katie's thoughts seemed to be running in that channel which Harry was using for his own, for she suddenly looked at him with earnest scrutiny, and said, abruptly,

"But you are as bad."

"As bad?"

"As bad as I."

Harry sighed.

"Mr. Ashby," said Katie, innocently, "will want to see you too, you know."

"Of course," said Harry.

"Oh, well, then," said Katie, "I needn't see him at all. You can explain it all; for really I hardly know what I can possibly find to say to him."

"I'm afraid," said Harry, "that he will insist on seeing you, and on learning his fate from your own lips."

"His fate!" said Katie—"oh dear!"

"I would take all the difficulty from you if I could," said Harry, "but I don't see how I can."

"Oh, well," said Katie, cheerfully, "perhaps he will not be in any very great hurry to see me, after all. He did not seem very anxious about me in the room below. *He* did not look like a maniac. *He* did not remonstrate with Lopez. *He* did not draw his pistol and attack the captain in the midst of his men. *He* did not fight for me, and risk his life. No; he thought too much of his own dear self, and left all the fighting and all the risk to one who is worth far more than ten thousand Ashbys! And that's what I'll tell him!" said Katie. "Let me see him now, while all this is fresh in my memory. Come, Harry, let us wait no longer, but if this meeting has to be, let it be now."

Katie poured forth these words in an impetuous torrent, and, starting up, led the way out. Harry followed, and thus they descended the stairway to the lower hall.

Ashby had gone out shortly after Harry and Katie, following Dolores, who was anxious to see about the gates. The six Carlists followed. The gates were wide open, and far away a few of the fugitives could still be seen flying as fast as their feet could carry them. The six Carlists soon had the gates firmly closed and barred, and mounted guard here, deeming this to be the weak point of the castle; and thinking, too, that if an enemy appeared, he would consider six men at the gate a sign that six hundred were in the garrison.

Russell had followed the six Carlists, thinking that with them he would be safer than anywhere else. Rita had now a horror of those Carlists whom she had betrayed, and, as he thought, would venture anywhere rather than into their presence.

And now the good man felt quite martial. This new change in his situation, and the inspiring presence of his military friends, made him determine to get rid of that odious disguise which Rita had furnished him. He proceeded, therefore, to divest himself of it.

The Carlists had not noticed him thus far, and had not at all recognized him. Great was their surprise when they saw this "woman" tearing off her outer robe; but far greater was it when they saw the marvellous transformation of a commonplace woman into a resplendent general officer all in blue and gold.

A murmur ran through them, partly of amusement, partly of approval.

One of them addressed him.

Russell shook his head.

"He is a French general," said one; "he doesn't understand us. Can't some one speak French?"

No one could.

One of them then ran inside and brought out a sword, with belt, etc., which he handed to the "French general." Russell took it, and after some trouble succeeded in buckling the martial gear around him. Then, by way of an additional safeguard against his enemy, he drew his sword, and taking his seat on a stone near the gate, glared watchfully around.

Dolores and Ashby had much to talk of, but Dolores was too prudent to waste time on mere explanations. There was yet very much to be done. Above all, they must now consider how they were to get out of

the castle. After all, as far as she could see, their position had changed little, if at all, for the better. The enemy would rally. They would be attacked. No defense was possible. They would soon be prisoners or fugitives. And if they were to fly, how could they hope to escape in a country swarming with roving bands of marauders belonging to both parties? The problem was a difficult one, and one which was not to be solved very readily.

At length Dolores thought of the wounded men, and as she had a very tender heart, she proposed to go and help them. The two then returned and entered the castle.

They reached the hall at the very time when the other parties were coming into it — namely, Brooke and Talbot from the room, and Harry and Katie from the upper regions. Such coincidences are frequent in real life, and still more frequent in our "Castles in Spain."

As Brooke and Talbot came out, Ashby and Dolores, advancing toward the room, met them face to face. Brooke and Dolores looked upon one another. There was the flash of mutual recognition in the faces of both. Brooke seemed struck dumb. Dolores was the first to speak.

"Raleigh!" she said, in tones of amazement and consternation.

"Dolores!" said Brooke, in a deep, hollow voice.

Brooke was ghastly; but this may have been the effect of the recent shock. As for Dolores, every trace of color fled from her face, and she was as white as marble.

Talbot heard this and saw it. These words, these familiar names, smote her to the heart. She recollected the story which Brooke had told her. She remembered the name of that Cuban maid. It was this—it was "Dolores!" Was this she?

She looked around in despair.

At that moment, as her despairing eyes wandered around, they fell full upon the face of Harry, for Harry and Katie, on descending the stairs, had on this instant reached the spot.

Harry saw her again.

The priest's dress was removed. She stood in her own garb, her very self—Talbot—with all her noble face revealed, and all her exquisite grace of feature and of form.

"Sydney!" said he.

"Harry!" said Talbot.

Katie heard this. She turned pale. All her thoughts fled from her; she shrank back, and stood staring. But one thought now remained—the thought suggested by that name, Sydney. Well she remembered that name, and all the incidents of that story which Harry had told her when they were first acquainted: the wreck of the ship; the maiden deserted and despairing; her rescue by Harry; their escape in the boat; their love; their plighted faith; the appointed marriage; the lost bride.

Sydney! It was she herself—the promised bride of Harry, whom he would, no doubt, be required to wed at once.

Now she understood why Harry had been so preoccupied.

CHAPTER LII.

IN WHICH A NUMBER OF PEOPLE FIND THEMSELVES IN A VERY EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

BROOKE and Dolores stood facing one another in silence. The embarrassment was most painful. Each felt it too much to be able to notice it in the other, and each instinctively avoided the glance of the other's eyes, casting only looks of a furtive kind at the other's face, and then hastily looking elsewhere. In fact, the situation was truly horrible.

But Brooke felt it incumbent on him to say something; he also felt anxious to vindicate his honor, if such a thing were, indeed, in any way possible. But ardent words, excited, eager welcomes, and all those other circumstances that usually attend upon the meeting of long-divided lovers were in this case clearly impossible. Brooke felt Talbot's presence—Talbot, who was worth to him ten thousand like Dolores; so he could only take refuge in the most commonplace conventionalities. It is true, Talbot could not understand Spanish, but Talbot could understand those tones of voice which form the universal and natural language of man; and if Brooke had felt ever so full of eager delight, he would have hesitated to manifest it under such very delicate circumstances.

At length Brooke cleared his throat.

"This," said he, in a solemn tone—"this is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

Dolores sighed.

"It is indeed, señor," she replied, "an unexpected, a most unexpected one."

"It is indeed," said Brooke, in quite a helpless way.

Saying this, he held out his hand. Dolores held out hers. They shook hands. Then they cast hasty looks at one another.

"I hope you have been quite well?" said Brooke.

"Oh, quite," said Dolores; "and you, señor?"

"Oh, very well," said Brooke, "very well indeed."

And now another pause succeeded. Both of them were horribly embarrassed. Each had the same feeling, but neither one knew the feeling of the other. Each knew that a change had occurred, but neither knew that the same change had been experienced by the other. Brooke knew himself false, but thought Dolores true, while Dolores had a similar feeling. Besides, this new love which each had conceived and cherished made the old one seem a mistake—made them regard each other with aversion, and this meeting as a calamity; yet each felt bound to conceal these feelings, and exhibit toward the other an impossible cordiality. All this caused a wretched embarrassment and restraint, which each felt, and for which each took the blame, thinking the other altogether true and innocent.

The deep feelings of the past were yet strong in their hearts—the immediate past—and with these their hearts were full. Yet these had to be concealed. Each felt bound to the other by a solemn vow, and by every principle of duty and honor. They had exchanged vows of love and eternal fidelity. From such vows who could release them? Yet the vows were already broken by each, and of this each was conscious. Had Brooke met Dolores before this last scene with Talbot, he might have felt self-reproach, but he could not have felt such a sense of unworthiness. For before that he had, at least, kept a watch upon his tongue, and in words, at least, he had not told his love for another. But now his word had gone forth, and he had pledged himself to another.

But he had to say something. Dolores was silent. He thought she was waiting for him to explain.

"I—I," he stammered—"I have hunted—hunted you—all through Spain."

This was the truth, for Brooke had been faithful to Dolores until he had met with Talbot.

Dolores was conscious-smitten by this proof of her former lover's fidelity. She hastened to excuse herself somehow.

"I—I," she said, with an embarrassment equal to that of Brooke—"I thought you were in America."

"No; I was in Cuba."

"I thought I had lost you," said Dolores; "you ceased to write."

This sounded like the reproach of a faithful lover. Brooke felt hurt.

"Oh no," said he; "I wrote, but you ceased to answer."

"I thought something had happened," said Dolores.

"I thought so too," said Brooke. "I never got your letters. Where did you go?"

Dolores jumped at this question as giving a chance of relief. So she began to give a long account of her life in Spain, detailing minute incidents, and growing gradually calmer, more self-possessed, and more observant of Brooke. She saw with satisfaction that Brooke made no demonstrations; yet her satisfaction was checked by the thought that perhaps he was deterred from exhibiting the raptures of a lover by the presence of others—by the fear that he had been only too true, and that those raptures would yet be exhibited. She resolved that he should not have an opportunity. Yet how could she avoid him? And thus she thought, and still she went on talking.

The effect of her story was a crushing one. She made no mention of Ashby, and Brooke concluded that she had been true, while he had been false. And now what was he? Clearly false. Could he come back to Dolores? Could he be what he had been? Could he give up Talbot? The thought was intolerable. Never had any one been to him so dear as Talbot. Never had Talbot been to him so dear as now. And yet was he not in honor bound to Dolores? Honor! and did not honor bind him to Talbot?

Such was the struggle within this unhappy man.

Almost at the same time Harry and Talbot had recognized each other.

Talbot, who had stood unmoved at the presence of death, now felt herself quail and grow all unnerved at the presence of Harry. But then she had been strengthened by her new love for Brooke; now she was weakened by the remembrance of her lost love for Harry. This was an ordeal

for which there was no outside inspiration. The remembrance of her passionate words to Brooke, so lately uttered, so ardently answered, was strong within her. And yet here was one who held her promise, who could claim her as his own, who could take her away from Brooke; and what could she do?

Harry, on the other hand, had dared death for Katie; for her he had tried to fling away his life. This had been done in the presence of his Sydney. Had she understood that? She could not have understood it. Could he explain? Impossible! Could he tell the story of his falsity to this noble lady, whom he had professed to love, whom he had come also to revere? And this proud, this delicately nurtured girl had come from her home for his sake, to suffer, to risk her life, to become a miserable captive! Was there not in this a stronger reason than ever why he should be true to her? And yet, if he loved another better, would it not be wrong to marry Sydney?

All the tenderness of his heart rose up within him in one strong, yearning thought of—Oh, Katie! But all his honor, his pride, his manliness, all his pity, too, and his sympathy, made themselves felt in a deep under-tone of feeling—oh, Sydney! true and faithful!

At last he was able to speak.

"Oh, Sydney," said he, "what bitter, bitter fortune has brought you here to this horrible place—to so much misery?"

Talbot looked down. She could not look in his face. She felt unworthy of him. He seemed faithful still. She had seen the act of his in attacking Lopez, but had not understood it. She thought him faithful in spite of all.

"Bitter," said she, slowly. "Bitter; yes, bitter indeed—bitter was the fortune that brought me here!"

She could say no more. She was thinking only of that bitter fortune which had brought her to a place where she might be forever torn from Brooke; where Brooke, too, had found one who might tear him from her.

But Harry understood this differently. He detected in these words a reflection upon himself. He thought she alluded to her long journey to him, when she had come so far, and had reached her destination only to find him absent; when she had waited for days without finding any trace of him or hearing any word from him, and at last had turned about on her lonely homeward road. And yet he was blameless then. As far as that was concerned he could excuse himself; he could explain all. He felt so guilty in some things that he was anxious to show his innocence in other things where he had not been to blame; and so he hastened most eagerly to give a long and an eloquent vindication of himself by explaining all about his journey to England, and his return to Barcelona, and his search after her, which had led him to this.

And in all this Talbot found only proofs of Harry's unalterable fidelity. He had been true! She had been false! What now was there for her to do? To sacrifice this man? What! after such love and loyalty? Or, on the other hand, to give up Brooke! Brooke!—give up Brooke! Oh, heavens! How was that possible? Would she not rather die than give up Brooke? When her own words to him were fresh in her memory, and when his words of love to her were still ringing in her ears—at such a moment as this could she think of giving up Brooke?

Such were the thoughts and feelings of these two.

Meanwhile Ashby, finding himself left alone by Dolores, stood for a while wondering who her friend might be; until at length, finding that she was beginning to give him a detailed history of her life, he looked around in despair. And he saw Katie standing alone, where she had been left by Harry, near the foot of the stairway; and as all the others were engaged in their own affairs, and, moreover, as his relations with Katie were of the most intimate kind, he saw no other course open to him than to approach her and converse with her. And at that moment he remembered that Katie had in her possession—perhaps in her pocket—a certain letter which he had written to her only a few days before, full of protestations of love, in which he informed her that he was going to travel with her in the same train, in the hope of seeing her at Burgos or Bayonne; in which he urged her to come to him, to be his wife; to set at defiance her hostile guardian, and to unite herself with him. This seemed strange to him now, when his mind was filled with thoughts of Dolores, and his heart was full of the love of Dolores. Even his resentment against her had passed away. She had allowed herself to in-

dulge in a flirtation with his friend Rivers. Was that a crime? He, on the other hand, had lost all love for her, and had given all his heart to Dolores. Katie seemed to him now not repugnant as a false one, but merely pitiable as a weak, child-like character. The falsity now seemed rather on his part than on hers. He believed that Harry had gone much farther in treachery than Katie. Katie, he thought, was merely a weak-minded flirt, while Harry had become a traitor in allowing himself to fall in love with her. Even for Harry he could now make some allowances; and since he had found out his own feelings, he had less jealousy, and therefore less resentment against his former friend. As for jealousy, if he now had that feeling, it was all directed elsewhere, namely, toward that stranger whose sudden appearance had so engrossed Dolores.

In such a state of mind as this Ashby advanced toward Katie. Now Katie had come down with the express purpose of seeing him, and with her mind full of a very pretty speech which she intended to make to him. But the sudden meeting of Harry with Talbot had raised other thoughts and feelings, which had driven her pretty speech altogether out of her mind. A bitter jealousy afflicted her tender heart. This lady was the Sydney Talbot of whom he had told her, and who had come all the way from England on this perilous journey to marry him. Would she now give him up? Impossible! And how could Harry escape her?

As Ashby approached, Katie therefore had but little thought for him. Ashby also thought less of her than of Dolores. Who was this stranger? he thought. Why was he so familiar? Why did Dolores leave him so abruptly? and why was she telling to this stranger the whole story of her life?

Thus Ashby and Katie met again.

Ashby had to say something, and so, as was natural, he took refuge in conventionalities.

"I hope," said he, "that no ill effects have arisen from this recent excitement."

"Oh no," said Katie, in an abstracted tone. She was trying to listen to Talbot's words. They did not sound pleasant.

Ashby also was trying to listen to Dolores. She seemed to him to be altogether too familiar.

"I'm very glad," said Ashby. "I was afraid that this excitement might have an injurious effect."

(Dolores was still giving an account of herself. It was unworthy of her!)

"Oh no," said Katie, "not at all."

She heard Harry speak in an apologetic manner. It was very hard to bear. Would he leave her for this lady?

There was now a pause.

Ashby and Katie were both listening with all their might to hear what was said by Dolores and by Harry respectively.

Ashby felt the necessity of saying something.

"Very fine weather," said he.

"Oh, very fine," said Katie.

"A fine moon."

"Oh, very fine."

At this mention of the moon each thought of those moonbeams which had streamed in through the narrow windows on those past few nights—nights so memorable to each; and each thought of them with the same feelings.

Ashby tried to find something new to say. He thought of the position in which they all were—its danger—their liability to recapture—the necessity of flight, and yet the difficulty of doing so—things which he and Dolores had just been considering.

"This," said he, "is a very embarrassing position."

Katie by this understood him to mean the relations which they bore to one another, and which had become somewhat confused by her affair with Harry. She thought this was Ashby's way of putting it.

She sighed. She looked at Harry and Talbot. They seemed coming to an understanding. Harry was certainly making an explanation which seemed unnecessarily long. And here was Ashby hinting at an explanation with herself. She had forgotten all her fine speeches with which she had come down. She knew not what to say. She only felt a jealous fear about Harry, and another fear about an explanation with Ashby.

Ashby meanwhile thought nothing about Katie, but was full of eagerness to learn what was going on between Dolores and Brooke.

There were three couples involved in this awkward situation, and among them all it is difficult to say which was most embarrassed. It was bad enough to meet with the old lover, but it was worse to

feel that the eye of the new lover was upon them. Moreover, each new lover felt jealous of the old one; and the mind of each had thus to be distracted between two discordant anxieties. In short, it was, as Ashby had well said, a most embarrassing situation.

Suddenly, in the midst of all this, a figure entered the hall which attracted all eyes. It was a figure of commanding presence; a man rather elderly, in the uniform of a general officer, all ablaze with gold. There was a universal shock at such an apparition. The first thought of every one was that the castle had been captured by some new enemy—that this was the leader, and that they all were prisoners.

But one by one, to Ashby, Harry, Brooke, to Katie, Talbot, and Dolores, came the recognition of the fact that under this magnificent exterior lay concealed the person of their companion and friend, the venerable and the virtuous Russell.

"I want to look after something," said he; and with these words he went into the room where he had first been confined—namely, the one opposite to that in which the recent ceremony had taken place.

CHAPTER LIII.

HOW HARRY AND KATIE DISCUSS THE SITUATION, AND ASHBY TELLS DOLORES HER DUTY.

THE sudden appearance of Russell broke the spell which had rested upon all.

Talbot was the first to make a movement.

"Excuse me for a few moments," said she. "There are some wounded men inside who are in my care. I came out to get some water for them. I must make haste."

Saying these words, she left Harry, and went to the corner of the apartment where there was a jar of water. Filling a vessel from this, she returned to the wounded.

Harry did not follow her.

Upon seeing this movement of Talbot, Katie withdrew from Ashby. Ashby did not seem to notice this, for he was still watching Dolores.

Dolores now remarked to Brooke that she was just at that time engaged in looking after the defenses of the castle, for there was serious danger of an immediate attack by the enemy.

At this Brooke said nothing, but merely bowed, and followed Talbot to help her with the wounded men.

Dolores, upon this, cast a glance at Ashby and went out. Ashby immediately followed her.

Upon this Harry approached Katie. Neither said a word, but, acting on one common impulse, they went upstairs together into the upper hall. As they thus went up, Russell came out of the other room, and seeing them ascending the stairs, he followed them.

On reaching the top of the stairs Harry and Katie stood, and Russell also stopped a little below. He wasn't proud. He was anxious for information. So he stood and listened to what they had to say.

The two stood there in silence for some time, until at length Katie spoke.

"Isn't this horrible?" said she, with a heavy sigh.

Harry gave another sigh responsive to hers.

"It's worse," said Katie, "than ever."

Harry, with another sigh, allowed that it was.

"I can't stay here," said Katie, "in this place, and what's more, I won't stay. I'm free now, and I've made up my mind to go away."

"Will you?" said Harry, in an eager voice.

"Yes, I will," said Katie, decidedly; "and I'll go all alone. You needn't come; for of course you'll stay."

"Stay?" said Harry—"stay? and here? when you've gone away?"

"Oh yes," said Katie, "of course you'll stay here with your dear Sydney!"

Harry sighed.

"But *I* won't stay," continued Katie, after another pause; "I'm going to leave; and I'll walk back to the railway all alone."

"I think that would be a capital idea," said Harry, in a tone of great animation.

At this Katie burst into tears.

Harry was now quite distracted. He caught her in his arms and kissed her over and over again.

"You don't understand," said he. "I mean it would be a good idea to go; but, of course, you shall not go alone."

"Yes, I will go alone," said Katie—"all alone. You don't care for me, now that you've got your Sydney. You don't care for me a bit!"

"Care for you!" cried Harry; "you're the only one, Katie, in all the world that I do care for."

Katie struggled away from his encircling arms.

"No," said she, "you're not speaking the truth. You'll leave me, and say those same words to your Sydney."

"Bother Sydney!" cried Harry, in unfeigned vexation.

At this Katie, whose head had been for a moment averted, now turned her tearful eyes on him, and Harry once more took her in his arms.

"But do you, after all," said she—"do you, after all, care for me just a little bit, Harry?"

"Care for you!" cried Harry, with headlong impetuosity. "I swear, Katie, that I love you better than all the world. I will give up everything for you. Will you do as much for me?"

"Why—why, how can I help it?" said Katie.

At this reply Harry kissed her again.

"You—you offered your life for me," said Katie, in tearful agitation, "and didn't I almost give my life for you, you dear old boy? You don't know all yet. You don't know that it was for your sake only, and to save you from death, that I consented to sacrifice myself to that awful man."

Katie now told Harry the whole story, and the effect of this narration was only to intensify the ardent love of this volatile youth. While he had been face to face with Talbot he had undergone a severe struggle from conflicting emotions and impulses. But now Katie was before him, Talbot was present no longer; and Katie was so sweet, so tender, so trustful, and, above all, she had such a story to tell, that he could not resist. Talbot's claims on him became less and less perceptible in these new ones which Katie presented; and so the consequence was that he yielded up everything—his honor, his loyalty, and his duty.

"Katie," said he, as he pressed her in his arms, "I love you alone. I'll give up all for you. Let us fly from this place—let us fly. Let us not wait here where these other people are."

"Fly?" said Katie; "where?"

"Yes, fly!"

"But how can we get out? Shall we go out boldly through the gate?"

Suddenly some one came between them, and a voice chimed into the conversation.

"Yes," said the voice, "fly! That's the ticket. There's a devil here—a she-devil. I'll show you the way out. If you want to get off without Ashby seeing you, I'll show you how; I know the way. It's a secret passage. That's how I escaped the last time; and I'll take you to it when it gets dark."

It was Russell who had thus interposed. Harry and Katie showed no resentment whatever at his intrusion, but caught at his suggestion. Russell alluded with clumsy and rather vulgar playfulness to their tender relations, and offered, as guardian, to give Katie away the moment they should find a parson.

Meanwhile Dolores had gone out into the court-yard, followed by Ashby. There they stopped, and looked at one another in silence.

"Who's that fellow?" said Ashby at last.

Dolores explained that he was a friend of hers who had been of great help in Cuba. She did not tell how tender their relations had been.

"H'm!" said Ashby. "Never heard of him before. You seemed very intimate."

"He saved my life," said Dolores.

"Saved your life?"

Dolores sighed.

Then more of her story escaped her. At last the whole truth came out.

"What!" said Ashby; "and so you were engaged! In fact, the fellow is an old lover."

Dolores said nothing, but looked at Ashby with mournful inquiry, as though appealing to him to know what she ought to do.

"How did he get here?" asked Ashby, calmly.

"He has been seeking for me all these years, and traced me here, and was captured."

"H'm! that's devotion," said Ashby. "And who's his friend—the girl that was disguised as priest?"

"I don't know."

"So she's a girl," said Ashby; "and so that's the reason she wouldn't marry Lopez and Katie. A most infernally pretty girl. Who is she—did you say?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't your—your friend tell you?"

"No."

It may be supposed that Ashby should have known Brooke's feelings toward this "priest" by his devotion to her in saving

her life. But it was not so. Brooke's desperate act in flinging himself before Lopez seemed to Ashby merely an accident consequent upon his struggle with his captors. Besides, the attack of Dolores and her six Carlists had followed so closely upon this that all had become confused together.

While Ashby had been asking these few questions Dolores remained looking at him with that same mournful inquiry. Ashby noticed it, for he looked at her several times, though each time he looked away elsewhere. He was turning over all this in his mind.

At length he looked at her once more, and took her hands in his.

"Dolores," said he, "I have made up my mind."

"What?" said she, in a faint voice, looking up at him in awful suspense.

"I will not give you up! That's decided. You must dismiss the idea from your mind."

In an instant the shadow of anxiety fled from the face of Dolores, followed by a flash of joy like a sunbeam. She said not a word, but Ashby saw that rush of happiness, and all his own nature responded.

"You must come with me," said he. "That fellow may look out for himself."

"But—but—" said Dolores.

She paused.

"What?"

"We—we—are—engaged."

"Pooh!" said Ashby. "That's an old story."

"But—but—"

"Well?" said Ashby, impatiently, as she paused.

"He—he saved my life once."

"He be hanged!" said Ashby. "I'll save your life fifty times. You mustn't think of that man again. Do you hear, Dolores?"

"Yes," said Dolores, meekly; "but I only want to satisfy my conscience, and find out my duty."

"Conscience? Duty? Ah!" repeated Ashby. "Well, then, I'll tell you what to think of—think of *me!* Here was I, engaged to that English maiden. You have won my love. You have made me indifferent to her. You have made my love grow stronger and stronger every moment, until now I'm ready to give up everything for you. Your duty, therefore, is to be true to me, as I will be true to you."

Dolores looked up again with her face in a rapture of gladness, and Ashby pressed her hands more closely in his. Then they walked away to inspect the fortifications.

CHAPTER LIV.

IN WHICH THERE IS A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

RUSSELL'S advent among the embarrassed lovers can easily be explained. Seated at the gate in the uniform of a general, with gorgeous array of blue and gold, with a sword in his manly hand, and armed warriors around him, his martial soul had gradually lost its terrors, and his mind was at leisure to think of other things.

First among these other things was that precious package which he had concealed. Now was the time for him to look it up and regain possession. None but friends were now in the castle. Those bonds would now be safer in his own possession than anywhere else, and never could he hope for a better chance than this. As for Rita, she must have fled, he thought, with the other fugitives, and with her had fled his worst fear.

With such thoughts as these, the martial Russell sheathed his warlike sword and walked back again toward the castle. Here he entered the hall where the others were talking, and passing through, entered the well-remembered room where he had been confined. He looked all around. He was alone. He walked to the chimney. He looked up. Through the broad opening at the top he saw the sky. In the gloom of the shaft he saw also that opening in which he had placed the precious parcel.

All seemed as it had been, and he felt convinced that his papers were safe. Further examination, however, was just now not advisable. He would have to light a torch, and some of his friends might come in just as he was going up or coming down. So he concluded to defer his search until they had gone out of the way a little, until which time the package would be quite safe. In the mean time he thought he would go back and hear what they were all talking about.

Coming back again, he saw them all going in different directions, and, as a matter of course, he followed those who were nearest and dearest, namely, Katie and Harry. He stood and listened with a

benignant smile to their loving words. He gazed complacently upon their outrageous and unbounded spooning. He had no objection now to any one whom Katie might choose. To Ashby he felt repugnance on account of former quarrels, but to Harry none whatever. Even to Ashby he would have yielded, for prejudices die out quickly in a castle of Spain. And so, as we have seen, the good Russell interrupted the happy lovers in a paternal way, and did the "heavy father" to perfection—with outstretched hands, moistened eyes, and "Bless you, bless you, my children!"

The subject of flight was already before them, and this was for Russell the most acceptable possible. He felt that he could give valuable information, since he himself had been a fugitive. Every step of the way was well remembered by him. In a few minutes he had made them acquainted with the story of his former escape, and the adventurous Harry at once decided that this would be the very way by which he could carry off Katie and himself from their embarrassing surroundings. For various reasons he wished to go away in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, without ostentation or vain display, and in no other way could he do it so effectually as in this.

Harry at once decided that his best course would be to spend the hours of closing day in making himself acquainted with this passage. He did not feel inclined to be altogether dependent upon Russell. Circumstances might arise which might make it desirable to fly without him. That good man might become suddenly unwell, or there might be an attack by the enemy, or other things might occur, under any of which circumstances Harry would have to rely upon himself alone.

Russell had no objections; in fact, he himself preferred going over the way once more. About this there was no difficulty. There were very few in the castle, and these had no idea of watching each other; in fact, each party seemed only too anxious to keep out of the other's way.

Katie now retired to that room which she had last occupied, and Harry went off with Russell. The daylight befriended them so that they were able to find their way along the lower passages, until at length they came to the opening under the arch of the ruined bridge. Here they both went down one side of the chasm and up the other until they reached the tower. Harry was delighted with this discovery, and felt fully capable of traversing the path himself even in the darkest night; while Russell, though a little out of breath, was quite willing to bear the fatigue in return for the additional knowledge he had gained.

On regaining the castle, Harry went to tell Katie the result, and to prepare her for their coming flight.

Russell now had leisure to attend to the great work of securing the hidden treasure. He decided that he ought to do this in perfect secrecy, so that none of his friends should know where he was going, or even suspect it.

First of all he followed Harry to the upper story, where he took an affectionate leave of him. Then he prowled about until he discovered Ashby, who was with Dolores in a remote part of the court-yard. The six Carlists were still at the gate. The other two inmates of the castle, namely, Brooke and Talbot, were in the room in which the recent stormy events had taken place. They had been attending to the wounds of the prisoners, and were still so engaged that they did not look up as Russell entered. He said nothing, but hastily retreated, and went into the opposite room—the very one in which he was to conduct his operations. But he was too cautious to begin just yet; so he waited, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing these two go down-stairs and out of the castle.

And now at last the time had come. There was no eye to behold him, and no one to suspect.

An old torch was in the fire-place. This he picked up, and then, going back to the door, looked all around stealthily and warily. All was still.

Thereupon he returned. His manly heart was throbbing fast—violently, even painfully. The sense of loneliness was oppressive. Had his purpose been less important he would certainly have turned and fled. But too much was at stake. Before him there arose the vision of that vast treasure—thirty thousand pounds—and its attraction was irresistible. He must go forward; and now was the time to win, or never.

He stood for a moment gathering up his courage.

What if Rita should be concealed somewhere up there!

Such was the awful thought that sud-

denly occurred to him and made him quail.

The idea suggested itself of going back to Harry and getting his aid. But no, that would never do. He would let it be supposed that these bonds had been taken from him. If he were to tell his secret to Harry, all would be lost. No, he must go, and alone.

Once more he went to the door and listened. All was still.

He now nerved himself up for a supreme effort. If he were to delay any longer, some of them would be sure to return. Now or never.

He struck a match against the stone floor. It kindled.

In another moment the torch was blazing brightly; and, holding this in one hand, Russell used his other hand to clamber up the projecting stones.

Up he went, higher and higher.

And now he reached the opening, and his knee was resting upon it, and he was just about to raise the torch, so as to peer in.

At that instant there was a sudden rush, and a spring that sent a thrill of sharp agony to his heart. A pair of strong arms were flung about him. The torch fell, and the smoke blinded his eyes. He felt himself dragged forward helplessly into the gloomy hole, while a fierce whisper hissed into his despairing ears words that made him almost die out of sheer fright:

"Hah! base traidor, I haffa you! I haffa you! You salla not escapar from Rita again!"

At this Russell gave a wild, long, piercing yell, and fainted.

CHAPTER LV.

IN WHICH BROOKE AND TALBOT PREPARE TO BID EACH OTHER AN ETERNAL FAREWELL.

On turning away from that eventful meeting with old friends both Brooke and Talbot felt very greatly depressed, and neither could say a word. This feeling was experienced by both to an equal degree, and neither of them could see any possible way out of this new difficulty that could commend itself to an honorable mind.

The conversation with Harry had quite overwhelmed Talbot. He had been so eager to explain, and the explanations had shown such fidelity on his part, he had seemed so true, and his vindication had been so complete, that she had not one word to say. For the fact remained plain before her mind that the cause of his failure to receive her at Barcelona was his very eagerness to meet her, which had sent him flying in all haste to England. If he had ever been in fault, the fault was one which had arisen from excess of love. To a generous mind like Talbot's this was a very distressing thought.

Still, there was another thought which was worse, and that was this, namely, that Harry could no longer satisfy her. Whether she had ever really loved him or not she did not now stop to inquire, nor was such an inquiry worth making. It was only too evident now that Harry had declined to nothingness, and less than nothingness, in her heart, and that in the course of the tragical events of the last few days Brooke had grown to be more than all the world to her.

The feelings and thoughts of Brooke were of the same description. It had seemed to him that Dolores had been faithful; and as he had all along felt firmly convinced of her passionate love for himself and unalterable fidelity, it never entered into his head now to suspect any change in her. At the same time he felt that, whether he had ever loved her formerly or not, he certainly had no feeling of love for her now; for Talbot had utterly effaced that former image, and all the world would now be as nothing to him without Talbot.

For some time they devoted themselves to the wounded men, and then, having finished this task, they retreated to a rude bench, upon which they seated themselves, and remained thus for a long time in utter silence.

"You saw my meeting with—with that—young lady," said Brooke at last. "Did you understand who it was? It was—Dolores."

"I know," said Talbot, with a heavy sigh. "And did you observe my meeting with that gentleman? Did you understand that?"

"What!" cried Brooke, in amazement at the suggestion which was conveyed by Talbot's words. He had not had leisure to notice or think of any one except Dolores.

"It was Mr. Rivers," said Talbot.

"The devil!" cried Brooke, with a groan.

At this Talbot very properly said nothing.

"Well," said Brooke, after a long pause, "I didn't know that things could possibly be more infernally embarrassing or more confoundedly complicated than they were; but this is certainly a little beyond what I dreamed of. And—and—"

He turned with a despairing look, and took Talbot's hand.

"What, Brooke?"

"Am—am I—to—to congratulate you—and all that?" he stammered.

"What!" said Talbot, reproachfully.

Brooke was silent.

"Oh, Brooke," said Talbot, "what are we to do?"

"Give it up," said Brooke, in a dismal voice.

"This," continued Talbot, "is worse than when we were prisoners, and dying by turns for one another."

"I wish," said Brooke, "that I had died when I wanted to."

"And must we now give one another up?" sighed Talbot.

"Don't see what else we can do," said Brooke. "We've got to keep our confounded promises."

"Which promises, Brooke?"

"I don't know."

"Brooke!"

"What?"

"What ought I to do?"

"I don't know."

"Ought I to keep my promise?"

"Which promise?"

"Why, my promise to—to Mr. Rivers?"

"Confound Mr. Rivers!" growled Brooke, turning away.

"That," said Talbot, mildly, "is not an answer to my question."

"But how do I know?" said Brooke, in a voice like a wailing child.

"But how can I?—how can I?" cried Talbot. "And when *you* are here—*you*, Brooke, who know all my heart! Can I give you up? I can not. You may give me up if you like."

"Why don't you say, if I *can?*" said Brooke.

"Oh—any way," said Talbot, wearily.

There was another silence.

"Marry *him!*" cried Talbot at last, breaking the silence with vehement abruptness. "I can not! I can not! It would be wicked. I should desecrate the holy sacrament. I could not utter that vow before the holy altar. Never! Yet I can't stay here where *he* is. He will be wishing to see me. He will be coming soon—he may be coming now. I will *not* see him; I will not speak with him again. I will write to him. I will leave this place, and at once."

"Leave this place!" repeated Brooke. "Where can you go?"

"Why, I'll go home," said Talbot, firmly.

"Home?"

"Yes."

"How can you? You don't know the way."

"I know one place where I can go—to that tower—that sweet tower: it is not far away; it must be easy to get there. I will go there—there, Brooke, where I first became acquainted with you: and then—"

Here Talbot paused, and turned away her head.

"But you can't live there," said Brooke, in a harsh voice.

"I can find my way back to the road," said Talbot, in a tremulous tone—"to the road where I first met you, Brooke; and then—why, then I shall be no worse off than when you found me and assisted me."

"It's all nonsense," said Brooke; "you can't go alone."

"Yes, I can."

"You'll be taken prisoner."

"I don't care."

"Or, if not, you'll die of starvation."

"Very well," said Talbot, in a calm voice, and looking at Brooke out of serene eyes, with a face from which all traces of emotion had departed—"very well; I have already showed that I am not afraid of death: and death by starvation is not more terrible than death by bullets."

Brooke looked at her for a moment in silence, and then said,

"You are not in earnest?"

"I am in earnest," said Talbot, looking at him fixedly, and speaking in a resolute tone—"I am in earnest, and I mean to go this very night."

Brooke looked away, drew a long breath, and subsided into silence.

"How can you find the way?" he asked at length, in a gruff voice, and without looking up.

"I don't know," said Talbot; "I can try again, as I tried before."

Brooke looked up hastily, then looked away, and finally said,

"I think, Talbot, you might ask me to show you the way."

At this Talbot's face flushed, and all her expression was suddenly changed from one of dull dejection to animation and delight.

"Will you?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Oh yes," said Brooke, "that isn't much to do—oh yes, I can easily show you the way to the tower. After all, it is as safe there as here; and if you are determined to go, why, we can start, you know—at any time, you know."

"But will you—can you—will you, really?" said Talbot, who seemed quite overwhelmed at this unexpected offer. "Then you have your human weakness, after all, have you, Brooke? You will not sacrifice me to a punctilio, will you? you will not let your poor Talbot go away all alone?"

"No," said Brooke, softly; "I will not let my Talbot go away all alone."

Talbot cast a swift glance at him, as if to read his soul. Brooke's eye met hers, but only for an instant. Then he looked away. Again there was quick and active within him that old vigilant feeling that kept him on guard against being surprised and overpowered by passion. Within his heart there had already been a fierce struggle between love and honor. Love had once conquered, and that completely; but the appearance of Dolores had roused his conscience, and made him once more aware of the bond that lay in his plighted word. Could he again break that word? Could he sacrifice his honor almost in the very presence of her whom he supposed to be his loving and faithful Dolores? Could he do such a deed as this, and sully his soul, even for Talbot? Yet, on the other hand, how could he bring himself to give her up? Give her up!—the "lad Talbot," whom he loved as he had never loved any other human being! How could he? And thus love drew him impetuously in one direction, while duty sternly and imperiously drove him back; and so there went on in the breast of this newspaper correspondent a struggle the like of which does not often come within the experience of gentlemen of the press.

"You will see me as far as the tower?" said Talbot, pathetically.

"Yes," murmured Brooke.

"And there," continued Talbot, in the same tone, "we can say to one another our last farewells."

Brooke said nothing. The struggle still raged within him, and was as far from a decisive end as ever. The prospect of parting with Talbot filled him with a sense of horrible desolation, and the one idea now in his mind was that of accompanying her wherever she might go. He did not look far into the future. His plans were bounded by that tower to which Talbot was going. This much he might do without any hesitation. It seemed to him no more than Talbot's due. She only wanted to go as far as that. She wished to be out of the reach of Rivers. She didn't know the way there. He could certainly help her thus far; in fact, it would be impossible for him not to do that much. If Dolores herself were present, he thought, she could not object; in fact, she could do nothing else but approve.

Silence now followed, which lasted for some time, and at length Talbot said, with a heavy sigh,

"How strange it is, and how sad!—isn't it, Brooke?"

"What?" said Brooke.

"To bid good-by."

Brooke was silent.

"To bid good-by," repeated Talbot, "and never meet again."

Brooke drew a long breath, looked at Talbot, and then looked away.

"Shall we, Brooke?" asked Talbot.

"Shall we what?" said Brooke, harshly.

"Shall we ever meet again?"

"How do I know?" said Brooke, snappishly.

"And yet you gave your life for me," said Talbot, pensively.

"I didn't," said Brooke. "It was you that gave your life for me."

"The offer was made," said Talbot, mournfully, "but it wasn't accepted. I wish now that the offer had been accepted."

Brooke raised his head and looked at her with his pale, haggard face, whereon was still the impression of that great agony through which he had so lately passed. He looked at her with all his unspeakable love in his earnest, yearning gaze.

"Do you really wish that, Talbot?"

"I do," said she, sadly.

"Oh, my darling!" cried Brooke—"my own love, and my only love! What shall I do? Help me to decide."

He caught her in his arms, and held her pressed convulsively to his heart, while Talbot laid her head on his shoulder and wept.

At length they rose to go.

Brooke was conscious of a sense of profound relief as he went out of the castle and away from Dolores.

On reaching the gate Brooke explained to the guard that he and the lady were going out for a little walk.

The guard suggested that there might be danger.

Brooke said that he was not going far away, and that he would be back. In this he was not deceiving them, for he himself thought that he would be coming back again. He had a vague idea of keeping Talbot in the tower, and conveying her food, etc., from the castle, as he had done once before.

He now passed through the gates, accompanied by Talbot. The course which he took was the same that he had taken on the occasion of his first visit to the Carlists in his disguise of priest. After walking for some distance they descended into the chasm, and at length reached the bottom. By this time it was dusk, and twilight was coming on rapidly.

They then began the ascent, and reached the tower without any difficulty.

Here they paused to take breath.

But no sooner had they stood still than they were aware of a noise without. It was a noise rather distant, yet well defined, and sounded as if a multitude were approaching the place.

"Some one's coming," said Talbot.

"Yes," said Brooke, "we must go back."

They hurried back. But as they stood at the opening they heard something which once more startled them.

There were voices and footsteps down the chasm, as of some one coming up the pathway.

"We are pursued!" said Brooke.

"We are captured!" said Talbot; and then she added, as she took Brooke's hands in hers, "But, oh, Brooke, how I should love to be captured, if you are only captured with me!"

Brooke said nothing, but a thrill of joy passed through him at the thought.

CHAPTER LVI.

IN WHICH SOME OLD FRIENDS RE-APPEAR.

DOLORES and Ashby had experienced none of that inner conflict that had disturbed the souls of Brooke and Talbot, for Ashby had been prompt in decision, and had taken all responsibility from Dolores. She meekly acquiesced in his decision, was all the happier for it, and prepared with the briskness of a bird to carry out their purpose of flight. She led Ashby down by the same way through which she had formerly conducted "his Majesty," starting from that lower room in which Ashby had been confined. Had she gone from one of the upper rooms, they might, perhaps, have encountered the lurking Rita, and thus have rescued the unhappy Russell from his vengeful captor and from his coming woe. But such was not to be their lot. It was from the lower room that they started; and on they went, to the no small amazement of Ashby, through all those intricate ways, until at length they emerged from the interior, and found themselves in the chasm. Here the moon was shining, as it had been during all the eventful days in which all these wonderful and authentic adventures had been taking place, and gave them ample light by which to find the path. Their way lay along the lower part of the chasm, where the brook was foaming and bubbling and dashing on its way. Before long they reached the place where the path ascended toward the tower. Up this they proceeded.

As they went up they heard voices. Thus far they had been talking with one another quite merrily and carelessly, but these sounds at once arrested them. They stopped for a moment, and listened in deep anxiety.

The sound of the voices seemed to draw nearer, and to come up from some point in the pathway behind them, as though others were advancing in the same direction.

"We are pursued," said Dolores.

"Who would pursue us?" said Ashby.

"Mr. Brooke," said Dolores, in a tone of alarm. "It must be Mr. Brooke. He has been looking for me. He has seen us, and is pursuing us."

Ashby muttered a curse.

"Confound him!" said he. "Let him keep his distance. We must hurry on faster."

They hurried on.

In a few moments they had reached the tower. Inside that tower were Brooke and Talbot, who had reached it some time before, and now heard the sounds made by these new-comers, though the darkness of the interior prevented them from seeing who they were. On entering, Dolores

drew Ashby carefully on one side. Brooke and Talbot waited in breathless suspense.

But now other sounds startled the occupants of the tower—the sounds as of an advancing crowd. Dolores clung in terror to Ashby, and drew him still farther on one side.

They were caught—that was plain. They could neither advance nor retreat: for now already they heard new-comers at the opening through which they had just passed. They shrank back still farther, and Dolores clung more closely to Ashby.

These new-comers, however, were not very formidable. They were merely Harry and Katie.

Harry had waited for some time in expectation of being joined by Russell. To his surprise, that worthy person did not put in an appearance. He could not account for this, and finally concluded that Russell must have gone ahead, so as to take his time about it and save himself by daylight. In this belief, Harry resolved to delay no longer, and congratulating himself that he knew the way so well, he started off with Katie.

He went with all the caution in the world, first reconnoitring to see that no one was within view, and then, on reaching the side door which gave entrance to the cellars, he cautioned Katie to keep silence. In this way they went on silently enough until they emerged from the opening. Then they began to descend the chasm, and here Harry felt safe. On their way down and up they talked and laughed quite freely, and these were the voices which had startled their predecessors.

At length they reached the tower and clambered in. The moment they found themselves inside they were startled by those noises which had already terrified the others, and which had now drawn much nearer.

Katie gave a low cry of terror, and stood trembling in every limb.

Harry was quite bewildered at this sudden and unexpected shock. For a moment he thought of flight; but that was impossible, for Katie, in her terror, was almost fainting, and he had to support her, while she clung breathlessly to him. And so they stood, unable to move.

The noises were now just outside—voices, cries, songs, and wild laughter—all the indications of a lawless crowd.

Suddenly some one burst inside.

"Ha!" he cried, in Spanish, "here it is—but it's all dark. Bring lights, some one. We must wait here till the others come round to the front; but there's no reason why we shouldn't have lights. We can't be seen from the castle: the walls here are too thick to be transparent. It's just the place for a little supper."

A number of others now came forward and entered. The fugitives stood clinging to one another as before, expecting the worst, and awaiting with intense anxiety the moment when lights would be introduced.

There was now the flash of sudden flames—some of them were striking matches. The flames leaped forth, and soon half a dozen torches were kindled, and then, blazing and smoking, they were held aloft, throwing a bright light upon the whole interior, while those who held them looked around without any other purpose, just then, than to find some convenient place where they might place them, so as to save themselves the trouble of holding them.

In that one instant the whole scene stood revealed.

There stood Brooke, with Talbot clinging to him; there Harry, with his arms round Katie; and there Ashby, supporting Dolores. And as Ashby and Harry stared at these noisy new-comers, they saw the familiar face of no less a person than "his Majesty."

At this sight they were filled with amazement and consternation. Yet their amazement, great though it may have been, was not greater than that of "his Majesty." For an instant he stood like one transfixed, and then exclaimed, in that peculiar English which he spoke,

"Howly Moses! but this bates the worruld!" and then stood staring at each of them.

At this exclamation Katie started. She recognized the voice at once; and, strange to say, all her terror fled. From that man she felt as if there was nothing to fear. She looked up, and showed her sweet face all smiles, with all its anxiety and all its terror vanished. Dolores also heard the English words, and looked up in surprise, recognizing at the first glance that familiar face. Harry and Ashby made the same discovery.

But there were other discoveries to be made. Their eyes, as the lights shone around, took in the whole scene; and it

was with the deepest dismay and confusion that, on looking around, each one caught sight of his or her old lover; and, what was more, the feeling of each one was that the other had come in pursuit, to claim that vow which each was breaking.

Harry saw Talbot, and felt sure that she had come after him to demand a new explanation, and to reproach him for this new perfidy. She had suffered, he felt, wrongs that were intolerable at his hands, and his heart sank within him at this new meeting. He seemed to himself base beyond all expression, and no words could be found with which he might excuse himself.

Brooke saw Dolores, and his only thought was that she had suspected him, had watched him, had tracked him, and had now come to overwhelm him with dishonor, and he felt that he must be dumb before her.

Ashby saw Katie, and thought that she had surely come in pursuit of him; that perhaps his suspicions had been unfounded; that she loved him; that she had only been trifling with Harry, and had come to tear him from Dolores.

Talbot saw Harry with guilty terror. She had fled from him, and intentionally. He had pursued; he had come to claim her hand—her promised hand!

Dolores saw Brooke with the same feelings. She knew him as the chivalrous American who had saved her life and that of her mother in their direst need, who had won her heart and the promise of her hand. She had broken her word—she had fled. What now? With what eyes could she look at him? with what words could she speak to him?

Katie's face had lightened up with joy at the sight of "his Majesty," but the moment afterward it clouded over with fear and apprehension at the sight of Ashby. "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all," and conscience told her that she had treated Ashby very, very badly, and that he had followed her to make her keep her plighted word. And so she only clung to Harry more closely than ever.

And so, in fact, did the other couples. They all clung to one another more closely than ever. There was a moment of embarrassment—intense, awful, tremendous.

The deep silence was broken by the voice of "his Majesty."

"Herself!" he cried, with his eyes fixed on Katie—"herself! begorra, it's herself! Shure an' it is! an' oh, but it's meself that's the lucky man this day! An' shure an' may I dhrop dead if I iver saw sich a mayting as this! Shure ye've forgotten all about me offer av the crown av Spain, an' the sceptre, an' the throne. Begorra, ye've given up all that same for that bit av a boy that's a-howldin' av ye. An' shure we're all together again, so we are. Here's welcome to yez all—Messrs. Rivers an' Ashby, an' the ladies, one an' all. Niver fare, I'll take good care av yez this toime. Only what's become av Lord Russell? Begorra, it's meself that 'ud loike to have another look at that same!"

Talking in this way, with frequent pauses, "his Majesty" succeeded in expressing his feelings, which had at first seemed quite too strong for utterance.

Meanwhile the soldiers who had been inspecting the interior had found convenient places for fixing the torches, which now flared up, throwing a bright light around, and filling the tower with smoke.

During all this time the prisoners had been agitated by various feelings. Harry and Ashby saw in "his Majesty" a remorseless brigand, whose only idea was plunder, and who would now hold them to ransom as before. They despaired of escape. This new capture seemed far worse than the former one, yet each one thought less of himself than of that dear one whom he had tried to save. Thus Harry clung to Katie and Ashby clung to Dolores more closely than ever. Brooke and Talbot, on the contrary, had less fear, yet they had anxiety. Brooke recognized in "his Majesty" the unscrupulous Carlist whom he had visited, and was somewhat uneasy about a recognition; while Talbot, seeing his uneasiness, felt something like fear herself.

Yet, in the midst of all this, they all alike made one discovery. It was this: each one saw that his or her old love had become strangely indifferent.

Harry saw that Talbot was clinging to that strange man whom he had never seen before, but who now, as he thought, seemed uncommonly sweet on her.

Brooke saw that Dolores was clinging for support to another strange man. She had evidently no thought for him.

Ashby saw at once that Katie thought of no one but Harry Rivers.

Talbot saw that Harry was devoted to that lady whom he was so assiduously supporting and consoling. She was utterly amazed at the discovery, yet inexpressibly glad.

Dolores, in her delight, saw that Brooke took no notice of herself, but devoted himself to the lady with him, and in such a fervent manner that she understood it all without being told.

Katie also saw that Ashby had forgotten all about her, and thought of nothing but Dolores.

And at this discovery, which flashed almost simultaneously upon them, each one felt the most inexpressible joy. At the same time the whole truth came upon them. Each one, instead of pursuing the other, had been trying to fly. Each lover had found a new and more congenial friend, and with this dear friend had left the castle. Each one felt equally guilty, yet equally glad; but then as to guilt, there was Brooke, who didn't feel guilty at all—oh, bless you, no!—he had only come with Talbot *as far as the tower!*

In the midst of all this Harry and Ashby and Brooke were amazed at the Irish brogue of the Carlist chief, who had formerly spoken to them in Spanish.

And now, while they were thus wondering, who should come in but a certain female in a very peculiar dress—for this female wore what looked like a military cloak, and she wore also an officer's "kepi," which was perched upon the top of her chignon—which female took a glance around, and then exclaimed:

"Well, goodness gracious me! I never! Did I ever! No, never!"

"Auntie!" screamed Katie; and with this she rushed toward the aforesaid female, who was no other than Mrs. Russell. She flung her arms around that lady, and almost smothered her with kisses.

"Dear child," said Mrs. Russell, "how impetuous you are! But it's natural—it's touching—it's grateful—we deserve it, dear. We came to seek and to save. Bless you, my child, and may you be happy! 'His Majesty' has a tender heart, and often talks of you. We also cherish for you a fond affection, child; but in future try to be a little less boisterous, and respect the majesty of Spain."

At this reception Katie was quite bewildered. It was only by a strong effort that she could comprehend it. She then recalled that old nonsense with which she had amused herself when she had suggested that Mrs. Russell should marry "his Majesty"; but now a great terror seized her: was it possible that Mrs. Russell had done such a thing?

"Oh, auntie!" she said; "oh, auntie! you haven't—you haven't—done—done it?"

"Done it!" said Mrs. Russell, who seemed at once to understand her; "no, child—not yet; but as soon as the affairs of state will allow, 'his Majesty' says that the ceremony shall be performed; after which comes the coronation, you know, and then, dear, I shall be queen, and you may be princess, and may marry the proudest of all the Spanish chivalry."

At this Katie was so terrified that she did not know what to say. The only thought she had was that "auntie" had gone raving mad. She knew that Mr. Russell was alive and well, for she had seen him only a short time before. The old joke about marrying "his Majesty" had been almost forgotten by her; and to find "auntie" now as full as ever of that nonsensical piece of ambition was inexpressibly shocking to her. Yet she did not know what to say. To disabuse her seemed impossible. She did not dare to tell her that Mr. Russell was alive; it might be dangerous. "Auntie" had so set her mind upon this insane project that any attempt to thwart her would certainly draw down vengeance upon the head of the one who should dare to make it. That one certainly was not Katie. She liked, as far as possible, to have things move on smoothly around her; and so the only thought she now had was to chime in with "auntie's" fancy; to humor her as one would humor an insane person, and to hope that something might turn up in time to prevent anything "dreadful."

In this state of mind Katie went on talking with "auntie." But "auntie" was hard to humor; she was altogether too grand and lofty for little Katie. In fancy she already wore a crown, and talked of the throne, the sceptre, and the majesty of Spain as though they had always been her private property.

"I've been two or three days," said she, "with 'his Majesty.' He has been most kind. His royal will is that I should wear this hat. Do you think it is becoming? Under other circumstances I should be

talked about, I know; but where the welfare of Spain is concerned, I don't care for public opinion. When I am seated on the throne, all will be explained."

At such a torrent as this, poor Katie could only take refuge in silence.

CHAPTER LVII.

HOW A SURPRISE PARTY IS VERY MUCH SURPRISED.

DURING these remarks "his Majesty" had been fumbling, with a thoughtful expression, in his coat pocket, as though trying to extricate something, the bulk of which prevented it from being drawn forth without some difficulty; and as he tugged and fumbled he began to speak.

"I came here," said he, "on a surprise party, an' begorra I niver was so surprised in me loife, so I wasn't. An' be the same token, as it's a long march we've had, an' as we've got to wait here an hour or so, an' as we're on the ave av an attack, an' may niver live to see another day, shure there's ivery raison in loife"—and with this he fumbled still more vigorously in his pocket—"why"—he gave a thrust and a pull—"why we should all wet our whistles"—he gave a series of violent twists—"wid a dhrop av somethin' warrum;" and with this he succeeded in getting the object of his attempts extricated from his pocket, and proudly displayed before the eyes of the company a black junk-bottle.

The others looked at this with some surprise, but no other feeling. The whole proceeding seemed to them to show an ill-timed levity; and if it was serious, it certainly seemed very bad taste. But "his Royal Majesty" was in a very gracious mood, and continued to run on in his most gay and affable strain. He wandered round among the company and offered the bottle to each in turn. When they all refused he seemed both surprised and hurt.

"Shure it's whiskey, so it is," he said, as though that would remove all objections; but this information did not produce any effect.

"Perhaps it's a tumbler ye'll be wantin'," said he. "Well, well, we're sorry we haven't got one; but if ye'll take a taste out av the bottle ye'll foind it moighty convaynient."

Here the monarch paused, and raising the bottle to his own royal lips, took a long draught. As he swallowed the liquid his eyes closed and his face assumed an expression of rapture. He then offered it to all once more, and mourned over them because they refused.

"Oh, but it's the divoine dhrink!" said he. Then he grew merrier, and began to sing:

"Oh, Shakspeare, Homer, an' all the poets
Have sung for ages the praise av woine;
But if they iver had tasted whiskey,
They'd have called it the only dhrink divoine.

"Oh, wud ye have a receipt for toddy?
Av whiskey ye take a quart, I think;
Thin out av a pint av bilin' wather
Ivery dhrop ye add will spile the dhrink."

Ashby had been talking with Dolores for some time. He now came forward, Dolores hanging on his arm.

"Sir," said he to "his Majesty," "I suppose we must again consider ourselves your prisoners?"

"Divil a doubt av it," said "his Majesty," with a wink at Dolores.

"The other time," said Ashby, "you named a ransom, and said that on the payment of that sum you would allow us our liberty. Will you now name a sum again—some sum that I can pay? I engage to have it in less than a week, provided that you send this lady in safety to Vitoria. She can procure the money for me, and until then I shall remain your prisoner."

"Well, that's fair," said "his Majesty."

"Will you do it?"

"Begorra, I will."

"Will you name the sum?"

"I'll think about it."

At this Ashby went back with Dolores to his former position, and they resumed their conversation. But Harry had heard every word, and he now came up, with Katie clinging to him.

"Sir," said he, "will you allow me to procure my ransom in the same way? Will you allow this lady to go in company with the other, so as to procure the amount needed for my deliverance?"

"But I won't go," said Katie, hurriedly.

"What!" said Harry. "Oh, think—it's for my sake, my life."

"But I can't," said Katie. "I know I shall never see you again. Besides, what could I do alone?"

"You can go with this other lady, or with your aunt."

"Oh, she can't go with me," said "auntie." "Nothing would induce me

to leave 'his Majesty.' The royal cause is just now in a critical condition, and we need all our resources."

"Then you can go with the Spanish señorita," said Harry.

"But I'm afraid," said Katie.

"Afraid!" said Harry. "Why, there will be no danger. You will be sent with a guard."

"Oh, it's not that—it's not that," said Katie; "it's because I'm afraid I shall never see you again. And it's cruel—very, very cruel in you."

At this "his Majesty" wiped his eyes. Then he raised his bottle and took another long pull. Then he heaved a sigh.

"Arrah, ye rogue," said he to Harry, "ye've deludhered that poor gyerrul intoirely. She's yours out an' out—no doubt av that; an' sure but it's dead-bate an' heart-broke intoirely I'd be, so I would, if it wasn't for the widdy here, that's a frind in time av nade, an' has a heart that's worth its weight in goold sovereigns."

"His Majesty" now took another long, long pull at the black bottle.

"If it wasn't that I had that other noble heart til fall back on," said he, as he wiped his royal eyes with the back of his royal hand, "I'd be fairly broken-hearted, so I would. But I'll be loike Tim in the song:

"'Oh, a widdy she lived in Limerick town,
Not far from Shannon water,
An' Tim kept company wid her,
A-coortin' av Biddy, her daughter.
But Micky McGraw cut in between,
And run away wid Biddy.
"Begorra," says Tim, "the daughter's gone,
So, faix, I'll take the widdy!"
The widdy!
Not Biddy!
The fond and faithful widdy!
Whooroor!'"

Singing this, the jovial monarch caught Mrs. Russell's hands in his, and proceeded to dance in a manner which was far more boisterous than dignified. Mrs. Russell, always fond and indulgent, lent herself to the royal whim, and danced much more vigorously than could have been expected from a person of her years. Katie clapped her hands in childish glee. The Carlists all applauded. The others looked puzzled. "His Majesty" finally concluded his little dance, after which Mrs. Russell clung to him in a languishing attitude, and looked like a caricature of each of those other younger ladies who were all clinging so fondly to their respective lovers. The sight of Mrs. Russell in that languishing attitude came home to the hearts and consciences of the younger ladies, who all relinquished their lovers' arms, and insisted on standing by themselves.

Brooke had listened thoughtfully to all that had thus far been said. The Carlist chief was a puzzle to him, but he saw that there was talk of holding to ransom, which to him had an ugly sound.

"Sir," said he, "are we to be kept prisoners in this tower?"

"This tower, is it?" said "his Majesty." "Begorra, I hope not. There's another tower a dale betther nor this. It's meself that 'ud be the proud man til let yez all go, an' yez 'ud all be prouder, I'll go bail; but in that case, shure to glory, I'd be a loser; but I hope to find yez comfortable quarthers in a foine stone house not a thousand moiles from this. Ye'll all be as comfortable as ould Dinny McDivitt in the song:

"'In a beautiful palace av stone
Resoided ould Dinny McDivitt;
He wore a most beautiful ring
That was fixed round his wrist wid a rivet.
'Twas the judge, shure, that sintinced him there,
An' there all the boys wint til view him,
For the jury considhered him dull
At discernin' twixt "mayum" and "chuum."
So fill up for the toast an' I'll give it:
Here's a health to bowld Dinny McDivitt!'"

At this the monarch raised the bottle to his mouth and took another long, long pull.

From this Brooke gathered that they were to be taken to the castle. He asked "his Majesty" if this were so.

"Begorra, ye've hit it," said "his Majesty."

"Is there anything to prevent our being taken there at once?" asked Brooke.

"Bedad, there's iverything in loife. Shure I've come on a surprise party til capture the castle."

It occurred to Brooke that this was a curious way to surprise a castle—by kindling torches, dancing, and singing songs; but he made no remark upon that. He saw that the chief supposed the castle to be defended, and so he hastened to undeceive him.

"His Majesty" listened in amazement to Brooke's story.

"Begorra," said he, "here's another surprise! Didn't I say we were a surprised party? Shure an' ye've all showed pluck, ivery man jack av yez, includin' the ladies. An' that same 'll have to be considhered in our thraitmint wid yez about the ransom.

Shure I'll deduct five per cint., so I will. Nobody shall say we're not magnanimous. But bein' as there's nobody there, shure the best thing for us to do is to go over at once and raysume possession."

With these words the monarch retired to give orders to his men, and in a short time the whole band, together with their prisoners, had passed over and had taken possession.

CHAPTER LVIII.

IN WHICH THE KING COMES TO CLAIM HIS OWN.

THE party of prisoners was conducted by "his Majesty" to that upper room which had formerly been occupied by the ladies. Mrs. Russell clung to the royal person as fondly as ever. It was a critical hour in the destinies of Spain.

"Where's Rita," cried "his Majesty," "that cook of cooks? It's starvin' we are. I haven't seen her annywheres. I'll go an' hunt her up."

With these words he hurried out, followed by Mrs. Russell. They descended the stairs, and their footsteps died away in the distance. No one was now with the prisoners except the wounded Republicans.

"Let us fly!" said Harry, in a quick, sharp whisper.

He hurried Katie to the chimney, and clambering up, drew her after him. The others followed at once. Dolores came next to Harry.

"I know a secret way out," said she. "I will show the way. Let me go ahead. I know it in the dark."

"Do you?" said Harry. "Oh, then go ahead."

Upon this Dolores took the lead, along with Ashby; Harry and Katie came next, while Brooke and Talbot brought up the rear, these last wondering at this unexpected revelation of the passageway.

By this time each member of the party had gained a full and complete comprehension as well as appreciation of the present state of things, both with reference to the old lover and also the new one. Embarrassment had now passed away, and all were full of hope, joy, and enthusiasm.

Suddenly a hollow groan sounded through the darkness.

"Who's there?" cried Ashby, in Spanish.

"Help! help!" said a faint voice, in English.

"An Englishman!" cried Ashby, speaking in English. "Who are you?"

"Oh, help! help! I'm a prisoner. A fiend has me in her power. Once I was named Russell, but now—oh! oh! my name is Rita!"

Full of wonder, Ashby felt his way forward, and found a man on the floor. His legs and arms were tied. He was almost speechless, partly from terror and partly from joy. In a few words he told his story, which need not be repeated here. Rita had bound him, and had only left him a short time before, at the sudden noise of their approach. It was not until afterward that they understood the whole story, for just then they were in too great a hurry to ask questions. A pull from Ashby's brandy flask partly restored Russell's strength, but more was accomplished by his joy at this unexpected deliverance. Terror also came to his aid and lent him strength, and he was now more anxious than any of them to fly from this awful prison-house.

Dolores now led the way as before, and they all followed down long steps and crooked passageways until at last they reached the outlet. Here they found themselves in the chasm. A hasty consultation ended in the decision not to go to the tower for fear lest Carlists might be there. They concluded, therefore, to go along the chasm for some distance, and then ascend to the open country above, and after this to go forward as far as possible that same night.

They traversed the chasm in this way, and at length reached the top, where they found themselves to be about a mile away from the castle. Here the ground sloped gently, descending into a broad valley, to which they decided to go. In this direction they therefore proceeded as carefully as possible, and had gone about two miles in safety when suddenly they became aware of a great noise, like the quick trot of numerous horses. It was advancing so rapidly that they had no time to take measures for escape, and before they could consult together a troop of horsemen came over a rising ground in front and galloped straight toward them.

A wild look all around showed them the hopelessness of their situation. The country was open. There was not a house, or a fence, or a tree, or a bush, that might afford

a hiding-place. Flight was useless. They could do nothing now but trust to the faint hope that they might be deemed unworthy of attention. But soon this hope proved vain. They were seen—they were surrounded—they were again prisoners.

They soon learned that this new band consisted of Carlists; that they were on the way to the castle to join the King, who had gone on before.

The King!

Katie knew who that was. Harry was puzzled, as he always had been, about "his Majesty." Dolores also was mystified, since she had never believed that "his Majesty" was what he pretended to be. Ashby also had not believed it, and now was more puzzled than any of them. Brooke and Talbot, however, were strangers to the pretensions of that singular being who called himself King, and therefore hoped that this would turn out for the best. As for Russell, he was in despair, for to him "his Majesty" was more dread than any other human being, with the single and terrible exception of Rita. And now he felt himself dragged back to meet him—worse, to meet Rita. Despair took full possession of him. All his strength left him, and one of the troopers had to give up his horse to the world-worn captive.

It was with such feelings as these that the party reached the castle, and were led upstairs into the presence of the King.

The first glance which they gave around showed them that there had been a slight mistake somewhere.

Down below, the court-yard and the lower hall were full of men. Here there were twenty or thirty, all in the uniform of officers; all men of distinguished air and good-breeding; all gentlemen, and far different from the ragged gang whom they had last encountered here.

In the centre of this company stood a man who at once attracted to himself the eyes of the party of prisoners. He was of medium size, with heavy black mustache and dark, penetrating eyes. He had the air of one who had always been accustomed to the respectful obedience of others; an air of command which rested well upon his bold and resolute face. It was the face of one who lived in the consciousness that he was the centre and strength and hope of a gallant party; of one who believed himself to hold a divine commission to regenerate a fallen country; of one who knew that he alone in all the world held up aloft at the head of an army the proud banner of Conservatism; of one who, for this mission, had given up ease and luxury and self-indulgence, had entered upon a life of danger, hardship, and ceaseless toil, and every day lived in the very presence of Death; in short, they saw before them the idol of the Spanish Legitimists—the high-souled, the chivalrous Don Carlos.

The quick, penetrating glance which he threw upon the party soon faded into a pleasant smile.

"Welcome, ladies," said he; "welcome, gentlemen. Some one spoke of a party of prisoners; I had no hope of such good fortune as to meet with guests. But you must have met with some misfortune, in which case let me help you."

He spoke in Spanish, of course—a language which is usually spoken in Spain; and a very pretty language it is, too, and one which I should advise all my readers to learn; for they would find it uncommonly useful in case they should ever find themselves in a castle in Spain.

It was Harry who replied. He told the whole story, as far as it was known to himself, dwelling especially upon the character and actions of that strange being who had played the *rôle* of monarch. Harry's light and playful nature threw a tinge of comicality around the whole story which was highly appreciated by his hearers. And so it was that a smile began to go round, until at length it deepened and developed into laughter, and so went on deepening and broadening and intensifying, until at last the laughter grew, if not Homeric, at least loud enough and long enough for a castle in Spain.

"It's the Irishman!" cried Don Carlos—"it's the Irish guerrilla! It's O'Toole! The villain! he shall hang for this."

Harry was too good-natured to feel revengeful, and was just beginning to beg for O'Toole's life, when suddenly there arose behind them the sound of hurried footsteps, followed by wild cries. All turned, and a strange figure met their eyes.

It was a woman. She wore a military cloak and an officer's kepi. She looked wildly around.

"Where is he? Where is my own one?" she cried—"'his Majesty'? Where is the hope of Spain?"

Russell saw her.

He threw out wide his manly arms—he opened his mouth: "Jew—li—a-r-r-r-r-r!" With a long, loud cry he shouted this name, and rushed toward her.

Mrs. Russell saw him coming—her lost, lamented lord! the one whom she had mourned as dead! Was this his ghost? or was he indeed alive? In any case, the shock was awful for a woman of delicate nerves; and Mrs. Russell prided herself on being a woman of very delicate nerves.

So she did what a woman of delicate nerves ought to do—she gave a loud, long, piercing shriek, and fainted dead away in her fond husband's arms.

Don Carlos gave a grin, and then pulled at his mustache.

"Another victim," said he to the laughing company. "Oh yes; O'Toole shall certainly swing for this. Discipline must and shall be maintained. Send out and catch the fellow. Have him up here at once."

They sent out and they hunted everywhere, but nowhere could they discover any traces of the brilliant, the festive, the imaginative, the mimetic, the ingenious O'Toole. He was never seen again.

Some say that in the dead of night two figures might have been seen slowly wending their way up the path toward the tower; that the one looked like O'Toole and the other looked like Rita. It may have been so; many things are possible in this evil world; and if so, we must suppose that these two gradually faded away among the mists of cloud-land that always surround a castle in Spain.

CHAPTER LIX.

IN WHICH THERE IS AN END OF MY STORY.

THE illustrious host received his guests with large and lavish hospitality. The best that could be afforded by a bounteous commissariat was placed before them. The table was laid, the banquet was spread, and all the company sat down together.

At the head of the table was Don Carlos.

On his right was Talbot, with Brooke beside her.

On his left was Katie, with Harry beside her.

Next to Harry was Dolores, with Ashby beside her.

Next to Brooke was a priest in somewhat martial attire, whom Don Carlos introduced to them as—*The Curé of Santa Cruz!*

He was a broad-shouldered, middle-aged man, with strongly marked features, eagle eye, and bold and resolute face. This was the very man whom Brooke had once personated; but Brooke was just now silent about that particular matter, nor did he care to mention to any of his Spanish friends the fact that he was an American, and a newspaper correspondent. In spite of the passports and credentials with which his wallet was stuffed and with which his pockets bristled, he had not been recognized by any one present; a fact that seems to show that those papers had been obtained from some of the inferior officers of Don Carlos, or perhaps from some other correspondent who had fallen in the practice of his professional duties.

The Curé of Santa Cruz said grace, and the banquet began.

Don Carlos was a man of joyous soul and large, exuberant spirit, with a generous, romantic, and heroic nature. He also knew how to lay aside, on occasion, all the cares of his position; so now he was no longer the commander of a gallant army, the banner-bearer of a great cause, the claimant of a throne. On the contrary, he was the simple gentleman among other gentlemen—*primus inter pares*—the hospitable host, chiefly intent upon performing the pleasing duties of that office.

He had also showed such an amiable interest in the adventures of his guests that they had frankly told him all that was of any interest. Harry had a more confiding disposition than the others, and after the ladies had retired he disclosed more and more of their affairs, until at last their gallant host had obtained a very clear idea of the sentimental side of the story.

"Gentlemen," said Don Carlos at length, "to-morrow we shall resume our march, and I shall be happy to do for you all in my power. I shall be sorry to part with you, yet glad to restore you to your liberty. A company will take you to the nearest railway station, from which you can proceed to your respective destinations. But before you go allow me to offer you a suggestion, which I am sure you will not take amiss.

"You, gentlemen, are looking forward

to the time when these lovely and amiable ladies shall sustain the closest possible relation toward you. You will pardon me, I trust, if I hint that their position just now is a very embarrassing one, travelling as they are without proper chaperonage. In Spanish eyes that is a calamity. Now, the suggestion that I was about to make is this, namely, that you should free these ladies from this embarrassment by persuading them to accept you now as their legal protectors. Surely nothing can be more desirable on all sides. No place can be more fitting than this; no hour more convenient; no scene more romantic. As for the priest, here sits my reverend friend the Curé of Santa Cruz—a warrior-priest, an eccentric character, yet a brave and noble soul; and he, let me assure you, can tie the knot so tight that it could not be made tighter even by the Holy Father himself, assisted by the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Archbishop of Canterbury."

This suggestion came as sudden as thunder from a clear sky; yet after the first shock it was considered by all present, and especially by those most concerned, as—first ingenious, then happy, then most excellent, and finally, glorious. When this unparalleled and matchless royal speech was ended, the whole company burst forth into rapturous applause.

Ashby and Harry, in wild excitement, forgot everything but their old friendship and their latest love. They grasped one another's hands with all their olden fervor.

"Hurrah, old fellow!" cried Harry.

"Glorious, isn't it, old boy?" cried Ashby.

"I'll do it; won't you?" cried Harry.

"I will, by Jove!" cried Ashby.

And thus that quarrel was settled.

Brooke said nothing, but his eyes grew moist in his deep joy, and he muttered and hummed all to himself the words of some strange old song which had no connection with anything at all. For this was his fashion—the odd old boy!—whenever his feelings were deeply stirred, and he fell into that fashion now:

> "I never knew real happiness
> Till I became a Methodess;
> So come, my love, and jine with me,
> For here's a parson 'll marry we.
> Come for'ad and jine,
> Come for'ad and jine,
> This night come for'ad and jine.
> A-A-A-A-A-men!"

During the banquet and the subsequent proceedings the virtuous Russell had been silent and distrait. Though restored to the arms of the best of wives, still he was not happy. There was yet something wanting. And what was that? Need I say that it was the lost package with the precious bonds? Ah, no, for every one will surely divine the feelings and thoughts of this sorrowful man.

And he in his abstraction had been trying to think what could be done; for the bonds were lost to him: they were not in the place where he had concealed them. What that place really was he now knew only too well. Had that fiend Rita found them? Perhaps so—yet perhaps not. On the whole, as a last resort, he concluded that it would be best to appeal to Don Carlos. His face indicated goodness, and his whole treatment of the party invited confidence; there surely he might meet with sympathy, and if the package had been found by any of the Carlists it might be restored.

And so, as the uproar subsided, Russell arose, and walking toward Don Carlos, suddenly, and to the amazement and amusement of all present, flung himself on his knees, crying,

"A boon! a boon, my liege!"

These preposterous words had lingered in his memory from some absurd reading of his boyhood.

Don Carlos smiled. "What does he say?" he asked.

Harry came forward to act as interpreter.

Russell now told all. Harry knew in part the fortunes of the bonds after they had left Russell's hands; but then they had again been lost, so that he could not tell what had finally become of them. Of his own part in finding them, and then concealing them again, he thought best to say nothing.

Ashby, however, had something to say which was very much to the purpose. It seems that Dolores had found the bonds, had kept them, and had finally handed them over to Ashby for safe-keeping. He at once concluded that they were Katie's, and was waiting for a convenient opportunity to restore them. The opportunity had now come. This was his simple story, but as it was told to Don Carlos in Spanish, Russell did not understand one word.

"Where are they now?" asked Don Carlos.

"Here," said Ashby, and he produced the package from his coat pocket.

"Give them to me," said Don Carlos. "I will arrange it all. Do you know, gentlemen, this is the happiest moment of my life. I seem like a kind of *Deus ex machina* coming in at the right time, at the end of a series of adventures, to produce universal peace and harmony."

"I hope and trust," said Ashby, "that your Majesty may be the *Deus ex machina* for all Spain, and interpose at last to produce universal peace and harmony here."

"Señor," said Don Carlos, "you talk like a born courtier; yet at the same time," he added, in a solemn tone, "what you have just said is the high hope and aspiration of my life."

After this creditable little speech Ashby handed over the package, and Don Carlos took it. At this sight the lower jaw of the venerable Russell fell several inches. This Don Carlos seemed to him not one whit better than the other. The bonds were now lost to him forever. That was plain enough. Yet he dared not say a word. After all, they were not his, but Katie's. Harry knew that, and Ashby also. What could he say? He was dumb, and so he crawled back, discomfited and despairing, to his seat.

"Gentlemen," said Don Carlos, "you must use your utmost efforts with the ladies. Everything shall be done that can be most fitting to the occasion. We shall have music and festivities. It is not often that I have adventures like this. Let the old castle renew its youth. Let these walls ring to music and song. Don't let the ladies escape you, gentlemen. If anything is wanting to your persuasions, tell them—as that rascal O'Toole, my double, would say—tell them that it is 'our royal will.'"

Another burst of applause, mingled with laughter, followed, after which Harry, Ashby, and Brooke hurried off to see the ladies.

What passed between the different couples on that memorable occasion, what objections were made, on the one hand, by shrinking modesty, and what arguments and entreaties were put forth, on the other hand, by the ardent lovers, need not be narrated here. Whether it was meek compliance with a loved one's wish, or dread of Spanish etiquette, or respect for the "royal will," or whatever else it may have been, suffice it to say that at last the delighted swains won a consent from the blushing maidens; after which they rushed forth in wild rapture to spend the remainder of the night in prolonged festivities with their gallant host and his festive band of cavaliers.

There was one, however, who took no part in all this. Excusing himself from the festive board on the plea of ill health, he held aloof, a prey to dark and gloomy suspicions. These he communicated to Harry before the "evening session" began. It seemed that the much-afflicted Russell, believing the true Don Carlos to be no better than the false one, held the firm conviction that the bonds had been appropriated by him for his own purposes, and that their proceeds would be squandered on the extravagant schemes of the hopeless Carlist insurrection. But Harry scouted the idea. "Keep them? He keep them?" he cried. "Never! Don Carlos is a gentleman!"

At this Russell groaned and turned away.

Meanwhile the preparations for the coming event were diligently carried on. Before morning the ancient chapel of the hoary castle was decked out with evergreens brought from the neighboring forest, and everything was made ready for the marriage feast.

Morning came. All gathered in the chapel, which in its robe of evergreens looked like a bower.

The three buglers and one drummer belonging to the troop played in magnificent strains the stirring notes of the "Wedding March."

The Curé of Santa Cruz presented an unexceptionable appearance in his ecclesiastical robes.

There, too, was the man who claimed to be the rightful King of Spain, surrounded by men who represented some of the noblest families of the nation—an illustrious company, the like of which none of the principals in this ceremony had ever dreamed of as likely to be present at his wedding.

The bridegrooms came, looking, it must be confessed, slightly seedy.

Then came the brides, resplendent in their best attire, procured from the luggage which had been brought here at the time of their capture by O'Toole.

There were no bridemaids. But Mrs. Russell was present, leaning on the arm of her beloved husband, all in tears. And why? Was it from regrets for the lost

crown of Spain? or was it merely from the tender sentiment which is usually called forth on such an occasion? or was it from the thought of that one whose fortunes she had followed for many eventful hours with a view to such a conclusion as this?

No matter.

Reader, let us draw a veil over the emotions of this afflicted lady.

The marriages went on. The knots were all tied.

Then came the wedding breakfast.

Don Carlos was in his best mood. He jested, he laughed, he paid innumerable compliments to the ladies, and finally gave the whole party an invitation to visit him on some future day at this royal court in Madrid. Which visit, it may be stated parenthetically, has not yet been paid.

After this little speech Don Carlos handed over to Harry the Spanish bonds.

"I understand," said he, "that your lady will soon be of age, but, under any circumstances, according to Spanish law, the husband is entitled to receive all the property of his wife. Take this, therefore, and you will thus relieve our aged friend yonder, the venerable Señor Russell, from all further responsibility as guardian."

Harry took it, and could not help casting a triumphant glance at Russell, but that good man looked away. He afterward told his wife that he had lost all faith in Providence, and felt but little desire to live any longer in such an evil world. Since the bonds were lost to him, it mattered not who gained them—whether Bourbon, bandit, or bridegroom.

At length the hour of their departure came. The luggage was heaped up in a huge wagon. Another wagon was ready to take the ladies, and horses were prepared for the gentlemen. With these a troop of horsemen was sent as a guard.

As they passed out through the gates Don Carlos stood and bade them all farewell.

So they passed forth on their way to liberty and home and happiness; and so they moved along, until at length the castle, with its hoary walls, its lofty towers, its weather-beaten turrets and battlements, was lost in the distance.

THE END.

THE THRUSH IN THE OLD CONVENT GARDEN.

Glad prophet hidden in the leaves,
Thy sudden flute strikes through the rain;
The air a thrill of hope receives,
The day begins to breathe again—
The dull day weeping ceaseless rain.

The world may weep, yet sound of tears
But faintly stirs this cloistered space,
Where noiseless feet of passing years
Fall on soft lawns and leave no trace,
But cast fresh spells about the place.

Ah, not for us such green repose,
Gray wall-girt stillness, brooding air,
Where floats the soul of each dead rose
The endless years have seen unclose,
And pass, sweet ghost, to haunt the air.

Sing loud, and bid us dream no more
In this fair prison of the soul,
But rise and gird us, and before
The sun sets hasten toward the goal,
Break loose these sweet bonds of the soul.

Sing 'mid the falling leaves thy song
Of hope, though Autumn's breath is here;
The day is short, the way is long.
Up! let us labor and be strong,
Nor falter till the end appear.

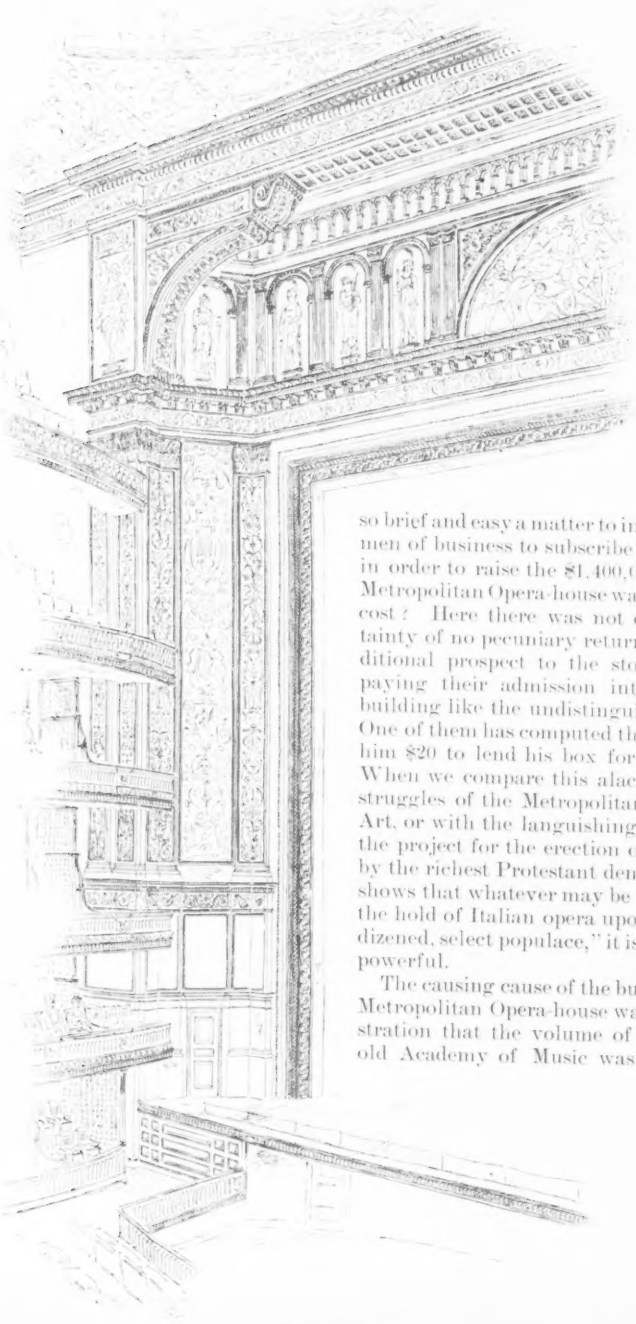
APOLLO CROWNED BY THE MUSES—FOR CENTRAL PANEL ABOVE CURTAIN.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

"FROM a psalm of Asaph," remarked the late Mr. Carlyle, in one of his most bilious seasons of reflection, "to a seat at the London opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men travelled!" The distempered sage had himself, upon one occasion, been induced to take a seat in the London opera, which he abandoned during the ballet, upon the ground, as he subsequently explained, that he "hadn't the heart to stay and watch a woman with an immortal soul making a Manx penny of herself." The outcome of all the cost and of the various art that had been lavished upon the performance he declared to be "an hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened, select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing."

These are extremely bilious remarks; but it must be owned that to many persons the Italian opera in its present estate makes no more appeal as a serious form of art than it did to Carlyle or to Wagner. The high-dizened, select populace is very apt to wear a bored aspect except when a Patti or a Nilsson or a Schalchi or a Campanini breaks in for moments upon its apathy at the crisis of an aria. The interest in opera is at least three parts social to one part musical. To recur to our Jeremiad: "Euterpe and Melpomene, sent for regardless of expense, were but the vehicles of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather." The more, or possibly the less, wonderful the heroic and unexampled sacrifices which are laid upon the operatic shrine! An impresario was long ago defined as a person who paid all his money for the pleasure of being blackguarded by everybody, and the definition remains so far true that the successful managers of Italian opera who have escaped its perils with their lives and fortunes are scattered columns in a waste of ruins. And yet the seed of the martyrs of Italian opera continues to fructify. From the lean and primitive opera seasons which Mr. Richard Grant White not long ago commemorated in a very interesting series of magazine papers until now the "cause" has never lacked a forlorn hope. A whole procession of Curtiuses, each girded with an orchestra and a chorus, and brandishing his poetical prospectus in his good right hand, have followed each other into the gulf of insolvency, which obstinately declines to close over them. Managers who have amassed competences in the more prosaic departments of their calling do not consider their careers rounded until they have embraced the opportunity to beggar themselves in behalf of the lyric drama.

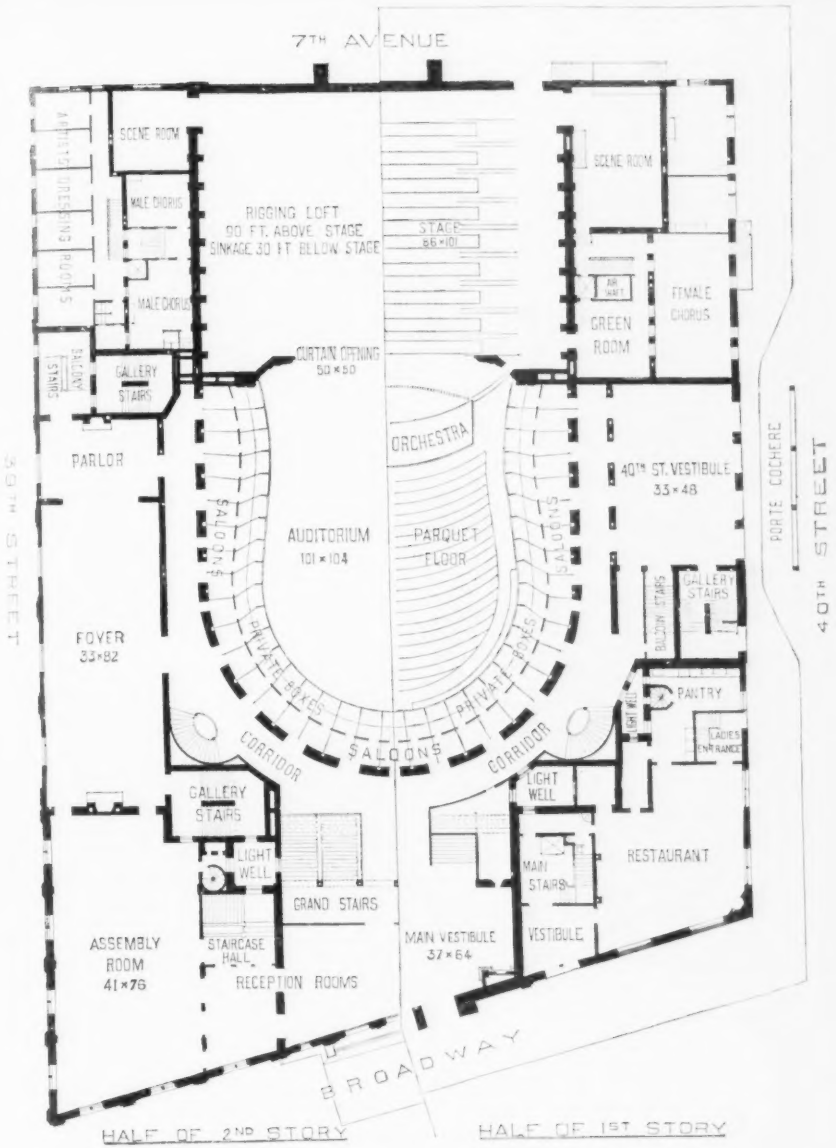
Nor is it only these altruistic servants of "society" who burn the lamp of sacrifice before this modern shrine. In what other cause of charity or of culture would it be possible so to enlist the men of business who have for years carried the New York Academy of Music, and cheerfully threw what, from a commercial point of view, was the good money of assessment after the bad of hopeless investment? In what other cause would it have been found



THE PROSCENIUM.

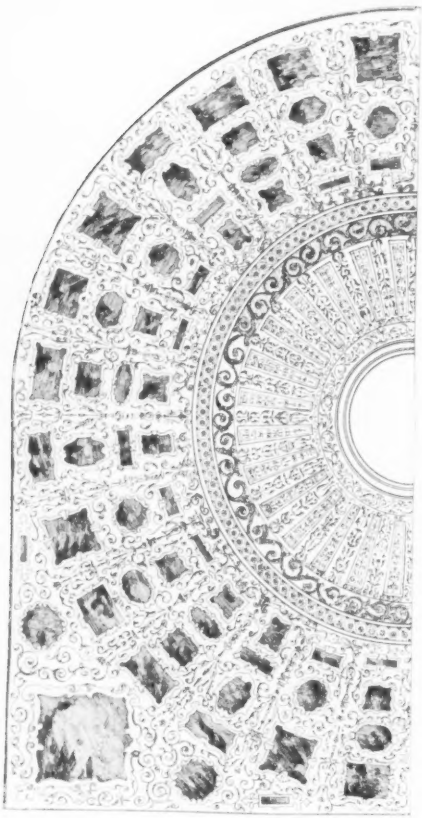
so brief and easy a matter to induce seventy men of business to subscribe $20,000 each, in order to raise the $1,400,000 which the Metropolitan Opera-house was estimated to cost? Here there was not only the certainty of no pecuniary return, but the additional prospect to the stockholders of paying their admission into their own building like the undistinguished throng. One of them has computed that it will cost him $20 to lend his box for an evening. When we compare this alacrity with the struggles of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or with the languishing condition of the project for the erection of a cathedral by the richest Protestant denomination, it shows that whatever may be the nature of the hold of Italian opera upon the "high-dizened, select populace," it is at least very powerful.

The causing cause of the building of the Metropolitan Opera-house was the demonstration that the volume of boxes in the old Academy of Music was unequal to



PLAN OF OPERA-HOUSE (INTERIOR).

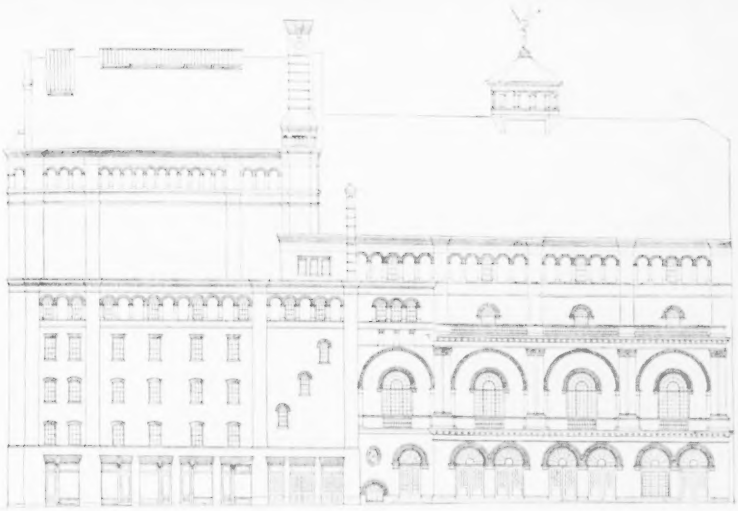
the wants of society. Beggarly as was the account of these boxes in a commercial sense, and freely as their owners grumbled about their possessions to the reporters with the advent of each successive season, they showed no willingness to part with them to any of the increasing number of New-Yorkers who were entitled to aspire to the financial and social distinction of an opera-box,



DESIGN OF CEILING.

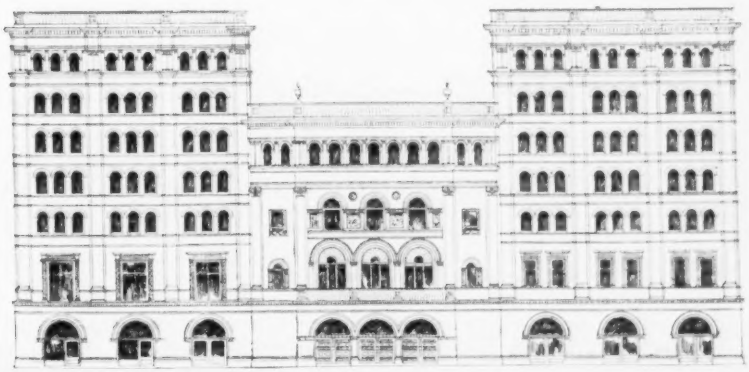
yearly re-enforced as these were by persons who had made fortunes in other parts of the country. That this aspiration, which was probably more fervent in the breasts of the female members of the families whose heads competed for boxes than in the breasts of the actual competitors, was not a mere desire for the enjoyment of opera, seems plain enough. No actual hardship is attached to a seat in the parquet. In fact the music and the spectacle are at least as available from that humble station as from the coigne of vantage in the box tier, and the philosopher who occasionally goes to the opera, even if his liver be in much more tolerable order than that of Mr. Carlyle, can not have failed to remark that the most attentive looking and listening is not done from the boxes. The parquet, however, was rarely crowded, whereas the boxes were always taken, and the competition became so keen that the boxes of the Academy of Music quite lost their character of unprofitable investments. Just before the project of the new opera-house was undertaken, $30,000 was offered for one of them. This condition of affairs culminated during the operatic season of 1880, and in the course of the following summer sundry gentlemen who had been unable to obtain suitable accommodations in the old building determined to build an opera-house for themselves. The stately structure we are describing was the result of that determination. It was a very short and easy matter, as has been intimated, to raise the sum necessary to secure the building of a new opera-house. Indeed, while the building has been under construction, a premium of $5000 has been offered for the title of a box. Seventy subscribers, whose investment at present is between $15,000 and $20,000 each, united themselves in the Metropolitan Opera-house Company. The name itself indicates rather a long stride away from the "Psalm of Asaph." The opera-house in Fourteenth Street, which is rather less than a generation old, would have failed of subscriptions if it had not been presented to the public under the guise of an "Academy of Music." The opera-house in Brooklyn—as interesting a piece of architecture as the Fourteenth Street building is uninteresting—has been described by a satirist as an edifice which the subscribers intended to look as much like a church as it could without actually being a church, in which "they could hold a religious revival if they wanted to, and a Shakspearean revival if they had to." It is quite certain that when these edifices were built, it would have been as difficult to obtain the money for an undissembled opera-house as twenty-five years later it has proved easy to obtain ten times as much.

The site which then seemed most available for the purposes of an opera-house was the plot near the Grand Central Station, bounded by Madison and Vanderbilt avenues, Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets, nearly a square of 200 feet. It was for this site that the preliminary drawings were made which the committee in charge invited from four well-known architects.



SIDE VIEW ON THIRTY-NINTH STREET.

The design submitted by Mr. J. Cleaveland Cady was accepted, and he was appointed architect of the work. But it was soon after discovered that the adjoining owners held under a guarantee that the plot in question should not be occupied for certain specified uses, among which prohibited uses was the erection of any place of public amusement, and that satisfactory waivers could not in all cases be obtained, even in the cause of Italian opera. This seeming obstacle was an excellent thing for the project, since a square of 200 feet does not afford space for the satisfaction of the complicated and conflicting requirements of modern opera. The competing architects had recognized this fact, some of them by stinting the stage and its accessories, some by diminishing the auditorium, and some by cramping the space devoted to the foyer and the lobbies. A glance at the ground-plan of a typical modern opera-house, say that of the New Opera in Paris, shows how small a part of the whole is devoted to the audience, or is even brought to the notice of the ordinary attendant upon opera, in comparison with the space devoted to the acces-



FRONT VIEW, ON BROADWAY.

BACK VIEW, ON SEVENTH AVENUE.

sories of the entertainment. The removal to a site which gave sixty feet of additional length not only enabled the architect to give a more liberal treatment to all the parts, but left two corners on the Broadway front of which the opera will require only the two lower stories, while the upper stories are to be devoted to apartments for bachelors.

It is not to be supposed, however, that there were no longer any sacrifices to be made. The design of an opera-house is at every point a compromise between conflicting claims. Fortunately there was no question between the two great divisions of the house, the stage and the auditorium. On the larger site, which by advancing the entrance and the main staircase left almost, if not quite, the area of the original site to be divided between them, there was no need of a sacrifice of either to the other. The auditorium is quite the largest in the world, exceeding its closest rivals, San Carlo, at Naples, and La Scala, at Milan, by some feet in every dimension. The stage is exceeded in area only by two, that of the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg and that of the New Opera in Paris. But it is evident from the plan that the dependencies of the auditorium have been in some degree sacrificed to the auditorium itself. This sacrifice is not of the stairways, by any means, but simply of the corridors, which are in some places narrowed beyond what an architect entirely unhampered as to space would probably think desirable for the free circulation of an audience between the acts. The number of occupants in each tier of the boxes is so small, 222 being the maximum, and only the male half of these being liable to engagements between the acts, that the narrowing of the corridors does not threaten any physical inconvenience, but only some impairment of the character of dignity and spaciousness which it is desirable to give to the corridors.

The entrances and exits, indeed, are entirely ample, almost beyond example elsewhere. It has often been pointed out how far inferior modern public buildings are in means of access and departure to those of the Romans. It would not occur to anybody to call the doorways of a modern building *vomitoria*, even if modern notions of verbal propriety did not restrain him. Here, however, with the rare good fortune in New York of a building standing free on all four sides, it was comparatively easy to contrive ample and separate entrances to all parts of the house, at no greater inconvenience than that of an increase in the number of ticket takers. The great double staircase, which is gained from the Broadway entrance, through a vestibule 63 × 37, in two flights, each of twelve feet in width, gives access to all parts of the house except the gallery, that is to say, to the three tiers of boxes and the balcony of which the auditorium consists, the parquet being practically on the level of the entrance floor. There are also large vestibules midway down each side, that on Thirty-ninth Street 70 × 33, that on Fortieth Street 50 × 33. To each of these entrances carriages may drive un-

der cover of a permanent veranda of metal, and from each a winding staircase, contrived in the space between the curve of the amphitheatre and the rectangle in which it is inscribed, gives access to the boxes; while from each of these side entrances a staircase rises to the balcony, and two to the gallery, these latter four stairways giving the only access to the galleries, and being shut off from the rest of the house throughout their whole course by stout brick walls. It is estimated that the house can be emptied by these multiplied and abundant means in three minutes, and even after making a liberal allowance for the difference between theory and practice which may arise from the unfamiliarity of many of the audience with the readiest exit, it seems clear that the house, which can be emptied in three minutes, will be emptied in a surprisingly brief space for its great size, and in this respect will come nearer than most modern buildings to the Roman standard.

The interior form of an opera-house is distinctly established by experience as the amphitheatrical, and very few innovations upon this typical form are possible. The amphitheatre in this case seems elongated beyond what is usual, and then widens at the stage end so as to give it more nearly the form of a lyre than of "the glittering horseshoe's ample round," which belongs to the conventional temple of the lyric drama. The modification of the curve which produces this result is, however, slight. There is a more important departure from the conventional opera-house,

> "Where flame on flame the immense proscenium glows,
> With magic counterchange of gold and rose,"

for the proscenium is altogether omitted. In the Fourteenth Street Academy the proscenium boxes have been objects of desire to achieve which there have been given whole seasons of intrigue and social politics. Inasmuch as the proscenium could not be extended so as to include the amphitheatre, it was resolved to cut the Gordian knot of preference by abolishing the occasion of rivalry, and converting the stockholders into an oligarchy, indeed, but not into a graded hierarchy—into a republic of oligarchs with no precedence among themselves, nodding on equal terms all round Olympus. A widely splayed opening of a very few feet in depth, decorated with large pilasters at the re-entrant angle, and still for convenience called the proscenium, is the only representative of the abolished feature.

The purpose of making any box as desirable as any other box has by no means been attained, however, when the proscenium has been abolished; and the study of "sight lines" and acoustics, so as in some measure to bring this about, is one of the chief of the many problems which beset the architect of an opera-house. In the present case sight lines were drawn from every part of the house in each tier to the sides and the rear of the stage, to ascertain how much of the view of the stage would be lost from that point, and the contour of the auditorium and the pitch of each tier were modified in conformity with the results of these studies to the arrangement actually adopted. The result has been so satisfactory that it is safe to say that there is no theatre in which there are fewer bad seats in proportion to its size, nor any opera-house in which the difference between the best and the worst boxes is so small.

There are three tiers and a half of boxes—122 altogether.

DESIGN OF PILASTER.

The half-tier utilizes, in "baignoir" boxes, the side walls of the parquet, or rather of that half of the parquet nearest the stage, where the pitch of the floor makes room for them. Over this, in succession, are the parterre, the first and second tiers, and then the balcony and the gallery. These last two are simply seated with chairs, like an ordinary theatre. The parterre and the so-called "first" tier are distributed among the stockholders, with four boxes over, since there are only seventy subscribers to thirty-seven boxes in each of these tiers. The twelve baignoirs and the thirty-six boxes of the second tier are left at the disposal of the manager. For some mysterious reason—possibly the facility of escape between the acts—the baignoirs are expected to be especially attractive to clubs. The three full tiers are counterparts of each other, except that the uppermost is one box the shorter. The boxes themselves are all of the same dimensions, seven feet front by thirteen deep, divided nearly midway of their depth by an upholstered partition into a salon so called and a box proper, and they are intended for six persons each. They are screened from each other by panels set in iron frames against the partitions. It is plain that the intention has prevailed to make them as nearly of equal value as may be, and the same accommodations of smoking-rooms, dressing-rooms, and the like dependencies are given to each tier.

The seating capacity of the house seems arranged with a liberality almost extravagant. The total number of seats is 3045, divided as follows: parquette, 660; baignoir, 72; parterre, 216; first tier, 222; second tier, 222; balcony, 735; gallery, 978. And yet the New Opera in Paris, which occupies nearly if not quite as great an area, has only 2156 seats.

In its foyer and assembly-rooms the Metropolitan Opera-house is very amply provided. The foyer proper, which will be ample for all but the largest public balls and assemblies for which the opera-house may be required, is a great room on the south side of the building, 85×43 in area, and very lofty. When the southern corner building is completed, the second story of this building, constituting a single apartment of 33×67, will connect the foyer with the large room over the main entrance, making a suite of 214 feet in length. This great advantage has not been gained without some loss. The grand staircase has been sacrificed—not as a practical staircase at all, but as an architectural feature of the interior—to the desire to make the most out of the room over the vestibule.

The facilities for emptying the opera-house, while they are beyond those of almost any other theatre, are less needed than in almost any other theatre. Their amplitude is a matter of convenience, not a matter of safety. The destiny of a theatre almost proverbially is to die by fire, and there is scarcely a famous theatre in the world which has not been rebuilt more than once. Here it has been attempted to construct not merely a slow-burning but a really fire-proof theatre. The only combustible material it contains, outside of the stage, is the wood used in the floors and their furrings, and in the fittings of the galleries. The stairways throughout are of iron in brick wells; the partitions, apart from the main walls of brick, are of fire-proof material, the construction of the floors of fire-proof arches turned between iron beams, the flooring of the corridors of tiles. The ceiling is a great sheet of metal hung from metal bars, and its dome a great saucer of the same material hung from the roof. The partition which runs from the floor of the parquette to the floor of the gallery is of fire-proof blocks stiffened by a system of iron studs. The roof rests upon the elliptical walls of the auditorium, which are the main constructional walls of the building, and the roof construction is of iron trusses. The supports of the gallery are iron beams anchored in the walls of the auditorium. Many difficulties arose in applying this construction to the ever-varying lines and forms required in an opera-house, and many interesting expedients were adopted to overcome them. In order to gain an easy descent from the corridors to the front of the boxes, for example, it was found necessary to interpolate two steps, and this necessitated a double bending of the rolled beams which were to carry the galleries. Moreover, as both the pitch and the slope were continually changing, no beams would require exactly the same bending, except the pairs opposite each other in the same tier. The contractor found it necessary to erect a mill of his own in which the beams could be bent as well as rolled. The proscenium wall is continued twenty-five feet above the au-

THE BALLET.

THE CHORUS.

DESIGNS FOR PANELS ABOVE CURTAIN.

ditorium, and required to be supported from the walls on either side of the curtain opening. A brick arch was not practicable from lack of abutment. The expedient adopted was a truss some eighty feet in length by fifteen in depth, upon which the gable wall of the stage stands, and to which it is additionally secured by rods built in the brick-work. A smaller truss spans the curtain opening.

The stage is required to be an open space from top to bottom and from side to side. The end wall of the building, corresponding to that carried by the truss over the proscenium, thus becomes an isolated piece of brick-work, unstiffened by floors, 125 feet high from the street, and 106 feet wide. It is an unbroken surface within, but on the outside is re-enforced by two massive buttresses five feet deep. The roofing of the stage is also an interesting piece of construction, for it is not often that a roof of 106 feet clear span is required to be set upon walls 101 feet high. This is effected here by an iron truss, set upon rollers to provide for the expansion and contraction of the metal throughout so great a span.

As the stage is the point of any theatre especially vulnerable to fire, it is of prime importance to confine to the stage any fire that may originate there. This is accom-

plished not only by making the rest of the house incombustible, but by converting the stage itself into a flue, inclosed in the brick walls which rise above the rest of the house. A large skylight in the roof of the stage is weighted so as to fall open when its fastenings are removed, and these fastenings are arranged to give way at a comparatively low temperature, and thus open the top of the chimney of which the walls are the sides and the proscenium opening the hearth. To put out fires which may arise on the stage, reliance is placed, beyond the ordinary precautions, upon a novel automatic appliance. A network of small pipes is hung above the stage, filled with water from a tank in the roof, and pierced at frequent intervals with holes stopped with soft solder, which melts readily, and drenches the stage as from a great shower-bath.

TERRA-COTTA PANEL ON FACADE.

Among the novelties the arrangement of the orchestra deserves mention. It is placed, not in Wagner's "Mystic Gulf," but in a brick bowl sunk below the parquet, and floored at a level which will leave the musicians visible only from the upper tiers. The sonority of this reservoir is expected materially to re-enforce the volume of tone.

Another novelty is the system of supporting the stage. The supports of the stage must be readily removable, so that any point underneath may be utilized as it may be called for by the varying exigencies of the drama. Ordinarily this requirement is fulfilled by the use of a wilderness of timber supports, any section of which may be knocked away as the space it occupies is needed. This arrangement is hardly compatible with a fire-proof building. Here a light iron construction has been devised, containing some 4000 members, which has all the facility of removal and reconstruction of the carpentry. The cellar of the stage is thirty feet deep from the floor, and this depth is divided into three stories, of which any one, or any section of all three, can be made available at once.

The main elements of the architectural effect of the interior, apart from color, are of course its great size and the grace of its lines. Treatment of detail is of comparatively little importance in the general view, except as it re-enforces these, as we may see in theatres which have not a respectable detail, but which when they are filled present a spectacle of undeniable brilliancy. We have had occasion already to deplore the economy of space which prevented the staircase from asserting itself as an architectural feature, and this is especially to be regretted, since a clever and original treatment would be both more feasible and more effective there, as being better seen, than in the auditorium. The most obvious criticism upon the detail generally is that the architect has not attempted to treat the interesting construction which he has adopt-

eel. Occasionally an iron post shows for what it is, and the gallery fronts are unmistakably of metal. But with these exceptions the structure is one thing and its envelope quite another. It is treated, that is to say, in the conventional manner, in which the differences are differences only in refinement of detail. No doubt a more expressive treatment would have been desirable. But it is almost too much to require of a single architect that he should develop a decorative construction suitable to an opera-house from the modern construction of clay and metal which has been employed here. There are almost no precedents in point. M. Viollet-le-Duc, indeed, made some essays—on paper—toward the solution of this problem, but they were not so felicitous as to allure his successors to follow them. At all events, if a single architect could be called upon to develop the architecture of an opera-house out of this construction, he could not be called upon to do it in three years, while also meeting all the practical exigencies of so great a work. Moreover, it may well be doubted whether a really serious architectural treatment of an opera-house, such, for example, as would befit a real "Academy of Music," would not strike the opera-goer, that is to say, the citizen in an opera hat and an opera frame of mind, with a certain sense of incongruity. He does not go to the opera, he would say, or feel, to study, nor even to have things explained to him; he goes to be lapped against eating cares in soft Lydian airs, and he prefers the Lydian mode also in the appointments of the place. A treatment *mezzo serio*, as Rossini said of his own music to the "Stabat Mater," is all that he will willingly endure. The architectural treatment of the interior is concentrated upon the proscenium wall. The truss already spoken of above the curtain opening is relieved at the ends by vigorously projected brackets, and the re-entrant angles of the splay are re-enforced, after the manner of the Italian Renaissance, with panelled pilasters. The wall above the opening is modelled into niches with a large panel in the centre, upon which Mr. Lathrop's allegory of "Apollo crowned by the Muses" is to be painted. On the piers flanking the opening at the level of the gallery are Mr. Maynard's figures "The Chorus" and "The Ballet." The panels of the large pilasters at the opening are filled with delicate ornaments in cast metal.

Color, however, is the chief element in the decoration, and the attainment of "tone" the test of its success. A mellow golden tint is the resultant tone aimed at

TERRA-COTTA PANEL ON FACADE.

from the combination of colors employed in this interior. The necessity of a red background for an audience in full dress is almost as well settled as the amphitheatrical form itself. This convention has been recognized here in the upholstery of the boxes, which is of a silk specially

TERRA-COTTA PANEL ON FACADE.

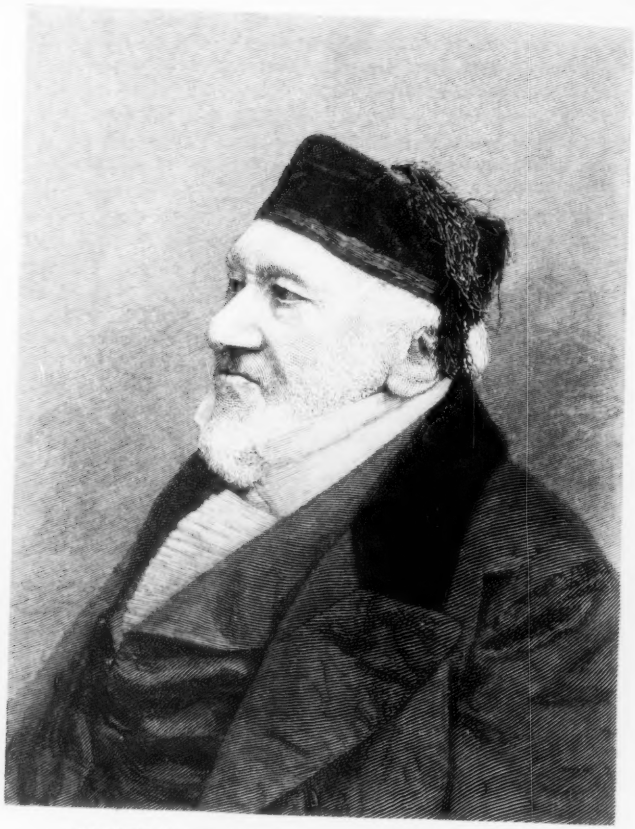
manufactured for the purpose, having a ground of red interspersed with threads of gold color. The field of the vast ceiling is of a deep ivory yellow, overlaid with a design in deeper colors. A modification of the same tint is the color of the walls, in the comparatively unimportant spaces of these which are visible from the body of the house. The pilasters and brackets of the proscenium arch are to be of gold, oxidized to mellow its glare. For the effect of this scheme of decoration, which has been carried out, under the supervision of the architect, by Mr. Treadwell, we must await the "first night," which is destined to become so memorable in the annals of opera in New York.

The exterior of the building is considerably less like the stereotyped treatment of an opera-house than the interior. Costly as the building is, it is so very large as to limit the expenditure upon its external architecture. And this limitation seems to have determined the architect, together with other considerations, to seek for the effect of the great building through simplicity and expressiveness of general composition, and the utmost delicacy of such decorative detail as he must somewhat sparingly employ. The main divisions, the stage, the auditorium, and the portico, are distinctly marked. No architect has yet ventured to exhibit upon a large scale the sweep of the auditorium as part of the external architecture of a theatre, although upon a small scale this has been done, and done with striking success, in the north front of the Casino, just opposite

TERRA-COTTA PANEL ON FAÇADE.

the new opera-house. The style, in deference, possibly, to the purpose of the building, is Italian, and in the Broadway entrance, which is more copiously decorated than any other part, is a correct and academic Italian Renaissance. This style has more elegance than vigor.

The portico on Broadway is noteworthy not only for the refinement of the detail, which never fails Mr. Cady in whatever style he is working, but for the breadth of the composition. This is secured by strong horizontal belts, and the vertical lines of the large order which runs through two stories, and by the simplicity of the main divisions. The breadth and simplicity of the composition will be enhanced by the more varied masses and broken lines of the flanking structures which are yet to be built. All of the detail has plainly been studied with great care, and all of it is marked by much elegance. The reliefs in the panels, which are unfortunately too small in scale to have, when seen from the street, the effect to which they are really entitled, have the same naïve and child-like grace which belongs to the exquisitely executed imitative modelling introduced in the capitals of the porches. It is noteworthy that this character, which we recognize as that of the early Italian Renaissance before it had stiffened into Vitruvian formula, was the character of the Italian Romanesque, and is as visible in the work of Nicholas Pisano in the thirteenth century as in the work of Luca della Robbia in the fifteenth. Where the architecture escapes from academic trammels, this naïveté may be said to be its note also.



SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.—After a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

IN Leghorn, on the 24th of October, 1784, Rachel, the daughter of Abraham Mocatta, gave to her husband, the merchant Joseph Elias Montefiore, his first-born son, and they named the child Moses.

If an angel had appeared to this Joseph in a dream, or had there been at hand a prophet to reveal to these parents what their child would become, not only to the race of Israel, but to the cause of human need in any creed or clime, their delight in their first-born must have deepened into a most solemn joy of thanksgiving, even without the knowledge that his life should cover with the unbroken lustre of good deeds the span of a century.

The Montefiores were of Italian descent, and made their first appearance in England, it is stated, not long after Manasseh-ben-Israel's eloquent intercession with Cromwell procured the re-admission of the Jews. From this period, also, the Jews date England's commercial prosperity, on the ground that being then shut arbitrarily from arts, agriculture, and all professions, they concentrated upon and became prosperous proficients in trade. Later, when the debarred professions were thrown open, they won successes in law, learning, art, and statesmanship, and members of the Montefiore family distinguished themselves in science and literature as well as in commerce.

Moses Montefiore received commercial

training, and was admitted to membership in the Stock Exchange. In 1812 he married Judith, daughter of L. B. Cohen, Esq., and the sister of Judith united the Montefiore and Rothschild families by becoming the wife of Nathan Meyer Rothschild. In 1814 he was elected gabay, or treasurer, of the Portuguese synagogue, and in 1824 assisted in founding the Alliance Insurance Office, of which he was elected the first president, which position he has held to the present time—a period of sixty years. His integrity and courtesy had intrenched him in the esteem and friendship of all with whom he had dealings to an extraordinary degree.

His wife, Judith, was a lady of fine mental endowments and great charm of character, and though it grieved them that they were childless, their union was an ideally happy one. They devoted themselves to philanthropy, their interest in all good causes and their gifts spreading over and beyond Europe. Judith shared in his interest in the condition of the Jews in the Holy Land, and entered into all his plans, hopes, and labors, and even into his dreams of the things not accomplishable in his own time. Of their first trip together to the Holy Land (in 1827) she wrote an interesting diary, which, though printed, was not published.

In 1837, when Syria—racked the preceding year by earthquakes—was being ravaged by the plague, Moses and Judith set out for the scene of misery. The towns of Tiberias and Safed had vanished in the maw of the earthquake, the few survivors and surrounding villages were now a prey to fever, and the disorder and terror prevailing made approach difficult. But the pair pressed forward, and encamping on the Mount of Olives began at once, with money and tender ministrations, the work of relief.

"At Safed," says Mr. Joseph Guedalla, "he presented every one who applied to him with a Spanish dollar, and children under thirteen (except orphans, who received the full amount) with half a dollar. A whole day was consumed in dealing out this munificent charity, which was repeated in several towns."

On his return to London he was elected sheriff of London and Middlesex, and in this capacity was knighted by the Queen

EAST CLIFF VILLA, RAMSGATE.

IN THE GOTHIC CHAMBER, EAST CLIFF VILLA, RAMSGATE (SHOWING PORTRAIT OF LADY MONTEFIORE).
After a photograph by John C. Twyman, Ramsgate.

on the occasion of her first visit to the city. The Board of Deputies, a body mediating between the government and the Hebrew community (of which Sir Moses had become a member in 1828 and president in 1835), found its services called into urgent requisition in 1840. At Damascus, Friar Thomas, a Roman Catholic priest, and his servant, had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. The anti-Jewists seized on this fact to start a persecution. They asserted that the Jews had killed Friar Thomas and his servant in order to use their blood in mixing the Passover cakes, and though neither proofs nor reasonable grounds for this charge were produced, the Jews were attacked and put to torture. False confessions, extorted from the victims *in extremis*, led to larger arrests and more atrocious modes of torment, even infants being subjected to it in the presence of their parents. The buildings in the Jewish quarter were pulled down and pillaged on pretense of searching for the bodies of the missing men, who had in all probability been made away with by robbers roving in that part of the country. The news of this persecution spread through Europe, arousing great sympathy for the Jews. A meeting was held in the Mansion House in London, and Sir Moses offered to go to the East and straighten matters in person. The subscription fund for the mission promptly reached £7000. Christians contributed liberally, and £2400 of the sum was paid by Sir Moses, who was accompanied in this journey by Lady Judith, and the celebrated lawyer M. Crémieux, representing the Jews in France. In a personal interview with the Pasha of Egypt, Sir Moses made such an impression upon him that Mehemet Ali at once released the imprisoned Jews, and assured all fugitives that they might safely return. The Pasha conceived a warm friendship

for Sir Moses, and his successors have been like-minded, for when Said Pasha sent the young Prince Toussoon, his son, to England to be educated, he placed him under the care of Sir Moses. "A Pharaoh trusting his son to Moses!"

Not satisfied with the success of his appeal to Mehemet Ali, Sir Moses went on to Constantinople and induced the Sultan to grant the Hatti-Homayon, thus establishing, under the seal of the Chief of the Faithful, not only the innocence of the Jews, but their rights to equal privileges with other peoples on Turkish soil.

On his home-coming from this journey Jews and Christians of Great Britain were united in their appreciation of his labors, and the Queen showed her pleasure by granting to him the "high distinction of bearing supporters to his family arms—a privilege which is only conceded to peers of the realm and to knights of the various orders."

A testimonial, designed by Sir G. Hayter, sculptured by E. Bailie, Esq., and executed in solid silver by Messrs. Mortimer and Hunt, was presented to him by deputation in his home in Park Lane. It is a miniature monument three and one-half feet in height, and weighs 1319 ounces (some accounts say 2000). It is of admirable design, nobly executed. The quadrangular base rests at the four corners on four Sphinxes, "typical of Egypt, which so long held Israel in bondage." The first four compartments of the shaft exhibit: the inscription of thanks to Sir Moses, engraved under his coat of arms, cut in high relief, and showing the "supporters" granted by the Queen; the Egyptian hosts being swallowed in the Red Sea passage at the prayer of Moses; wild beasts devouring flocks and herds, typical of the cruelty of the strong to the weak; the same animals at peace, in the millennial condition of things described by Isaiah. Above these are appropriate inscriptions in Hebrew verse. At each of the four corners is a figure exquisitely wrought in frosted silver. Two of these represent Moses and Ezra. The latter bends in meditation over a scroll on which is written the twenty-first verse of the eighth chapter of the Book of Ezra. Moses holds the stone tablets of the Law. The third figure, laden with chains, brooding and sad, typifies the persecuted Jews of Damascus. The fourth, kneeling, with eyes and hands raised in thanksgiving, its gyves broken and fallen to the ground, is eloquent of deliverance. Still higher the four sides show bass-reliefs of Sir Moses landing at Alexandria, his audience with the Sultan at Constantinople, the liberation of the Jews at Damascus, the scene in the synagogue of Bevis Marks over his return. Grape boughs rising and bending gently over in rich clusters of fruit and tendril support the fine group at the top—David subduing the lion and rescuing the lamb (1st Samuel, xvii.), emblematical of the purpose and success of Sir Moses's mission.

This noble tribute can be seen, together with the almost innumerable testimonials on illuminated parchment from the potentates, officials, and bodies of many lands, in an inner room of the Rabbinical College at Ramsgate, which was built by Sir Moses. The walls of the room are literally covered with these parchment testimonials.

Mr. Guedalla states that in 1842, "there being much sickness and no proper hospital in Jerusalem, Sir Moses established a dispensary in that city, and sent out a physician, etc., at his own private expense. He pledged himself to support this for three years, till a regular hospital should be in operation, and the dispensary was available to all who applied for aid."

About this period Czaristic ukases became especially severe. At last, by one of these decrees, thousands of Jewish families were ordered to remove into the interior of Russia. In 1846 Sir Moses and Lady Judith braved the rigors of the Northern winter to set this right. At St. Petersburg Sir Moses had a long interview with the Czar, who could not withstand the charm of his manner and the earnestness of his appeal. Sir Moses spoke in English, the Czar in French.

After reading the philanthropist's petition, "Nicholas said, in the most cordial manner, 'A présent causons.' When the Czar answered his prayers by referring to the ancient laws of the empire, Sir Moses replied, 'But your Majesty might alter those laws.'"

This mission proved remarkably successful. The distressing ukases were first suspended, then abandoned. The Czar placed one of his royal carriages and a government official at the service of the illustrious Jew, and when, after a short stay in the capital, Sir Moses entered on a tour among his own people through the

chief towns of Russia and Western Poland, his journey was facilitated by the friendship and protection of the Czar, and resembled the triumphal progress of a popular hero.

At Wilna he found, in a total population of 80,000, that more than half were Jews, and Jews, owing to unhappy antecedents and environment, of the most hopeless type—mean-minded and of uncleanly habits. It had been the Czar's chief complaint to Sir Moses that the Jews would stick to trade, and would not till the soil or do any kind of labor. Sir Moses, even in his trenchant remonstrances with them, so encouraged and stimulated them that several thousand families resolved to become agriculturists, and were ultimately incalculably benefited by their judicious determination.

He remained eleven days at Wilna, and neither there nor at any other towns ever sent away empty-handed a single person of the multitudes who crowded about his doors, and even managed to discover and leave gifts with those more deserving and less ready to beg.

At Berlin, on the homeward journey, seventeen young maidens, some dressed in white and others in blue, presented him and Lady Montefiore with a laurel crown, wreathed with white roses, upon an embroidered velvet cushion.

On his arrival in England Queen Victoria and Sir Robert Peel made him a Baronet.

When the famine broke out in the Holy Land, in 1854, Dr. N. M. Adler, Chief Rabbi of the Jews, and Sir Moses Montefiore realized £20,000 by public appeal. To see this sum rightly administered Sir Moses went again to the Holy Land, relieved its distresses, and revived and reestablished industries. Then, as before, he pushed on to Constantinople, sought and obtained a firman "empowering him to acquire land in Palestine," and purchased an estate in Jerusalem, on which windmills and excellent almshouses were erected. When the Turkish government's jealousy over its dominions is considered, what Sir Moses thus accomplished is better understood.

In 1858 came the celebrated Mortara case, which startled Christendom with a new and sombre illustration of papal potentiality.

In the family of the Jew Mortara, living at Boulogne (1852), a Roman Catholic girl only fourteen years of age was serving as nurse. The little year-old Edgar Mortara was very sick, and the nurse, who was fond of him, thinking that if he died he would be eternally lost, confided her concern to a grocer of her acquaintance, and between them they had the little fellow secretly baptized. The boy got well, and not till six years later, in 1858, did the real tragedy begin, when the nurse, having unwisely confessed what she had done to a companion, who instantly betrayed her to a priest, was examined before the Inquisition, and the little Edgar Mortara was stolen by the bishop's guards and hidden in a convent at Rome. This arbitrary act and the agonized protest of the parents drew the attention of Europe.

"Twenty-one Sardinian synagogues addressed a joint request to the London Jewish Board of Deputies soliciting its interference in behalf of the distressed family."

Sir Moses, then in his seventy-fifth year, hurried to Rome, the bearer of an earnest and strenuous memorial to the pontiff. His first efforts being blocked with the cold assertion that the Mortara case was "a closed question," he was advised to make a written appeal to the Pope for a personal interview. This proved fruitless, but he obtained a long interview with Cardinal Antonelli, to whom he gave the memorial he had brought. It concluded in these words: "Your Holiness in acceding to our solicitations will be upholding the sanctity of parental rights, maintaining the claims of justice, restoring peace to an afflicted family, and securing the approbation of the good and wise of every creed."

Cardinal Antonelli promised to lay the testimonial before the Pope, but informed Sir Moses that it had been quite determined that Edgar Mortara should be educated in the Romish faith, but that when he had attained his sixteenth or seventeenth year he would be "set free to follow his own judgment."

Thus in spite of the dignity and eloquence of his personal appeal, the prestige of his successes in other humane efforts, and of the support of the French and English governments, he failed, except that public opinion, aroused and concentrated by his undertaking, pressed and protested, and the Pope was made to realize that the Mortara abduction had alienated from him much that he greatly prized.

After this visit to Rome, Lady Montefiore's health, for some time delicate, gave

way, and on the 25th of September, 1862, she died.* Nothing could more nobly express the love and the bereavement of her husband than his manner of perpetuating her memory by "redoubling his benevolence toward the living," and lovingly connecting her name with every good work in his power to accomplish.

As one instance, he has for several years bestowed, in Lady Montefiore's name, an annual gift of £50 upon the most well-behaved and studious of the girls in the Jews' Free School, Bell Lane.

A few months after Lady Judith's death, when the Druses fell upon the Christians in Syria, Sir Moses hastened to their rescue as quickly as hitherto to that of the Jews. He started, and with the aid of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, presided over the Syrian Relief Fund.

"Animated by this example, the confessors of all religions, from all parts of the globe, contributed to the fund, and with such liberality that even now there exists a handsome residue, which it is intended to apply as occasion may arise."

In the spring of 1863 he made a sixth visit to Constantinople, to get from the new Sultan a confirmation of the firman granted by his predecessor for the purchase of the estate near Jerusalem.

In October of the same year persecutions of his race, such as had once brought him to Damascus, were repeated in Morocco. Upon false accusations, with flimsy or no pretexts, followed torture, murder, and pillage. With the help of the British government, in November — midwinter—Sir Moses set out for Spain, presenting himself on the way before the thrones of Louis Napoleon and the second Isabella.

The mere presence of this zealous and earnest defender, then in his eightieth year, resulted, as before, in the freedom of the imprisoned and the recall of the fugitives; and, as on former occasions, not counting victory sure while it lacked any point of consummation, he determined to gain from the Emperor by personal petition a grant of fuller liberties to both his Jewish and Christian subjects. This would necessitate a journey into an infested interior—a consideration which did not hinder Sir Moses. As he was about starting, a party of fifty or sixty Moors appealed to him to procure the pardon and release of a Moor who, on the charge of murdering some Jews, had already suffered two and a half years' imprisonment. Sir Moses interceded successfully, and the Moorish chiefs thanked him, and promised that "all Jews travelling by day in their part of the country—a distant part—should be well protected, though for the night they could not answer."

At length, having done all the good he could, he started for the city of Morocco. When he had reached his destination, after a perilous journey, the Sultan met him at the head of his army, gave him a palace to dwell in while he staid, and granted his every wish.

Grateful and congratulatory addresses flowed in to him from all parts of the world, and on his arrival in London the Lord Mayor and aldermen and members of the civic court met at Guildhall to celebrate the safe return of the octogenarian patriot and philanthropist.

Some months later he journeyed to Roumania, and personally entreated Prince Charles to alleviate the condition of the Roumanian Jews, and again visited Russia as a helper to his people. His own report of his sixth visit to the Holy Land, to relieve the great suffering caused by the triple scourge of locusts, cholera, and drought, is concise, methodical, dignified, and frank, without self-righteousness, and is a graphic picture of the methods, variety, and extent of his loving labors to relieve suffering and remove its causes.

"I was received at Jaffa," says Sir Moses, "by his Excellency the governor of the town, by the judge, the commander of the troops, and the representatives of the various religious denominations, and scarcely had I entered the hotel ere I was greeted with telegrams in rapid succession of hearty welcome from Jerusalem. . . . . Previous to my departure from England it had appeared expedient, for the purpose of carrying out the object of the mission, that accurate information should be procured, methodically arranged, concerning the state of our brethren in the Holy Land, and that, in order to ascertain the causes of the destitution which there prevailed, and to devise proper plans for removing the same, I ought to have, as it were, a correct and detailed survey of the moral and social condition of the inhabitants. I had therefore caused

* A convalescent home, of which the Chief Rabbi's wife, Mrs. Adler, is president, was built at South Norwood by the Jews of England, in memory of Lady Montefiore.

to be prepared certain statistical forms and documents, to which returns were made, . . . the more important facts elicited referring to the number of the synagogues, colleges, schools, charities, and institutions belonging to our co-religionists in the Holy Land," and statistics "of the ages, property, occupation, and families of inhabitants." From Jaffa "we continued our journey as far as Aboo Goosh, supposed to be the Kiryát Yearim of Scripture, where, in Abinádáb's house on the top of the hill, the ark of the Lord had been placed when taken from the Philistines of Beth Shéimésh. The present chief, Mohammed Effendi Aboo Goosh, a man of great authority and importance, invited us to his house. . . . It was situate on the summit of the hill, and the road to it was so rough and precipitous that I thought many a time my Tachtérevan would break to pieces. The fatigue I endured was amply compensated by the cordial hospitality with which I was welcomed."

On leaving the village of Aboo Goosh, in the early morning hour, the neighboring hills and roads swarmed with people flocking toward the "relief-bringer." His approach to the Holy City was greeted with cries of "Bárookh hábá! Bárookh hábá!"—Blessed be he who cometh!

Hundreds of children sang Hebrew hymns by the road-side. These hymns had been written especially for the arrival of Sir Moses, and recited "the sufferings of Zion and the hope in Israel's future."

"I had previously made known my willingness," continues Sir Moses's report, "to receive communications from every individual desirous of addressing me, either on his own behalf or on that of the people in general. I had also appointed stated times for the reception of all who might wish to address me personally, and every available moment was employed in collecting from all sources information that might be useful. . . . Our first day I devoted to the distribution of the remittances which had been intrusted to me by several friends of Jerusalem, with a special request to dispense the same to the poor."

He at once attended to the sufferings from drought by having the three reservoirs of the Pools of Solomon turned into two, and the fall of the waters from Urtas increased into them. He was continually giving sums of £100 at a time from his own pocket when he felt in any doubt whether he would be warranted in touching the Relief Fund for the occasion. The Touro almshouses, which he had built on the fund left to him by Judah Touro for benevolent purposes, must evidently be ideal homes for the poor, for they are described as so thrifty, cheerful, and neat that people have sought to be admitted to them as boarders!

Investigating carefully the condition of the widows and orphans made such by the cholera, he was profoundly touched by the large-heartedness of the poor toward each other. One very poor man, a white-washer, who seldom had employment except at the time of the Passover—when the Jews all have their houses cleansed and whitewashed—though burdened with seven children of his own, had taken home the two belonging to his dead neighbor, and a widow equally destitute shared the little she had with two children whose parents had been taken.

Before departing from Jerusalem Sir Moses had the pleasure of seeing the waters of the Pools of Solomon reflowing freely by the ancient aqueduct (repaired under his direction) into the thirsty city. When all had been done that he felt he had a right to do with the Relief Fund, he sent private sums to "each of the synagogues, colleges, schools, and various charitable institutions."

On the occasion of his return from his seventh and last beneficent visit to the Holy Land a very moving prayer was made in the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue of Bevis Marks. Sir Moses, still stately and erect, though in the ninety-first year of his age, in the midst of a close-pressed, hushed assembly, heard his name borne to the throne of the Almighty Father in one of the most ardent invocations ever uttered by man.

When the service was over, the deepest enthusiasm prevailed; all were eager to be allowed to touch the hand of this good old man. A similarly impressive scene occurred at the Great Synagogue in Duke Street, Aldgate.

When the flags of the whole world were drooping at half-mast for that simple but grand death at Long Branch; when, on the 26th of September, 1881, three thousand Americans were assembled in Exeter Hall, what message spoken to them there stirred deepest the chords of human brotherhood? The tidings that Sir Moses

Montefiore, then in his ninety-seventh year, had telegraphed the week before to Palestine requesting that prayers might be offered up for President Garfield in all the synagogues of the four holy cities, Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safed!

In a conversation with a most courteous English gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler,* gifted son and right capable delegate of the aged Chief Rabbi, I learned most of the following interesting facts.†

Sir Moses, now in his hundredth year, though suffering some physical languor, retains in their full power his mental forces and all the quickness of his humane sympathies, and can find at will among the superb stores of his memory the incident or scene he wants, which he relates with eyes that sparkle as in youth. He is a tall man of majestic presence; his handsome features, unwontedly firm in repose, have the most attractive mobility when he speaks or smiles.

His interest in all matters of any import to mankind continues unabated. When the recent coronation ceremonies were being arranged in Russia, he sent letters to the principal rabbis in Russia and Poland, asking that there might be festivities in their schools on coronation-day, inclosing a sum of £10 in each letter for the purpose.

He always directs prayers to be offered in the schools of Jerusalem on the birthdays of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The City of London College, soon to be opened by the latter at Moorfields, recently received Sir Moses's check for £500.

Sir Moses loved and was loved by the late Archbishop Tait and his family, and he took great interest in and generously forwarded Mrs. Tait's charitable labors. The busts of the Archbishop and Mrs. Tait were presented to her "Orphanage" at Thanet by Sir Moses.

He has always been the friend of children; not many months ago he appeared at a charity bazar, and bought continuously a great quantity of toys and trinkets, which he as continuously gave away right and left to the hungry-eyed little gamins who crowd around such gay scenes.

One day last May (1883), Lord Shaftesbury, meeting Dr. Hermann Adler, exclaimed: "Your great Judas Maccabæus has just sent me £98 for my Ragged Schools!" A pound for each year of Sir Moses's life. When I asked Dr. Adler to tell me in a word the sum of Sir Moses's effectiveness, he replied: "By his example he has stimulated his brethren in Europe to think of and work for their co-religionists in the East, and his sustained efforts, indirectly the origin of the 'Alliance Israelite' in Paris and the Anglo-Jewish Association here, have inspired all the exertions made during the last year to relieve and rehabilitate the persecuted Jews of Russia."

Among the really countless benefactions of Sir Moses are the sums he has paid from time to time to those made widows and orphans by the wrecking of Ramsgate fishing fleets.

About two months ago a warm friend of Sir Moses, Mr. Alfred A. Marcus, of Boston, sent, in honor of Sir Moses, a fine harmonium to the Evelina Hospital for the Sick, in Southwark Road, founded by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, whose wife, Evelina, was a relation of Sir Moses. And as the centenary of this beloved patriarch approaches, signs are not wanting of the universal interest it excites.

A special celebration of it is under preparation at Leghorn, the city of his nativity; in Rome a rabbinical seminary about to be founded is to bear his name; and a beautiful album containing addresses voted by all the towns in Italy having Jewish inhabitants is to be presented to

* For kind assistance in gathering materials for this sketch, neither so plentiful nor easy of access as in the cases of most public lives, I am chiefly indebted to the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, whose various articles in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1878 and 1881 relating to Judaism and its foes have been read on both sides of the water, and whose lecture on *Daniel Deronda* before the Jewish Working-men's Club at Aldgate in 1876 showed how powerful and distinct was the effect of that work on the feelings and position of the Jews of Great Britain; and, as a most interesting statement to students of race questions, I may quote his personal assurance to me that "*Daniel Deronda* contains the most faithful exposition of Judaism and the ablest and fullest delineation of Jewish character, penned by a non-Israelite, that has appeared in England." And he told me that the mother of the late Lord Beaconsfield was the original of the mother of Deronda. I am also indebted for much kindness to Dr. Maurice Davis, of London, and to the learned Dr. Loewe, of Ramsgate, the old friend and now almost daily companion of Sir Moses Montefiore.

† When Sir Moses resigned the presidency of the Board of Deputies (in 1875), the Jews of England raised a testimonial of upward of £15,000, in grateful acknowledgment of his noble and unremitting services. At his desire this sum is being entirely devoted to the permanent amelioration of the Jews in the Holy Land.

him. I have also heard that a celebration in his honor is under consideration in the city of New York, warmly seconded by, if not originating with, his personal friend the Rev. Dr. Isaacs, son of the Rev. Mr. Isaacs, founder of the *Jewish Messenger*; and here in England preparations are being made to celebrate worthily the interesting date.

Meantime, in the quiet of his chamber at East Cliff Lodge, whose windows overlook the wide sea beating in rhythmical unrest among the Ramsgate beaches, gently lapses in the hour-glass the sand whose filtering has marked the hours of nearly a hundred years; and the motto, "Think, and Thank," and the word "Jerusalem!" are not more clearly graven on the coat of arms than on the long life and in the warm heart of this venerable good-giver.

The tomb of Lady Judith, exactly like the tomb of Rachel, as it stands to this day, "in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem," is surrounded by the green leafage of the cypress and arbor vitæ, all in one ground with the Rabbi College and synagogue he builded, and on the dial of the clock of the synagogue the wayfarer, many yards away, can read the grave yet hopeful words.

"Time flies: Virtue alone remains."

BY THE WASHES.

We stood for a little together,
The water kissing our feet;
Around us glowed glad bright weather;
The morning and you were sweet.

I thought, as you stood there dreaming,
'Twas you that lighted the day;
And the water, glancing and gleaming
And hurrying ever away,

Vocal with brief light laughter,
As past you it fled to the sea,
Seemed to linger a little, and after
I think it agreed with me.

Flushed with the wind and glowing,
Silent you stood awhile,
Hair in the sunlight blowing,
Smiling a dreamy smile.

The water sang, "Love is a treasure."
"A treasure," my soul replied;
"And the pain of it, and the pleasure,
Sweeter than all beside."

And I saw the wavelets glitter,
Glad but to kiss your feet;
And the wind sang, "Life may be bitter,
But loving can make it sweet."

And laughed and loitered around you,
Surely finding you fair;
And the merry sun kissed and crowned you
Queen of the morning there.

Everything fair seemed to love you,
Seemed proud at your feet to fall;
And the lark, singing high above you,
Sang you were the fairest of all.

And scarcely a word was spoken,
But our souls to each other spoke,
Till the dreamy spell was broken,
And we started and smiled and woke.

And so in the glorious weather,
In the morning blithe and gay,
Happy in being together,
Happily wandered away.

WE spend annually upon our schools eighty million dollars. The school plant of the country is valued at nearly two hundred million. Attendance at school of all children between certain ages is compulsory in many of the States. Libraries private, circulating, and public; books by the million, the standard works of other lands reprinted here, and sold for a few cents a copy; periodicals by the hundred thousand; a billion five hundred million newspapers each year, with almost hourly word from every civilized corner of the globe—all add their quota to aid the vast army of faithful teachers who are giving their best years and efforts to the great work of national (mental) education.

And what are we doing for our bodies? Who educates them, builds houses, spends money, trains teachers, gives time and thought and labor to equip every boy and girl, or every man and woman either, with a vigorous and efficient body, one which will serve its purposes well when the wear and strain of the real work of life comes?

Why, we leave that branch to the boys and girls themselves. And they make just about as good headway at it as they would with their mental or moral education if these also were left wholly to their own management.

"Well," says the father, "but I spent my youth on a farm, was up early to milk, mowed all morning, raked and pitched and made hay all the afternoon, and housed load after load up in the hot barn toward night, until the water ran off me in streams; hoed corn and potatoes, dug ditches, built stone fence, swung axe and spade and bar, and tugged and lifted and carried, and did the thousand other things every active, live farmer so well knows. Was not that enough?" It was, indeed, a grand experience, and it laid up for you a stock of sturdy health and vigor on which you may draw almost with impunity down all your after-life.

But has your city-raised son any such splendid out-door training? Can he cut a swath at all, or even swing a scythe without endangering his legs, and any others near by? Have you never wondered why he is so indifferently built, when you at his age were so tough and strong and sinewy?

But our boys play all the afternoon. Will not that do? Watch them an hour and see. Is there anything especially invigorating in snapping a marble or spinning a top? Is there anything in most of their games which calls for any strength or endurance, or which a weak boy can not do almost if not quite as well as a strong one? You will be astonished, too, to see how much of the hour is devoted to standing or sitting about, and how little to real, downright work of the sort that tells, and especially how idle the left arm is in almost every known pastime.

Well, there's the gymnasium. Does not that fill the bill? What is a gymnasium? A large room with bars, vaulting horses, dumb-bells, ladders, clubs, ropes, and other appliances to be used in bodily exercise. Fit up now a school-room with desks, blackboards, books, maps, and the other things which experience has found useful there. Send the boys, and tell them to educate themselves. But where's the *teacher*? Teacher! what do they want of a teacher? The youngest boy in that school-room knows in a moment that there will not be much progress made without the trained head. And just about as much will be made in a headless gymnasium—a sort still far too common in our land. Instead of any steady, well-directed work, there will be mere desultory play, generally accompanied by an endeavor on the first day to do from one to a dozen feats which they have seen trained gymnasts do, and which should have been preceded by at least several months of judicious preparation. Of course the natural result of these rash, unguided efforts will be lame muscles, and the boy need not be much surprised if he manages to inflict some injury on himself which will not heal, perhaps, in weeks or months. Were he sick, you would hardly let him go into a drug-store and, unaided, choose his own medicine. But this is practically the way you let him build up his strength in a gymnasium.

Well, look at the greatly increased interest in athletics. Surely this must have told most beneficially on our boys and girls. But these athletics are not for boys and girls at all. They are rather for young men, and the percentage even of young men who take part in them is not only very small, but includes many of those who

need them the least. If, then, most city boys and girls take practically no part in athletics, do not attend the gymnasium, and in their play get no sensible physical education at all, where do they get it? At some manual labor? Not one in fifty of our school boys and girls does a day's manual labor in the whole year round; indeed, the majority of them never did one in their lives. They grow, but they do not develop.

But we do not want our boys prize-fighters, go-as-you-please runners, demon bowlers, Graeco-Roman wrestlers, champion oarsmen, wasting their time, and devoting all their thoughts to some feat of athletic prowess! But does every one who builds up his body by sensible daily exercise run off to these extremes? To which of these classes does President Eliot of Harvard or Professor Agassiz belong, or Dr. McCosh or Mr. Gladstone? Yet the former two did excellent work in their university boat. Princeton's famous president, if our information is correct, rowed in the Dublin university crew, and the British prime minister can now at seventy-three probably cut down more trees in a day than any merchant, banker, or professional man of his age in the city of New York, yet finds time to grapple with the most intricate and difficult problems of a territory twice as vast as the whole United States besides. Gluttony is hurtful, but rational eating is beneficial, indeed necessary. Overexercise is hurtful, but rational exercise is beneficial, and even necessary to real health.

The results of this utter neglect of any sound system of physical education stand out in almost every city home in America. Not one boy in five is well built, or, unless he is fat, measures within an inch, often three inches, as much about the chest or thigh or upper arm, or weighs within ten pounds as much, as a well-proportioned, vigorous, properly developed boy of his age should do. Scarcely one girl in three ventures to wear a jersey, mainly because she knows too well that this tell-tale jacket only becomes a good figure. Yet the difference in girth between the developed arm which graces a jersey and the undeveloped one which does not, in a girl of the same height and age, is seldom more than two inches, and often even than one, while the well-set chest outgirths the indifferent one by seldom over three inches. Among girls, running is a lost art. Yet it is doubtful if an exercise was ever devised which does more to beget grace and ease of movement. There are probably not ten girls in any class of fifty in one of our public schools who could run a mile, even if they got a dollar a foot for it. Or twenty boys out of any fifty either. Yet Rowell used to take a twenty-mile run occasionally without a halt, and that just to vary the monotony of walking not thirty miles in a day, or forty, but one hundred and fifty! Most girls have weak arms. If they doubt it, let them try with one hand to push up once high over their head a dumb-bell weighing a quarter or even a fifth of their own weight. Or with both hands catching hold of a bar or the rung of a ladder, as high up as they can reach, let them see if they can pull slowly up till their chin touches the hands even once. Yet a moderately strong man at dumb-bells will push up one weighing over half his own weight, and some men have managed to put up more than their own weight; and as to pulling up, a girl with developed arms can do it five or six times with comparative ease, and a boy with thoroughly good arms two or three times as many. Both the fore-arms and the upper arms of most girls are not as large by an inch as those of well-built girls of their height and age are. Yet in any well-regulated gymnasium we will find youth adding in one year an inch, and even two inches, to the girth of each upper arm, and half as much to that of each fore-arm, while a gain of from three to five inches about the chest is nothing rare, and all this simply by less than an hour's daily work, yet which, besides expanding the lungs, called the various muscles of the arms, shoulders, chest, and of the greater part of the body into vigorous play. Professor Farrow, at West Point, Professor Andrews, of the Gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association at Brooklyn, Dr. Sargent, of the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard University, and Archibald Maclaren, of the Gymnasium at Oxford University in England, all find no difficulty in adding in one year from an inch to an inch and a half to the fore and upper arms, and three inches to the girth of chest, of pupils under their charge. Would not that tell in a jersey? And while these results are accomplished by work nearly all muscular, instances are becoming frequent of persons enlarging

their chests even more rapidly, and not by exercise of the muscles of the arms and shoulders, but simply by daily deep, slow breathing. Combine now the two causes of gain, especially under the care of a judicious teacher, and the effect, particularly on a small-lunged, weak-chested, or indifferently-built person, who has always inclined to be delicate, must be highly gratifying, while the new strength and vigor which accompany this marked gain in size can not fail to be of great value.

Would not some physical education which included exercise like this prove an inestimable benefit to almost every child in our city schools, and to at least a large minority of those in the country as well? With strength comes the ability to endure, and so closely allied to these is the priceless boon of health that Maclaren defines health to be "the power to work long, to work well, to work successfully hereafter." And who is the more likely to have this power, he who from disuse of his muscles lets his body get into a lax condition, so that he can scarcely endure at all, or he who first builds his body up to vigor and efficiency, and then, like Gladstone, or Bryant, or Bancroft, by abundant daily vigorous exercise, keeps it, as the good engineer does his engine, in thorough working order?

The lack of physical development, and of the vigor which usually attends it, is more general among city girls and boys than many persons imagine. In the city of New York, for instance, the Board of Education in a recent annual report showed that the whole number of scholars taught in the public schools of that city, deducting those in the normal, nautical, and corporate schools, was 240,162, but the average attendance was only 119,288, or *somewhat less than half*. Thus, a well-known city teacher says, "our school-children lose half their school-time by absence, *and three-quarters of this from sickness*." The New York *Herald*, speaking editorially in an article headed, "Give the Boy a Chance," after saying that the wits of the millions of boys in our cities are being forced to their utmost capacity, whether they are taught in the school, the shop, or the street, asks, "But what is being done for their bodies? The answer may be obtained by standing at the door of almost any public or private school or academy at the hour of dismissal. *The inquirer will see a crowd of undersized, listless, thin-faced children, with scarcely any promise of manhood about them.*"

Does it not look as if there was room here for some rational system of bodily education, and as if at once would be the best time to begin?

The faithful mother will stay up night after night, if need be, at the bedside of a sick child, will attend his every want with the most solicitous care, will do all that devotion and self-denial and her most earnest prayers will do to help bring him back to health and a longer lease of life. But after he has once regained his health does she actually do one solitary thing to keep it for him, and make him reasonably assured of its continuance throughout a natural life?

And if in the physical education of our boys we are disgracefully backward, are we any the less so with our girls? One of Philadelphia's leading physicians—the eminent authority on neural disorders, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell—says:

"To-day the American woman is, to speak plainly, physically unfit for her duties as woman, and is perhaps of all civilized females the least qualified to undertake those weightier tasks which tax so heavily the nervous system of man. She is not fairly up to what nature asks from her as wife and mother. . . . If the mothers of a people are sickly and weak, the sad inheritance falls upon their offspring, and this is why I must deal first, however briefly, with the health of our girls, because it is here, as the doctor well knows, that the trouble begins. Ask any physician of your acquaintance to sum up thoughtfully the young girls he knows, and to tell you how many in each score are fit to be healthy wives and mothers, or, in fact, to be wives and mothers at all. I have been asked this question myself very often, and I have heard it asked of others. The answers I am not going to give, *because I should not be believed*—a disagreeable position, in which I shall not deliberately place myself. Perhaps I ought to add that the replies I have heard given by others were *appalling*."

Detailing some of the symptoms of this deficient physique, he adds:

"Now I ask you to note carefully the expression and figures of the young girls whom you may chance to meet in your walks, or whom you may observe at a concert or in a ball-room. You will see many very charming faces, the like of

which the world can not match—figures somewhat too spare of flesh, and, especially south of Rhode Island, a marvellous littleness of hand and foot. But look further, and especially among New England young girls: you will be struck with a certain hardness of line in form and feature, which should not be seen between thirteen and eighteen at least. And if you have an eye which rejoices in the tints of health, you will miss them on a multitude of the cheeks which we are now so daringly criticising. I do not want to do more than is needed of this ungracious talk; suffice it to say that multitudes of our young girls are merely pretty to look at, or not that; that *their destiny is the shawl and the sofa, neuralgia, weak backs, and the varied forms of hysteria*, that domestic demon which has produced untold discomfort in many a household, and, I am almost ready to say, as much unhappiness as the husband's dram."

Is neuralgia common in our country or not? Is there any reader who does not know at least one sufferer from it? And, again, would any sensible girl like to marry a man nearly certain to be, during most of their married life, an invalid, and very likely an irritable invalid at that? And if not, can a man be blamed for taking a similar view, when he comes to make what he hopes will be his only choice? Dr. Nathan Allen, of Rhode Island, speaking of the "strictly native New-Englanders," says:

"The women have deteriorated physically in a surprising degree. A majority of them have a predominance of nerve tissue, *with weak muscles* and digestive organs."

The New York *Sun*, in commenting on this statement of Dr. Allen, says further of the New-Englanders who have remained at home:

"Their families are small. They are not physically as vigorous as their fathers. *The women are not symmetrically developed, and their nervous organization is apt to be morbid.*"

If, then, by the testimony of witnesses well qualified to judge, and with exceptional facilities for observing, it is found that so many of our girls lack physical vigor and symmetry that the number is simply "appalling," if the nervous and other disorders which indicate a deteriorated condition are, as all are aware, so common to-day, and seriously threaten to be so among our children as well, might it not be wise to pay some direct and effective attention to even yet freeing them from much needless pain and discomfort, and to securing to them, if possible, that health which Emerson says is the first wealth, and without which our power of enjoying all else is seriously crippled, if not entirely gone?

But is there not already some remedy provided for an evil at once so wide-spread and so serious? Here and there trifling calisthenics are practiced, but often of so light a kind as to be, to one who knows how to build up anything worth calling vigor, positively ludicrous, and almost always accompanied by utter ignorance on the pupil's part, and often on the teacher's as well, as to their effect on the child practicing them, or as to what muscles are by them brought into play. These do a little good, but it is at least a question if they do not do more harm than good, because they stand in the way of exercise of a sort adequate to work the pupil any substantial or lasting benefit, and cut off the very time in which he or she might otherwise be at exercise of this latter sort.

In New York city they have gone so far as to insert in a recent manual of the Board of Education the following resolution:

"PHYSICAL TRAINING.—The pupil should be exercised daily in such a manner as to expand the lungs, develop the muscles, and impart an easy and graceful carriage to the body."

Yet in two other places in the same manual one may read that every minute of the twenty-nine hours of school-time per week is strictly devoted to other studies in the most peremptory manner!

But besides not educating the boy's or girl's body side by side with the mind, or even stopping to consider whether throughout the year they progress physically at all or not, in every city, town, and hamlet of our land we provide machinery and require them to use it, which, kept within reasonable bounds, has proved one of the great sources of national progress, to which we point with just pride, but which, like almost everything else that is good, may yet be so injudiciously used as to work positive harm, and that is the school system. With many of our cities doubling in population every generation or oftener, with parks and playgrounds narrowing almost annually, and

many of these so well kept that the children are not allowed to use the greater part of them at all, with school yards so diminutive that half the pupils in some of the schools could not even stand up together in their own school yards, much less do any playing, in an immense number of our schools we put the boy where from five to eight hours of each day are given up to close, exacting study, often in rooms in which the air much of the time is a second-hand article, and hence unfit to breathe. Is it difficult to see why, under such treatment, many of the boys are anything but hale and robust?

Maclaren, speaking of an English school-boy of whom he knew, says that his mother boasted that he studied seven hours a day regularly, sometimes eight, and then he wonders whether that boy's headaches were real or sham. But if this surprises him, what would he think of such cases as the following, which are only one or two out of scores sent to the New York press some months since, when the matter of school overwork was under discussion. One parent wrote:

"My daughter, aged fourteen, attends Grammar School No. 72, one of the best in the city, and conscientiously strives to obtain a good report. She reaches home at half past three, spends one hour at the piano, and then studies until half past six. After supper she studies again until nine, and then retires, to rise again at six to study away until breakfast-time, after which she starts for school."

Another parent wrote that his daughter of fourteen, going through the regular course, and wishing to keep up with her classmates, "has come direct from school, and sat in her room studying *usually about five hours*." If Mr. Maclaren thinks eight hours of study or even seven a day ought to give a child a headache, what will he say to the ten or twelve of each of these girls? Is it strange that the father of the second one added:

"The result has been that I was obliged to take her from school, and put her under the care of a physician, who is yet treating her for no less a disease than St. Vitus's dance. Physicians and all who see her agree that her brain has been overworked."

School Commissioner Frederick W. Devoe, on investigating these and other cases, said: "I was speaking to a school trustee to-day whose daughter, a public-school pupil, is afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, the direct result of overstudy. *The present course of study is so elaborate that nothing more than a superficial knowledge can be gained by the pupils.*"

Here, then, a course of study which not only crowds out even one minute a day of attention to the body, which compels many pupils to keep their minds on the stretch, not four or five hours daily, but often more than twice that long, and this when they are under no care or instruction out of school which begins to fit their bodies for even their present way of living, much less for effective work in the future years, when others besides themselves must depend on them for support —this plan is found by one of the commissioners himself, after careful examination, to be "so elaborate that nothing more than a *superficial knowledge* can be gained by the pupils."

Is not this paying a pretty good price for a pretty poor article? If all that this injudicious, and in many cases dangerous, method of education brings to the pupil is but "superficial knowledge" after all, would it not be well to stop such a plan at once, and substitute one which will acquaint the pupil thoroughly, not superficially, with whatever he attempts to know, and will at the same time educate his body as well?

Look into the life of Lincoln or Garfield, and of many another man great in our country's history, and we find that all the book-education they had while boys would not make one-third part of what is imposed on the school-boy of to-day. Yet is it certain that the plan now adopted with the boy's education — an education, by-the-way, which he can only have once, be it on a wise plan or a foolish one — will bring him out fitter for successful, perhaps even great, life work than were those same seemingly less-favored men, or even as fit? One thing they did make sure of, whether from chance or necessity, extremely tough, vigorous, enduring bodies, strong and sure foundations for the wear and strain, the privation and suffering, most of us are sure to know. Lincoln's youth was dotted with feats of athletic prowess. He was one of the greatest wrestlers in Illinois. Colonel Lamon, his former law partner, says that three men were trying one day to move a hen-coop weighing about six hundred pounds, and could not budge it, when Lincoln, coming along, and getting

under it, *carried it off on his shoulders!* No man who ever saw Garfield before his last illness, or who ever read the story of that illness, need be told that he was a man of exceptional vital and muscular power, and his whole younger life abounded with further conclusive proofs of this, were there room here to recount them. Mr. Huxley says he would far sooner have his son broad-chested, deep-lunged, and enduring, and with sound, well-trained common-sense, for anything he may have to do in life, than a keen and brilliant man, flashy and unsteady in his efforts, and not to be relied on for persistent hard work. Who would buy an axe with an edge like a razor's, but without much of any back to it at all? Yet is not this the kind of mental axes our schools are producing to-day? Look at that mighty army of absentees from the New York city schools alone who are annually detained at home by sickness! All of us may at times be sick, but who are the likelier to sicken easily, the weak, half-built, and delicate, of low vital power and even lower muscular, or the well-knit, deep-chested, and sturdy? When the steam-heating companies were digging up Broadway and other adjacent New York streets, a while ago (and occasionally blowing a citizen skyward), it was remarked that many gentlemen whose offices were on the first floors of buildings near the upturned earth sickened with disorders which were pronounced malarial, but that the stalwart laborer, with his nose right down in the foul-smelling earth, saturated with sewer gas and coal gas, never sickened at all, in fact rather seemed to thrive on it. When the system is toned up and hearty, it is not only harder for disease to get in, but there comes also an indifference to physical privation and discomfort wholly unknown to the delicate or nervous person.

What spur has a bright and studious girl in one of our city schools to build up her health and strength? Who teaches her anything about either? Ambitious to stand well in her class, no matter how much work is set before her, she goes at it with determination, and willingly spends not only all her school-hours, but often, as has been already seen, her hours out of school as well, in close, exacting study. Who teaches her to intersperse these with an hour or two, not of a dawdling walk at a dead-and-alive gait, but with sensible hearty exercise and play, making her forget the time wholly forget her brain-work? Not only has she no guide in this direction, but her very lack of physical vigor makes her indisposed to anything like continued or even momentary muscular exertion: indeed, often she is afraid to take it, and even thinks it dangerous. Many a day passes in which she does not take one single full breath. Is it any wonder that she has small lungs, when she does nothing to expand them? Miss Von Hillern, the pedestrian, walks six miles in an hour; but how many girls in the highest class in any grammar school in the United States can walk four and a half or even four miles in one hour? Yet the latter is hardly more than worthy of the name of a smart pace, and one at which any really good walker can stay many hours, often all day, without discomfort. Notice the daily walks taken by girls and young ladies at the more prominent female seminaries and colleges—a listless affair of from two to three miles an hour, just enough to make them nibble at cakes, confectionery, and other trash between meals, and then wonder why they have no appetite for their meals.

In what contrast with this make-believe walking and the wofully defective physical culture and condition of many of our city girls is the story told in the following dispatch from the Montreal Carnival last winter:

"Next came skating races, which were only second, in drawing spectators, to the trotting. As is universally known, Montrealers are like ducks, who take to the water when born. They assume skating frolics when escaping from the cradle. It is literally true that they are skating almost before they are able to walk. The fascination in the exercise, which seems to be hereditary, increases as they grow up, and when they have arrived at manhood or womanhood—*for the girls are even more expert than the men—they can rival the world for grace and agility as runners.* Proof of this last assertion was seen by thousands on the river this afternoon. The contests were in some cases more tightly fought out than by the trotting equines."

What a ring and tingle and glow of ruddy health there is about all this! We wonder if those girls know what a headache is, or a side-ache? Or if "the shawl, the sofa, and neuralgia" are likely soon to be their destiny? Or if there is any

immediate danger of St. Vitus's dance? Just happen in with them at meal-time, and see if they merely peck at their food, or whether they make the platter clean. Try if the study done by brains cleared by an hour or two of such glorious sport as that is not almost as thorough and almost as valuable as the "superficial knowledge" which the New York School Commissioner found so prevalent in his city. Which of the two sets of girls have the exuberant animal spirits, the overflowing geniality, the vivacity, so attractive in almost any woman, and such an aid to her socially, especially if she is reasonably fair to look upon? If Herbert Spencer has it aright that "men care comparatively little for erudition in woman, but very much for physical beauty and good nature and sound sense," in which class are they likely to find the object for which they generally make the best searching of their lives—those who, no doubt without at all neglecting their varied accomplishments, can yet "rival the world for grace and agility as runners," or those who, although well stocked with the "superficial knowledge" mentioned, might possibly skate ten miles in one afternoon, but with the doctor inevitably on hand bright and early the next morning—if not the undertaker? Do dyspepsia and neuralgia directly contribute to either physical beauty, or good nature, or sound sense? How would, not the weakest and most inert, nor yet the fleetest and most enduring girl, but she who fairly represents the average girl in one of our school classes, have fared in that inspiring struggle that bright winter afternoon on the gleaming broad St. Lawrence? Would she have been in it at all, much less anywhere near the front rank, at the end of half a mile, or even of a quarter? Ask her brother, and he will tell you plainly—whatever different and more flattering version some other girl's brother may make of it.

A recent writer in a well-known English paper calls attention to the rare intellectual quickness and keenness of the Jew, and his wondrous readiness at a bargain, and then points out that where he fails in the life-race is in the lack of the good old English quality of staying power. But might he not say the same of the typical educated American, especially him in business? When a young man, every means is brought to bear to urge him on—the examples of successful men of all the past, and of those of to-day, the comfort and often preposterous influence and power which money brings, the countless avenues which open to it in our land for him on whose neck "no jewel," as Hafiz says, "sparkles like that of enterprise." The busy man of to-day is not content with his business, or with keeping his money in it. He must also be in constant communication with his broker and the stock tape, must be bank director and railroad director, and make himself felt in a hundred other ways. One little man, for instance, at the start a poor boy, then a school-master, though but forty-seven years old, has amassed tens of millions of dollars, controls ten thousand miles of railroads, more yet of telegraph lines, and, if half the rumors are true, tries his hand occasionally at controlling a Legislature or two besides. But there is one thing even he can not control, with all his brains and millions, and that is facial neuralgia. When a shrewd coroner summoned him to jury duty awhile ago, he could not serve, because he was suffering from this disorder, and was too deaf also from otorrhœa to hear the testimony. How many more such Job's comforters as these would it take to so cut down his power of enjoying anything that he would be inclined to feel like clearing out all his assets to the highest bidder, if only he could have in their place a little sound good health? And yet there are thousands, almost millions, of men in our land to-day who, constantly under great strain of mind and nerve, are carrying often vast responsibilities, and doing their utmost to one day obtain, like him, great power.

But is not the pace telling, and especially on those who, like him, started out, not with the sinewy strength and fibre of that other railroad king, Vanderbilt the First, but rather with the light allowance of the average city boy? Observe what one of the most intelligent Englishmen who ever visited our shores has to say on this point. At the dinner given Mr. Herbert Spencer at New York city by Mr. Evarts and other gentlemen just before he left for Europe, after a somewhat extensive tour through this country, after speaking of the marvellous energy he discovered everywhere, he said:

"What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual

inertness to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counter-change—a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-headed men, and inquiries have brought out the fact that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse, due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—*the physique is being undermined.*"

Does not this look as if staying power was a quality far too rare among our busiest men, and as though we were leaving out from our education that without which nearly all else is of little value? In the steamers they talk of building, in which they threaten to go from Montauk to Milford-Haven in five days, there are always to be engines of consummate power, easily eclipsing everything yet known in the whole field of marine travel. But there are also to be, not one or two, but many compartments, till the whole ship is so bound together by these iron inner walls that she can safely stand the mighty vibrations of engines so powerful that they would soon shake ordinary craft to pieces. But what sense would there be in putting such engines, not into one of these inflexible steel hulls, but into a craft made of deal boards? How many revolutions would be needed to send such a crazy ship soon to the bottom? But if we steadily increase the man's power of thought and action, and extend the field of his activity till it is almost boundless, yet let his body grow up anyhow, are we supplying much better than a pasteboard hull, which may possibly slip along at half speed in the smooth harbor water of youth, but when the gales and heavy seas come, and the real tests which tell what is in him, will go all to pieces in the fashion told by Mr. Spencer, and so familiar to all men who know what protracted brain-work is? Precocities like Webster and Gladstone were able to do their work because they appreciated the priceless value of enduring bodies, kept in working order by sensible daily exercise, and, with fishing-pole, axe, and walking-shoes, took care that the machinery did not get too far run down. Mr. G. R. Emerson, in his recent life of Gladstone, says that at Eton "he was not only one of the most active and successful in all school sports," but "throughout his long life he has recognized the natural alliance of the physical and intellectual portions of our compound being. Naturally hardy and muscular, he cultivated his bodily powers by regular active exercise, and his high moral nature preserved him from the temptation to indulge in enervating luxuriousness." "Don't talk to me about Gladstone's mind," said Sidney Herbert, more than a generation ago; "it's nothing compared with his body." "Throughout his life," says a recent writer in the London *Standard*, "Mr. Gladstone has been a particularly fast, enduring, and vigorous walker. Wiry, lean, sinewy, without an ounce of superfluous lumber about him, when a younger man he was in the habit of saying, but without a tincture of vanity or ostentation, that he was good for a forty-mile walk any day. Although his thoughtful face and lithe figure are as well known in every part of this metropolis as those of any resident within its borders, who ever yet saw Mr. Gladstone in a hansom or any other cab?"

What a profitable step it would be for thousands of our well-to-do business men who are getting on in years if, instead of sitting on a cushion and holding two leather straps for an hour, and calling it exercise, they would take Mr. Gladstone's brisk four or five mile tramp, or would spend their hour on their horse's back, instead of back of their horses! And if this daily attention to bodily exercise has done so much toward keeping Gladstone in such good working order, why should we not see to it that our children likewise, especially those whose life is to be spent indoors, have some systematic rational exercise which will go far toward insuring to them this same priceless working health and vigor, not only for their younger years, but throughout a long and useful life?

Well, what shall they do? Gladstone's Eton School had a beautiful and attractive play-ground, and one which has for generations been well used; but most of ours either have no play-ground at all, or only a bit of brick sidewalk, where if you

get a fall it hurts. The best schools of the near future will see—indeed, a few of them even now are awakening to—the need of a first-class play-ground, and the prominent part it should play in the boy's real education, and will doubtless bestir themselves to supply this want. St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, for instance, has a pretty flat of several acres, with a quarter-mile cinder path, and a roomy cottage specially for the demands of the players. Harvard has nearly sixty acres of play-ground, and easily the finest gymnasium in the world: while Yale recently purchased thirty acres in addition to what she already had. The spacious gymnasium and drill-room of the Boston Latin and High schools in their new building would be fair substitutes for their old fighting ground on the now distant Common, if they were only used daily vigorously and by all, and especially by the large majority who need them. But the schools with anything worthy of the name of play-ground are to-day very rare exceptions, nearly all the city schools being built not only without an approach to a suitable or adequate play-ground, but so hampered by other houses, and where adjacent property is so valuable, that the prospect is slender of their ever being much better off in this respect. Probably no benefactor of Harvard University in this century has rendered her a better or more widely felt service than young Mr. Hemenway when he built that gymnasium, at once so commodious, useful, and attractive, though already it has become so popular that it will have to be enlarged to meet even the present demands of the students. Where other donors have reached the comparatively few students who elect the branch taught under their endowment, here is a branch—provided always a really competent teacher can be had—of signal service to every one of the many and increasing hundreds of favored youth who are enjoying an education at the university. Persons who have in mind a legacy for their school or university may well consider whether they could put their money in a way to do more good to many persons there than by aiding them in securing a reasonable degree of health and vigor for their life's work, and the knowledge how to retain them, no matter in what field that work may be.

But while the prospect of better arrangements in the future are fair, that does not help to-day. How shall the millions of children now at our public schools, and with no attention paid to their physical education by any competent teacher, be provided for in this important matter? Dr. Sargent, in his recent article in the *North American Review*, laments the lack of gymnasia, their antiquated and poorly constructed appliances, and, even more, the dearth of teachers. Strange as it may seem in a country where intelligence and enterprise are as general as in ours, the teachers thoroughly qualified for such work, who have come to be at all known for thoroughness and real success, would scarcely make a corporal's guard. Physicians, with their exceptional acquaintance with the human body, would, if they would become equally familiar with bodily exercise, make easily the best teachers, as Dr. Sargent has so well proved at Harvard, or as did Aristotle when he tutored Alexander. But we call the doctor in to cure us when we are ill, not to keep us from getting so; hence we make it no object to him to do what he could do so well.

There are to-day two hundred thousand ladies and gentlemen in this country who, with very little preparation, could become sufficiently acquainted with any sensible system of gymnastics for school use to render the rising generation lasting benefit, and yet avoid all the risks which are likely to accompany unguided efforts in this direction, and these are the teachers themselves. They already know how to get the children forward in other branches. Why not as well in this one, so important that without it the others may never be of much use? One of the chief services a teacher of physical culture can render is in checking and holding back the pupils, and keeping them from overdoing, and teaching them what will overdo and what will not. But if the thirty, forty, or fifty boys and girls in a school-room exercised for ten minutes each morning right in the school aisles, either with no appliance other than the desks and the floor, or at most each with a pair of dumb-bells, each bell weighing about a twenty-fifth of the user's weight, if the user is a girl, or a twentieth, if a boy, doing only what the teacher did, and as the teacher did, they would not only avoid all risk, but could easily in that short time daily progress astonishingly, even in one year, and that in developing and enlarging not only one limb, or a part

of one, but the whole body and all the limbs, and that not only side by side with their other studies, but understanding at last just what part any exercise developed, what was enough, and what was too much.

"If properly directed," says Dr. Austin Flint, Jun., of New York, himself famous for his fine physique, "gymnastics will enlarge and strengthen the muscles of the trunk, legs, arms, and neck, will expand the chest, so giving the lungs free room to play, will render the joints supple, and impart grace, ease, and steadiness of carriage, combined with strength, quickness, and elasticity of movement." And why not distribute these good things among all our boys and girls, instead of, as now, to here and there one? At West Point, no matter how stooped the entering pleb, he is soon taught to carry himself as erect as any man in America. But why limit this improvement to cadets only? "If properly directed," says Dr. Flint; but here the teacher who has already shown herself qualified to direct in other and really far more difficult branches can readily do the directing in this, and in doing it will be sure to find, in a multitude of instances at least, that she will soon know a feeling of greater ease and fitness for all her work, a feeling like that so well put by the soldier Maclaren had exercising for a few months. When asked how the work affected him, he said, "I feel a better man for anything I am called on to do." A hundred exercises which the teacher and scholar at a glance could understand, and at once apply in the school-room, might readily be here suggested, did the narrow limits of a paper like this permit.* Many people know of some such exercises already, and by a little ingenuity could devise many more. But any amount of knowing will not suffice. They must *do* them, do them *daily and throughout the year*, side by side with the other studies, and then they may as certainly look for gratifying progress in this as in the other studies. If occasionally problems arise a little difficult for the teacher—an especially hollow chest or a very high shoulder—any young physician of ability, not yet overcrowded with practice, and fairly acquainted with physical exercise and its results, could well afford to devote an hour or two a day without any compensation, to visiting the schools of his town or city, and advising how to meet these special cases: a very rapid and pleasant introduction, by the way, to about every child in the place. With such intelligent guiding in the morning, and doing whatever seemed likely to encourage, on the pupil's own part, some sensible and regular constitutional in the afternoon—a good walk, run, skate, paddle, row, or such other lively out-door sport as the place and season afforded—the pupil would soon see that one of his truest friends was the very teacher herself of whom, until now, out of school at least, he had often felt somewhat shy. Such a course as this would also render the pupil far less likely to overtask himself in his favorite games, which often, without such a training, hinder rather than aid.

* These will be found described at length in a little manual for school use just published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, entitled *Sound Bodies for Our Boys and Girls.*

AT LAST!

[See Frontispiece.]

How weary 'twas to wait! The year
  Went dragging slowly on;
The red leaf to the running brook
  Dropped sadly, and was gone;
December came, and locked in ice
  The plashing of the mill;
The white snow filled the orchard up;
  But she was waiting still.

Spring stirred and broke. The rooks once more
  'Gan cawing up aloft;
The young lambs' new awakened cries
  Came trembling from the croft;
The clumps of primrose filled again
  The hollows by the way;
The pale wind-flowers blew; but she
  Grew paler still than they.

How weary 'twas to wait! With June,
  Through all the drowsy street,
Came distant murmurs of the war,
  And rumors of the fleet;
The gossips, from the market-stalls,
  Cried news of Joe and Tim;
But June shed all her leaves, and still
  There came no news of him.

And then, at last, at last, at last,
  One blessèd August morn,
Beneath the yellowing autumn elms,
  Pang-panging came the horn;
The swift coach paused a creaking space,
  Then flashed away, and passed;
But she stood trembling yet, and dazed:
  The news had come—at last!

And thus the artist saw her stand,
  While all around her seems
As vague and shadowy as the shapes
  That flit from us in dreams;
And naught in all the world is true,
  Save those few words which tell
That he she lost is found again—
  Is found again—and well!

THE LAST BOAT-LOAD OF THE BRITISH LEAVING NEW YORK.

EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH, 1783.

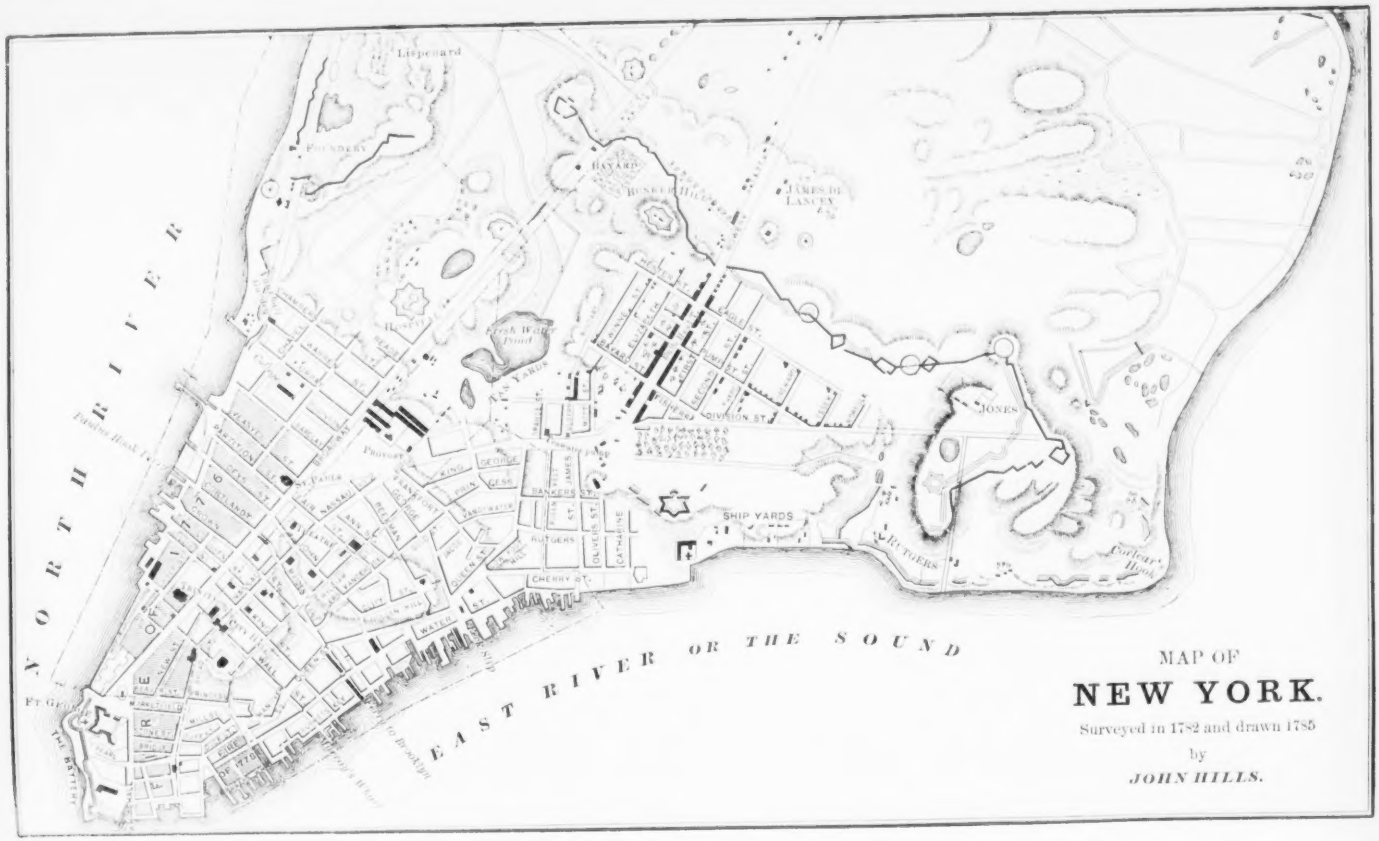
OUR Revolutionary centennials, which opened with such a burst of pride and pathos eight years ago at Lexington and Concord, round out their course with an event less famous, but hardly less worthy of public remembrance. The old New-Yorker of two and three generations ago used to revive it as the "ever-memorable 25th of November, 1783," when the British evacuated the city and left America to her new destiny. If the modern New-Yorker shows a fainter appreciation of it, and smiles, perhaps, at the inadequate procession which annually attempts to keep its memory popular, he nevertheless unconsciously adds to its significance. New York expresses her obligations to that event by what she is. The evacuation of the city by the British meant her escape from colonial thralldom, her commercial as well as political emancipation; and her present greatness is her own best tribute to the importance of the day. While the cosmopolitan character of our population is bound to work a levelling effect, and will tend to repress what should otherwise

be a proper reverence for our past, the fact must always stand forth that the city's unparalleled advance would have been impossible but for the transfer of power and liberation from ancient trade restrictions which occurred in 1783. New York, with its old element nearly extinct, and new elements coming in to occupy and control, may not in the future contemplate this "memorable" event with emotion, or celebrate it with frequent rejoicings, but, historically, it was an event which is destined to grow in meaning and dignity.

It is somewhat singular that the evacuation does not fill a larger place in our general histories. But this may be accounted for by the fact that the published English sources from which much of our Revolutionary information is drawn are naturally silent on many interesting points, while the particulars from the American side have, until recently, remained largely in manuscript. The material now at hand is fortunately sufficient to permit of, at least, a connected description. In addition, there was the overshadowing fact of peace, which engaged every one's attention and turned men's speculations here, first of all, to the new situation. So long as the enemy were leaving the coast for all time, the manner of their going seems to have made little impression. The close of the war was then the universally welcome and absorbing thought. On the other hand, we of to-day, looking back over the century, may see and appropriate the full meaning of the closing scenes, and claim for them more than a local interest. The evacuation of New York is an event in her history, but we also have in it England's leave-taking of half a continent, in which case the details acquire a double value.

It has already appeared in Mr. Curtis's articles published in the March and April numbers of this Magazine that the last two of the eight years of the Revolution were taken up with the peace negotiations. They form a chapter by themselves. The fighting closed substantially at Yorktown in October, 1781, and then came a period of uncertainty. Neither side relaxed vigilance, and neither attempted serious aggressive operations. It was not until six months after Yorktown that there were indications of changes. England showed a disposition to cease hostilities by withdrawing her troops from the Southern field. Wilmington, North Carolina, was evacuated in May, 1782, Savannah in June, Charleston in December. These steps were significant and most acceptable to that war-worn section of the country, and yet they could be regarded as little more than good signs which complications might dissipate. While it is clear enough to-day, since the publication of the treaty correspondence and secret papers, that the home ministry, with all its changing composition, had little thought of continuing the struggle, the Americans of the time were assured of nothing. The abandonment of the South did not certainly foreshadow England's intentions. Even Washington, who was as well informed as any one on this side, had his misgivings, and shows in his correspondence with Greene that down to the very beginning of 1783, or more than a year after the Yorktown success, he was sensibly embarrassed in his plans by the uncertainty of the diplomatic situation. He seems to have been convinced that the lower States would not be troubled with any more "excursive war" on the part of the enemy; but whether the forces withdrawn were to operate vigorously against our French allies in the West Indies, or concentrate at New York for Northern operations, remained to be seen. Meanwhile one good had come—the South was, for the time being, relieved; and by none was this result received with deeper gratitude than those faithful people who, in spite of enforced abandonment of homes, loss of property, and intolerable treatment, had clung to the patriotic cause, or by none with a keener satisfaction than the heroes of Greene's diminished army, who had stood together through thick and thin in the trying campaigns in the Carolinas, and were now full masters of the field.

With the opening of 1783 matters took a definite shape. All doubts were soon removed. There was to be a final peace, based upon the absolute independence of the American States, with all their material claims to rights and territory recognized and accepted by Great Britain. The great news reached us officially in March, and on the 19th of April following Washington proclaimed to the army the cessation of hostilities. The war was over. What remained to be done of a military nature was, for the Americans, the adjustment of the soldiers' pay and discharge of



MAP OF

NEW YORK.

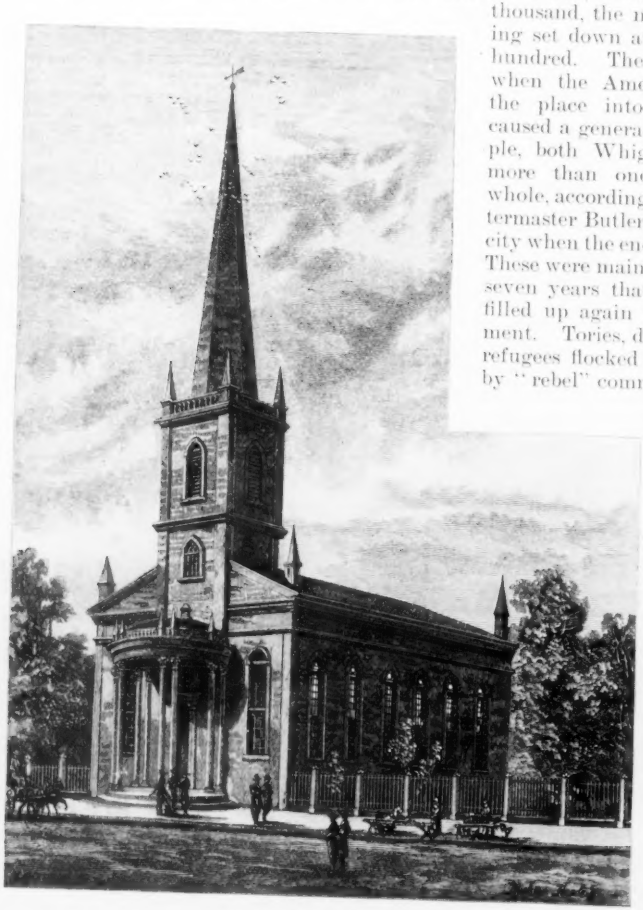
Surveyed in 1782 and drawn 1785

by

JOHN HILLS.

the greater part of them from the service, and, for the British, the settlement of claims according to treaty, the disposition of Tories, the gathering up of paraphernalia, and final departure.

At the time of the peace announcement the enemy occupied but two points on the coast of the thirteen States—New York and the mouth of the Penobscot. The latter post they had held since 1779 as a protection for English settlers and refugees, and to secure a valuable lumber region. The name recalls the miserable failure of an expedition on our part to effect its capture in August of the same year. New York had been in British hands since September 15, 1776. It had ever since been their head-quarters and base of operations. Its retention was a matter of vital importance. From that point they carried on the war, and from that point they had expected to begin the work of reconstruction by gradually occupying the surrounding country and re-establishing civil authority. The area which they actually controlled included Manhattan Island, Staten Island, points on the Jersey side, and the whole of Long Island, although its eastern end was not greatly disturbed. The number of inhabitants within this jurisdiction, exclusive of the military, may have ranged between fifty and sixty thousand. Exactly what the population of the city itself was in 1783 it is difficult to determine. In its most prosperous colonial days, or just before the war, it was estimated at thirty thousand, the number of houses being set down at four thousand two hundred. The troubles in 1776, when the American army turned the place into a fortified camp, caused a general exodus of the people, both Whigs and Tories—not more than one-twentieth of the whole, according to the British Quartermaster Butler, being found in the city when the enemy took possession. These were mainly loyalists. In the seven years that followed, the city filled up again with the same element. Tories, doubtful Whigs, and refugees flocked in or were sent in by "rebel" committees from all directions, and given the empty dwellings. The destructive fire on the night of September 21, 1776, swept away some five hundred buildings, and about seventy more were burned in the Dock Ward in 1778, which seriously curtailed accommodations. To provide for the emergency, shanties or temporary structures were erected on vacant lots, and refugee settle-



OLD TRINITY CHURCH, 1783.

ments established at one point and another.* Under the circumstances, it is hardly possible that the city proper could have contained as many inhabitants in 1783 as it had before the Revolution. What part of this war population remained after the evacuation it is equally difficult to ascertain. The British official reports show the number that embarked for Nova Scotia and other points, but not the number that staid behind. The great majority were unwilling, and many afraid, to place themselves in the power of the Americans, and obtained grants of lands in Canada, where they settled. According to the manuscript report of Brook Watson, British Commissary-General, dated New York, November 24, 1783, the total number of persons—men, women, and children—who left New York during the year was twenty-nine thousand two hundred and forty-four. Over fourteen thousand went to River St. John, nearly nine thousand to Port Roseway or Shelburne, two thousand six hundred to Annapolis, about a thousand to Halifax, and the remainder to Port Moulton and Cumberland. These were all to be "victualled" by the government for a certain number of months. Nor were they all loyalists or inhabitants proper, for the returns include a large proportion of discharged soldiers, with families, and "black companies," while, on the other hand, those who went to England (a small number) are not included. The number of negroes who were taken away as personal property is officially given at three thousand. Any estimate, accordingly, of the strength of the loyalist or indifferent population that remained under the American *régime* in 1783 must be mere guess-work. Soon after the announcement of peace in April the exiled Whigs returned in considerable numbers, and, under fixed regulations, secured their former houses and lands. If we put the figures at about fifteen thousand as representing those who staid and those who came in, we may have an approximate estimate of the population of New York on the day she first became distinctly an American city.

Such a general flight of the loyalists was due, of course, to the bitter resentment which had been harbored against them by the other side during the struggle. The excitement ran so high in some communities that public resolutions were passed threatening them with personal insult and injury if they failed to remove from the country; and they removed almost in a body, to what has since proved to be the advantage of the Canadian Dominion. While, no doubt, we suffered the loss of a respectable element, it may be questioned whether its presence in New York, and the attitude of opposition into which it must naturally have thrown itself in the formation of a republican government, would not have worked very serious mischief. Tory temper even then was no more moderate or conciliatory than was the Whig, if the following letter from William Bayard to General Haldimand, commanding in Canada, reflected a common sentiment.

"NEW YORK, *Aug.* 8, 1783.

"GOOD SIR,—The shocking alteration in this once happy Country and the good People of it since I had the Honor of taking your Excellency by the Hand last, owing to the Wicked, Infamous, and unprovoked Rebellion, it's not possible to commit to paper nor Tongue to express—and the peace, as it is termed, worse than all, both for poor old England, as well as the King's Truly Loyal Friends in this Country. The Rebels—for I shall never call them anything else—have confiscated every shill'g of my valuable property in this Country and passed an Act of Attainder against my person, so that I am now going off in a manner a Beggar to my children and Friends in old England—the reflection almost too shocking for Human Nature to bear, but such is mine and the hard Fate of many others. . . . WM. BAYARD."*

So much for the evacuation of New York by her hostile population. Passing

* In regard to this, David Matthews, then Mayor of the city, writes as follows: "The fire which consumed great part of the city in 1776, together with the number of buildings required for the convenience of the troops, public departments, and itinerants of the army, made it impossible for the great number of distressed loyalists from the different provinces who were obliged to take refuge in this city to find any sort of shelter for themselves and families.

"Sir William Howe, in order to alleviate their distress, gave me orders, as Mayor of the city, to grant, without any fee or reward whatever, permission (to any persons who were willing) to erect temporary habitations on the vacant lots of persons residing without the lines.....The evacuation of Philadelphia and the second great fire in New York made the demand for vacant lots still greater and more necessary, which induced his Excellency Sir Henry Clinton to direct me to proceed agreeable to Sir William Howe's former orders."—*MS. Letter, August* 25, 1783, *in Carleton Papers, Royal Institution, London.*

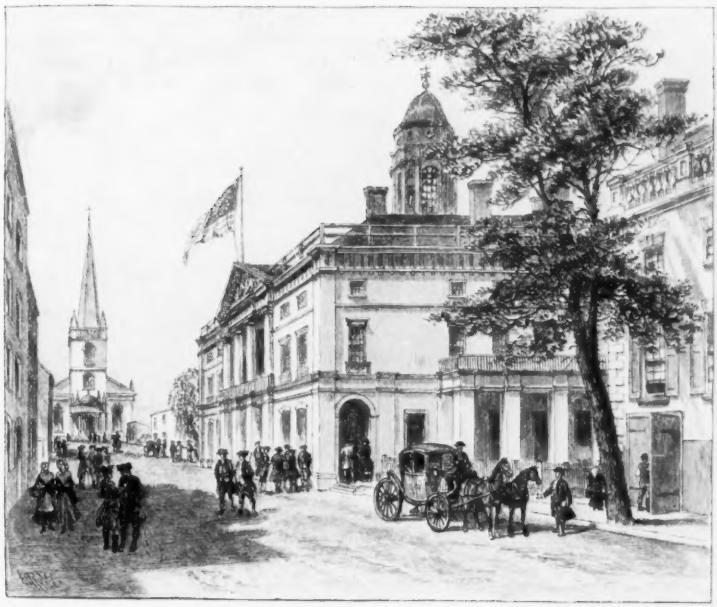
* Haldimand Papers, British Museum.

on to the hostile forces, we may recall the fact that Sir Henry Clinton, so long the commander-in-chief of the British here, was succeeded in May, 1782, by Sir Guy Carleton, who commanded at Quebec in 1775 when Montgomery fell. A general of ability, with clear head and kindly heart, he was deservedly popular with soldiers and citizens alike. He came when the fighting was done with, and contented himself with preserving a strict defensive, in anticipation of peace. When peace was declared he prepared for the evacuation of the city by disbanding all the loyalist regiments, and sending off many of the regulars to the West Indies, to Nova Scotia, and to England. By the returns of November 10, 1783, it appears that the number of troops retained "to be removed at the final evacuation" was a trifle over six thousand. The British corps were the Royal Artillery, Seventeenth Dragoons, the Light Infantry and Grenadiers, and the Seventh, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Thirty-eighth, Fortieth, Forty-third, Seventy-sixth, and Eightieth regiments of foot, whose total effective strength, including officers, sergeants, drummers, and rank and file, is given at three thousand seven hundred and ninety-five. The German troops included the Chasseurs, regiments Lengercke, Donop, Losberg Junior, and a few artillerists — in all three thousand seven hundred and sixty-two.* The British fleet then in our waters was commanded by Robert Digby, Rear-Admiral of the Red. An old "sea-dog" of some repute, it was under him that King George's third son, Prince William Henry, afterward William IV., came as a midshipman to New York in 1781, where he was received with humble "addresses" and much ceremony. After returning to England, the admiral married Mrs. Jauncey, daughter of Andrew Elliott, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and retired from the service. Among his whims was an aversion to portraits, and he declined to have his own painted.

Much vexatious delay occurred before the British got off. Washington and Carleton held a personal interview in May on board the *Greyhound*, off Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson, where Carleton gave assurances that the evacuation should be effected as speedily as possible. But so many loyalists expressed a wish to leave the city that transports could not be secured in sufficient number to accommodate them at once. The fleets had to make several voyages to the different points, and that took time. Moreover, the delay put the Americans in bad humor — some eying it suspiciously as a piece of trickery in the interests of the Tories, and fresh expressions of indignation against that class arose, which only increased the alarm in New York, and caused many more to leave. This, in turn, added to the delay, and the time dragged on into November, when Carleton was able to fix the 22d of that month as the day of his departure. Washington meanwhile had disbanded nearly all the Continental army at Newburgh and West Point, and stood ready with a small force to occupy New York the moment the enemy left it. On the 19th he arrived at Day's Tavern, near the corner of One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue, in company with Governor Clinton and several State and army officers, while the troops preceded them and took post a short distance below. On the 22d a rain set in, and there was another postponement to the 25th, when we reach the interesting event.

The small body of Continental troops intended for the military occupation of the city had moved down leisurely from West Point and encamped at McGowan's Pass, within and near the present north-eastern entrance of Central Park. Mainly old soldiers, bronzed and scarred, representative of the protracted struggle, the honors of the occasion were eminently theirs. The infantry belonged to the Massachusetts line, the artillery to New York, the troops from the other States having been all disbanded. Of the two foot regiments, one, the Second, was commanded by Colonel Joseph Vose, who had been in service from the beginning; the other, a composite corps known as "light infantry," formed of picked troops from the four regiments at West Point, was led by Lieutenant-Colonel William Hull, another veteran and well-known officer. From the artillery there were but two companies present, Captain Doughty's and Moodie's — all that were left of Colonel Lamb's famous Second Regiment of that arm — with Major Sebastian Bauman at their head, whose services on many fields, and notably at Yorktown, were long remembered. Add to these a troop of militia horsemen, under Captain John Stakes,

* Official Returns, Public Record Office, London.



FEDERAL HALL, WALL STREET.

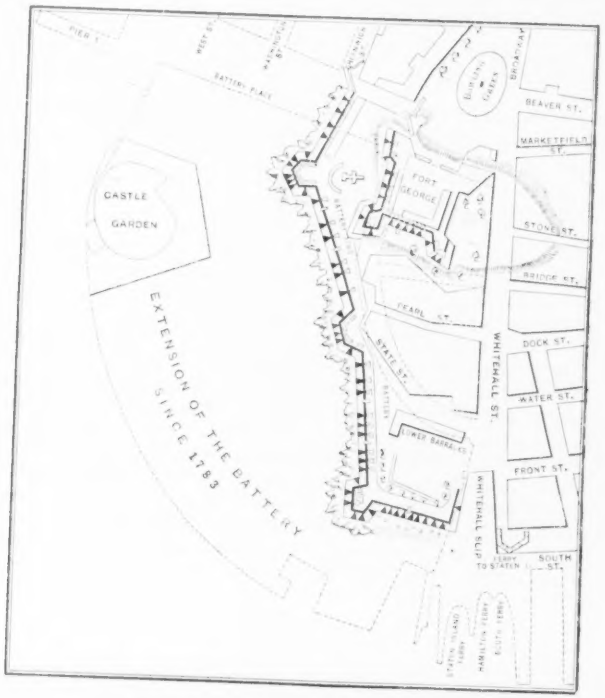
of New York, and we have the entire detachment, thus composed, numbering some eight hundred men, and commanded immediately by Brevet-Brigadier-General Henry Jackson, of Boston, then the ranking infantry officer on duty. The chief of all the troops remaining in the service, to whom Washington had practically transferred his responsibilities, was Major-General Henry Knox, who was here to take part in the ceremonies of the day.

It is not difficult to imagine the sensations which these soldiers must have experienced as they drew up in line on the morning of November 25 to march into the city. There were men and officers there who stood on familiar ground, and could recall events to which the present contrast was of the most pleasing kind. It was on that very spot, at Mrs. McGowan's, that Washington and his generals were compelled, more than seven years before, on the 12th of September, 1776, to decide upon the abandonment of New York, which had been fortified with so much toil, but whose retention was impossible after the disaster on Long Island. It was there that the British fixed one of their main outposts three days later, September 15, when Howe took the city, and sent the militiamen flying pell-mell across the fields and up the highways to Washington Heights; and not a mile over lay the narrow Bloomingdale Road, which proved the salvation of Putnam and a whole division of American troops on the same occasion. It was a day to be remembered. Knox especially could not have forgotten it, when so many of his guns were lost, while in Bauman's memory the event must have been still more vivid as he recalled the sweltering and successful efforts he had made to save his two pieces by getting them across to the Jersey side. Both these men now enjoyed a quiet revenge, for the only artillery they had brought down to grace the coming procession were four 6-pounders taken from the enemy in after-actions of the war, and conspicuously engraved with the time and place of their capture.* Nor

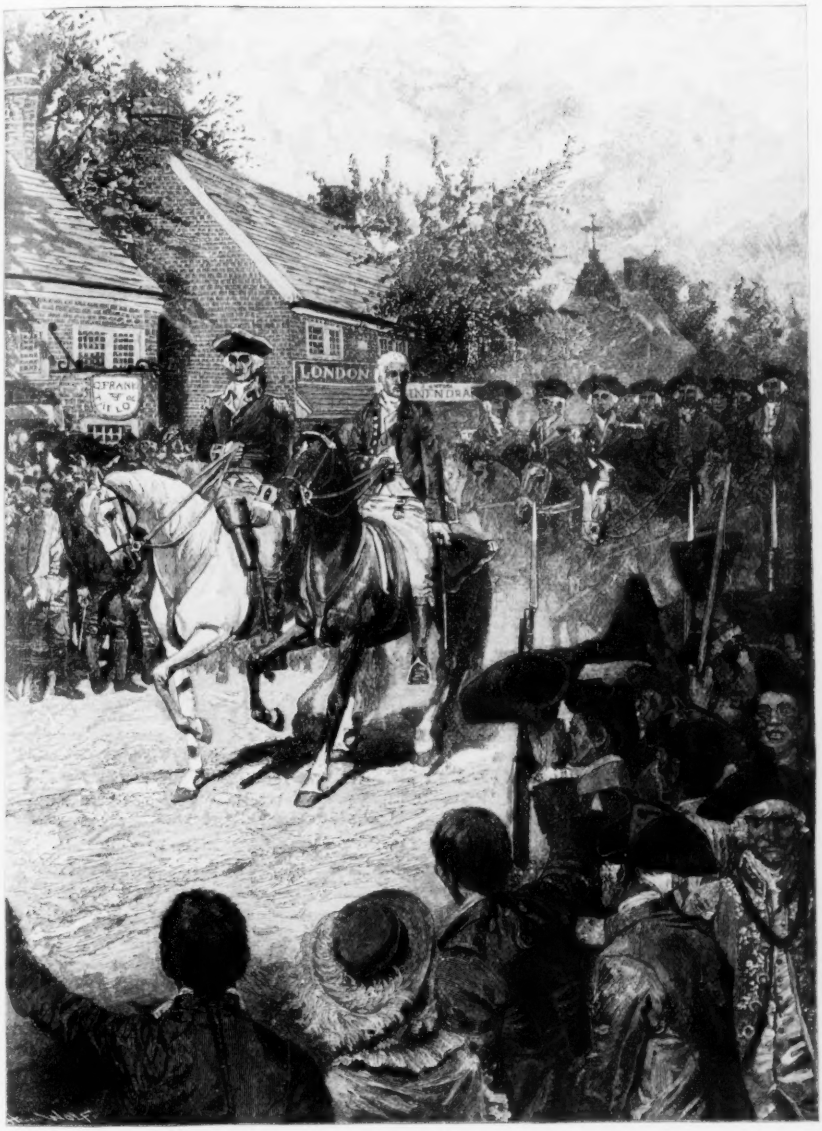
* This fact is mentioned by Quartermaster-General Pickering in one of his published letters.—*Pickering's Life*, Vol. I.

could the soldiers themselves have felt less proud of the fact that instead of appearing as uncouth levies, liable to sudden panic, they had returned to the scenes of trial and mortification as hardened warriors, laurel-crowned, and capable of proving their prowess with the best of the enemy. Peculiarly true was this of Hull's "light infantry," who were in every sense choice troops, and who, according to the official record, now made a most "handsome" appearance with their blue coats and white vests and breeches, provoking by their splendid bearing Washington's own admiration and praise. Hull himself was one of the bravest, most skillful, and trusty officers which the Revolution developed; and some day, upon a closer examination of the case, the historical critic is not unlikely to notice the absurdity of the charge which, years after, stigmatized him with cowardice at Detroit, and may fall in with the judgment of a recent military writer, who holds that that place was surrendered "under circumstances which would appear to have been excusable if it had not been necessary to sacrifice him to the political requirements of the inefficient administration then in office." Hull's second in command on the 25th, it is interesting to note, was Major Job Sumner, grandfather of the late distinguished Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. A few years later the major fell a victim to fever in this city, and he lies buried in St. Paul's Church-yard, near Broadway. The Adjutant-General of the troops was Major Richard Platt, of New York, who had seen much staff service during the war, and was now returning to his old home, where he re-established himself as one of our earliest and most respected merchants.

Two distinct processions were arranged for the eventful day: one, military, composed of the troops described, who were to "occupy" the city; the other, civic, including dignitaries and State authorities, who, by virtue of their powers, were to "possess" it. The military paraded at eight o'clock in the morning, and marched down the old Post Road into the Bowery, where



MAP OF THE BATTERY IN 1783 AND 1883.



THE CIVIL PROCESSION, HEADED BY GENERAL WASHINGTON AND GOVERNOR CLINTON.

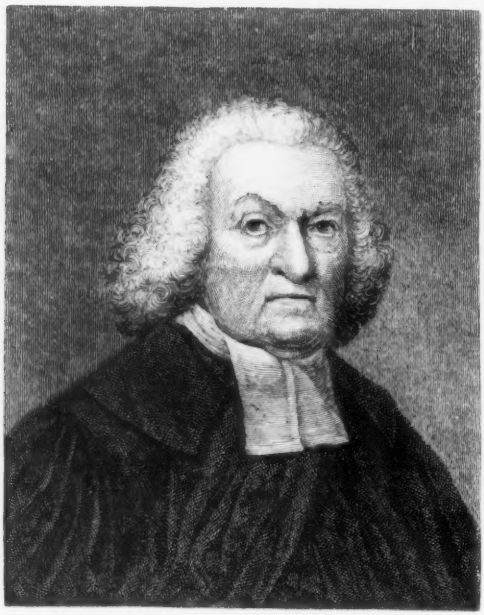
MRS. CLINTON.

they halted. Below them, stretching across the island, could be seen the line of works—thrown up first by Washington's army in 1776, and since then altered and repaired by the British—which immediately protected the town. West of the Bowery, near where Grand and Mulberry streets intersect, frowned the strong redoubt on Bayard's grounds, known to friend and foe alike as "Bunker Hill," while to the east breastworks and forts extended in the direction of Grand Street over Jones's Hill to the water. These lines the enemy were still holding in part at noon of the 25th, and their final surrender was impatiently awaited by the Americans. Some further delay occurred, when at one o'clock a British officer, by previous arrangement, announced that their last guards had been withdrawn. Immediately the American corps re-formed and moved down the Bowery in full martial order. In the van rode the troop of dragoons under Captain Stakes. Then came an advance-guard of light infantry, followed by the artillery; next the battalion of light infantry, followed by the Second Massachusetts; and last, a rear-guard. It was a little army, but it was an "army of occupation"; it was an army to be received, not as a pageant, with wild enthusiasm, but as a deliverer, with unaffected joy and tearful gratitude. Following the designated line of march, the procession passed from the Bowery to Chatham Street, and turned down the present Pearl, then known as Queen Street. That was New York's principal thoroughfare at the time, given up largely to business purposes, and yet attractive with private residences and some notable mansions interspersed between the stores. Broadway, which extended barely beyond the City Hall, had not begun to assume its metropolitan aspect, and just then its western front and background were disfigured with unsightly relics of the great fire of '76. It was on Queen and Wall streets that the crowds had gathered. Thousands turned out. They lined the gardens, fences, and street sides, for the sidewalk had yet to appear as a public luxury; they filled the doors and porches and windows, and they mounted the roofs. A motley though picturesque assemblage it must have been. The average New-Yorker of 1783 was poor. The returned inhabitant had pretty much worn out his clothes, for seven years of compulsory absence had shut him out from profits, and no convenient market was at hand wherein to replenish

his stock, should he have been able to do so. Some, no doubt, had drawn upon the last of their long-hoarded specie to buy at a bargain from those British merchants who had sold their goods and returned to England, but they were the exception. The element of splendor which often distinguished a New York gathering was this time wanting. Still the throng could not have been other than striking in appearance. In almost any state of dilapidation the colonial dress will set off the figure like a picture; in a crowd the effect would be enhanced. In spite of the general weather-worn aspect one may imagine the display of powdered wigs, of profuse and snow-white ruffles, of polished buttons, of silver buckles, of ladies' head-gear and flowing dresses, and of venerable silks of every hue, that marked the occasion. Include the cocked hat, the high-collared and continuous coat, and the vest that rivalled it, and still further brighten the scene with Continental uniforms, as well as with fragments of British and Hessian gorgeousness decorating the colored servant—and we have a sightliness and variety which no modern crowd presents. But that particular crowd of a hundred years ago cared very little how it looked. Its impoverishment was an honor to its patriotism. It could only feel the gladness of the hour. It welcomed the troops with a full heart. There were cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs and plumes and garlands all along the route. The soldiers, too, marched by with the conscious air of victors and protectors. Proceeding through Queen Street, they wheeled into Wall, then, as for some time after, one of the fashionable streets of the city, and continued to Broadway. As they passed the corner of William, and looked up at the mutilated statue of the Earl of Chatham which then stood there, did any one observe the complete fulfillment of his prophetic words, which had worked like an inspiration throughout the colonies, "You can not conquer America"? It was a moment an orator might covet.

Turning into Broadway from Wall Street, the military halted opposite Cape's Tavern, at the northwest corner of Rector Street, where it was to receive the civic procession, soon to follow. Meanwhile the formal act of occupation took place at the Battery. Upon the halting of the troops, one full company of light infantry and another of artillery were detached from the main body with instructions to march down Broadway to Fort George—whose site is now occupied by the steamship offices at Bowling Green—take possession of the work, hoist the American colors on the flag-staff, and fire a salute of thirteen guns. This duty was performed. In the offing, around and beyond Governor's Island, lay the British men-of-war and transports. A short distance from the Battery, whose exterior

BULL'S HEAD TAVERN.



JOHN RODGERS.

wall then stood far within the present line,* floated many barges filled with "redcoats" and Hessians, which had put off from shore as the Americans approached. Around were crowds of citizens collected to witness the embarkation, whose enthusiasm could not be chilled by the frosty November air, and who appear to have indulged in no insulting jeers at the departing enemy. As at Savannah and Charleston the year before, order and propriety were observed. The last boat presumably carried away the British flag that had waved so long from Fort George; the Continentals hoisted in its place the flag of the thirteen States. It was a quiet exchange of territorial possessions. The old imperial Englishman moved out; the new American Englishman moved in.

The ceremony of the evacuation and occupation was thus complete, unless we introduce the incident at the fort mentioned prominently in the records of the day. Whether ordered by the commander of the British garrison, or slyly done by some waggish soldiers, must remain unknown, but the fact was palpable that when the American detachment entered the work the flag-staff was found to be well greased from top to bottom, and the halyards gone. No salute could be fired until our flag floated from that staff. Three times a sailor-boy attempted its slippery length, only to descend in haste. John Bull perhaps looked on from his boats with a broad grin. But something must be done. Boards, hammer, saw, and nails were sent for, and cleats cut out. The sailor-boy stuffed his pockets with the cleats; he nailed them on, and climbed as he nailed, until the top was reached, where new halyards were reeved, and the flag raised, amid cheers, by an artillery officer. Then it was Brother Jonathan's turn. He saluted the Stars and Stripes with thirteen rounds fired from John Bull's guns.†

* The "Battery" proper of to-day, lying south of Battery Place and west and south of State Street, is almost entirely new-made land. The diagram on page 916 shows the enlargement since 1783.

† This account is taken in part from the letter of Captain Van Dyck, an eye-witness, published in the *Manual of the Corporation of New York for* 1870; in part, also, from the manuscript orders of Adjutant Morton of the Light Infantry. As the orders of November 24 are of special interest, they are here appended:

"McGowan's Pass, *24th Nov.*, '83.

"B. G. Jackson's Orders:

"The troops will cook one day's provisions this evening, and be in perfect readiness to march to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock."

"After Orders, *Nov.* 24:

"Field-Officer of the day to-morrow—Col. Vose.

"The Light Infantry will furnish a company for main guard to-morrow. As soon as the Troops are form'd in the City, the main guard will be march'd off to Fort George—on their taken possession an officer of Artillery will immediately hoist the American standard. The officer will then detach two Pattrols, consisting of one Sub., one Serg^{t}, two Corporals, and fifteen Privates each—one to pass from the North to the East River as far up as Maiden Lain, the other from North to East River from Maiden Lain upwards.

"On the Standard being hoisted in Fort George, the Artillery will fire thirteen rounds. After his Excellency Governor Clinten will be received on the right of the line. The officers will salute his Excellency as he passes them, and the Troops present their arms by Corps, and the Drums beat a march. After his Excellency is passed the line and allited at Cape's Tavern, the Artillery will fire Thirteen rounds. . . .

"In case of any disturbance the whole of the Pattroles will instantly march out, preserve the peace, and apprehend and secure all offenders. For the greater security and good Order of the City each Bat-

The civic procession was next in order. After the military were in secure possession, General Knox rode back with many citizens to the Bull's Head Tavern, where the Bowery Theatre stands, to meet Governor Clinton and Washington and party, and escort them into the city. The procession followed the same route that the troops had taken—through Chatham, down Queen, up Wall, and into Broadway. It was led by a body of Westchester Light Horse, under Captain Delavan. Then came the Governor and General, with their suites, on horseback; then the Lieutenant-Governor and members of the Council for the temporary government of the city and southern district of the State, four abreast; then Knox and officers of the army, including Steuben, James Clinton, MacDougall, and others; eight abreast; next, citizens on horseback, eight abreast; and last, the Speaker of the Assembly and citizens, on foot, eight abreast. There was another scene of welcome along the line, and as the procession halted at Cape's Tavern the military presented arms to the Governor, the drums beat, and the artillery fired a salute. Congratulatory addresses followed from the citizens to the Governor and General, and later in the day the Governor gave a public dinner at Fraunces' Tavern, where a distinguished company assembled. Among the thirteen toasts of the occasion the last was in the way of a moral—"May the remembrance of this day be a lesson to princes!" the eleventh has been amply fulfilled—"May America be an asylum to the persecuted of the earth!" and the twelfth holds good for all time—"May a close union of the States guard the temple they have erected to Liberty!" Governor Clinton established himself at the De Peyster mansion on Queen Street, near Cedar, and the machinery of the new civil government was set in motion without any friction. On the evening of December 2 there was a grand display of fire-works at the Bowling Green, in commemoration of the peace, such as the city had never witness-

ed before. Thursday, the 11th, having been appointed as a day of public thanksgiving throughout the United States, services were held in three places of worship. At St. George's Chapel on Beekman Street, where the troops attended in a body, the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, who had been a chaplain in the army, and who afterward settled over a Presbyterian congregation in the city. It was a sound discourse, but without that full reference to the times which characterizes modern efforts of a similar nature. Briefly alluding to the scenes of the 25th, he said: "The order, decorum, and dignity with which the change of government was introduced on that happy day, and which have ever since reigned in our city, do the highest honor to our cause, our citizens, and our army. They have attracted the notice, excited the admiration, and forced the acknowledgments of our enemies themselves in favor of our

talion will mount a Piquett at their Barracks, consisting of one entire Company. They will lay on their arms and be in constant readiness during the Twenty-four hours, to parade on the first alarm and wait the orders of the Officer of the Day. On an alarm of fire all the officers and men on duty will immediately repair to their Barracks and parade without Arms, and wait the Orders of the Commanding Officers. The officer commanding pattroles will march them in the most regular and silent order, both day and night, and will take up and confine in the main guard any violent and disorderly soldiers they may meet with. The Grand Parade will be near the bridewell; the guards and pattroles will march off the Grand Parade under the direction of the field-officer of the day."

virtue and regard to order and good government, while they will greatly enhance the pleasure and esteem of every friend of the Revolution throughout the Union." Two months later the Governor's Council appointed James Duane our first Mayor, and New York passed under her new American control.

An account of the evacuation would be incomplete without recalling the last and tender scene following the festivities—Washington's farewell to his officers, and departure from New York, on December 4. About to repair to Congress and resign his commission, that he might once more enjoy the peace of his "beloved Mount Vernon," he met his comrades in arms at Fraunces' Tavern, still standing at the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, and there took an affectionate leave of them. "We had been assembled but a few moments," says Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge in his memoirs, "when his Excellency entered the room. His emotion, too strong to be concealed, seemed to be reciprocated by every officer present. After partaking of a slight refreshment in almost breathless silence, the General filled his glass with wine, and turning to the officers, said: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.'

"After the officers had taken a glass of wine, the General added: 'I can not come to each of you, but shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox, being nearest to him, turned to the Commander-in-Chief, who, suffused in tears, was incapable of utterance, but grasped his hand, when they embraced each other in silence. In the same affectionate manner every officer in the room marched up to, kissed, and parted with his General-in-Chief. Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed, and hope I may never be called upon to witness again. Not a word was uttered to break the solemn silence that prevailed, or to interrupt the tenderness of the interesting scene. The simple thought that we were about to part from the man who had conducted us through a long and bloody war, and under whose conduct the glory and independence of our country had been achieved, and that we should see his face no more in this world, seemed to me utterly insupportable. But the time of separation had come, and waving his hand to his grieving children around him, he left the room, and passing through a corps of light infantry who were paraded to receive him, he walked silently on to Whitehall, where a barge was in waiting. We all followed in mournful silence to the wharf, where a prodigious crowd had assembled to witness the departure of the man who, under God, had been the great agent in establishing the glory and independence of these United States. As soon as he was seated, the barge put off into the river, and when out in the stream, our great and beloved General waved his hat, and bade us a silent adieu." To this there is nothing to be added.

Returning to the British and their final movements—we find them lingering in our bay for some days after the evacuation. They reserved the use of the shipyard, near the foot of the present Catharine Street, on the East River, also Governor's Island,* Paulus Hook, now Jersey City, Staten Island, and Denyse's Ferry across the Narrows, for about a week longer, and then sailed away.† There was but little more ceremony to ob-

* This was requested by Digby, as per Carleton's MSS., in the following note: "Admiral Digby's compts to Sir Guy Carleton begs to know if he is finally determined to evacuate the town and embark himself on Saturday; if so w^d beg his Excellency to reserve Governor's Island some time longer as it will be a great convenience.

"Wednesday ye 15^th of Nov^r 1783."

† A search among the London MSS. fails to bring to light the order of the evacuation on the part of the British. We only know that the last detachments put off in boats just as the Continentals came in. The following extracts from two letters written by Dr. J. M. North, Superintendent-General of his Majesty's Hospitals in America, have their interest in this connection. On October 4, 1783, he writes: "As we are all desired by general orders, both regimental and Departments, to hold ourselves in readiness to embark at the shortest notice, you may suppose that the final evacuation of New York is near, but of this I am not as yet myself convinced, as I can not think the Ministry will be guilty of so impolitic a step. Whatever my sentiments are, I shall be prepared for what may happen, and am busy in winding up the affairs both of the Hessian and British Hospitals." On November 25 he says: "As New York is by general orders to be evacuated this day at eleven o'clock you will readily suppose that I have my hands full of business, especially as my clerks have all left me to provide for themselves in this general wreck of British interests at this part of the world."—*MSS. of Nathaniel Paine, Esq., Worcester, Mass.*

serve. Carleton sent a line to Washington, December 1, that he hoped to be off on the 4th. Washington replied with wishing him and all the troops under his orders a safe and pleasant passage. It is in this connection that we reach the last of that series of weighty communications by which the King and his ministry were kept informed of events in America, and upon the strength of which, until within a year, they had staked their hopes of success. Fitly enough it was addressed to Lord North, who more than any other man had been responsible for all the troubles and bloodshed since 1775. It was a brief official note, as follows, but if he still retained any susceptibility to remorse or humiliation, the closing words must have quickened it to the depths.

"On Board the Ceres, off Staten Island, *28th Novem.*, 1783.

"My Lord,—His Majesty's Troops, and such of the Loyalists as chose to emigrate, were, on the 25th Inst., withdrawn from the City of New York in good order, and embarked without the smallest circumstance of irregularity or misbehaviour of any kind: and as we have now ships sufficient for the remainder of the Troops, I hope we shall be able very shortly to take our final departure.....

"I am, etc., Guy Carleton.

"To Right Honorable Lord North."*

In that "final departure" North once more read his own failure and political obituary. It was the last word he was to have from the America which he would not reconcile, which he could not subdue, and whose loss was now to react upon and crush himself.

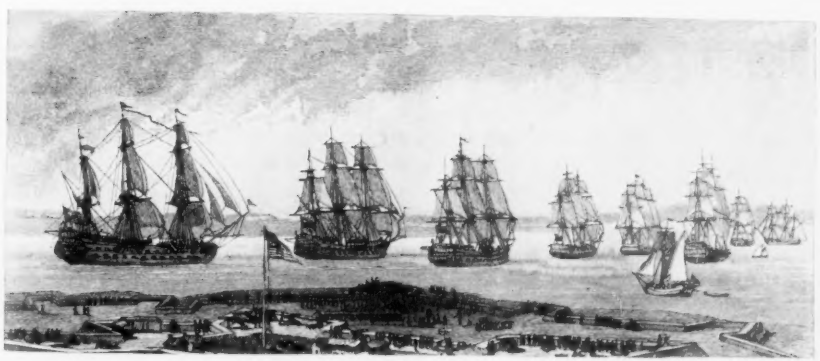
The enemy finally put off to sea on the 4th and 5th of December, when they disappear from public notice almost altogether. One must look sharply through the London papers of the January following to trace their arrival on the other side. The troop-ships drop in one by one into this or that harbor, the soldiers reach home, and that is the end. Sometimes the thinness of their ranks provokes a comment upon the American campaigns; as where the Seventy-first, or Fraser's Highlanders, which left England in 1776 two thousand strong, returns from New York with but three hundred, or where the thousand men of the Twentieth Foot are reduced to one hundred and ten. Even Carleton's arrival home made no stir, while the last from the Admiral is only to be found in the manuscripts of the Public Record Office, London, in this report of sailor-like brevity to the Naval Office:

"Amphion, Portland Road, 8 *Jan.*, 1784.

"I left Staten Island the 5th December, all the troops having sailed the day before, and everything that was ready. The Town of New York was evacuated the 25th of November, and everything remained quite quiet when we came away..... Robt. Digby."

With the abandonment of the posts on the Penobscot in January, 1784, our coast became entirely clear of British occupation.

* MSS. in Royal Institution, London.



THE BRITISH FLEET READY TO LEAVE NEW YORK.

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

To-day from all thy ruined walls
The flowers wave flags of truce;
For Time has proved thy conqueror,
And tamed thy strength, Dunluce!

Lords of the Skerries' cruel rocks,
Masters of sea and shore,
Marauders in their clanking mail
Ride from thy gates no more.

Thy dungeons are untenanted,
Thy captives are set free;
The daisy, with sweet childish face,
Keeps watch across the sea.

Thy halls are open to the sky,
Thy revelry has ceased;
The echoes of thy mirth have died
With fires that lit the feast.

What keepers of thy secrets old
Flit through the wind and rain!
What stern-faced ghosts have come by night
To visit thee again!

Grim fortress of the Northern sea,
Lost are thy power and pride;
Within thy undefended walls
The folded sheep abide.

ONE cool October evening—it was the last day of the month, and unusually cool for the time of year—I made up my mind to go and spend an hour or two with my friend Keningale. Keningale was an artist (as well as a musical amateur and poet), and had a very delightful studio built on to his house, in which he was wont to sit of an evening. The studio had a cavernous fire-place, designed in imitation of the old-fashioned fire-places of Elizabethan manor-houses, and in it, when the temperature out-doors warranted, he would build up a cheerful fire of dry logs. It would suit me particularly well, I thought, to go and have a quiet pipe and chat in front of that fire with my friend.

I had not had such a chat for a very long time—not, in fact, since Keningale (or Ken, as his friends called him) had returned from his visit to Europe the year before. He went abroad, as he affirmed at the time, "for purposes of study," whereat we all smiled, for Ken, so far as we knew him, was more likely to do anything else than to study. He was a young fellow of buoyant temperament, lively and social in his habits, of a brilliant and versatile mind, and possessing an income of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year; he could sing, play, scribble, and paint very cleverly, and some of his heads and figure-pieces were really well done, considering that he never had any regular training in art; but he was not a worker. Personally he was fine-looking, of good height and figure, active, healthy, and with a remarkably fine brow, and clear, full-gazing eye. Nobody was surprised at his going to Europe, nobody expected him to do anything there except amuse himself, and few anticipated that he would be soon again seen in New York. He was one of the sort that find Europe agree with them. Off he went, therefore; and in the course of a few months the rumor reached us that he was engaged to a handsome and wealthy New York girl whom he had met in London. This was nearly all we did hear of him until, not very long afterward, he turned up again on Fifth Avenue, to every one's astonishment; made no satisfactory answer to those who wanted to know how he happened to tire so soon of the Old World; while as to the reported engagement, he cut short all allusion to that in so peremptory a manner as to show that it was not a permissible topic of conversation with him. It was surmised that the lady had jilted him; but, on the other hand, she herself returned home not a great while after, and though she had plenty of opportunities, she has never married to this day.

Be the rights of that matter what they may, it was soon remarked that Ken was no longer the careless and merry fellow he used to be; on the contrary, he appeared grave, moody, averse from general society, and habitually taciturn and undemonstrative even in the company of his most intimate friends. Evidently something had happened to him, or he had done something. What? Had he committed a murder? or joined the Nihilists? or was his unsuccessful love affair at the bottom of it? Some declared that the cloud was only temporary, and would soon pass away. Nevertheless, up to the period of which I am writing it had not passed away, but had rather gathered additional gloom, and threatened to become permanent.

Meanwhile I had met him twice or thrice at the club, at the opera, or in the street, but had as yet had no opportunity of regularly renewing my acquaintance with him. We had been on a footing of more than common intimacy in the old days, and I was not disposed to think that he would refuse to renew the former relations now. But what I had heard and myself seen of his changed condition imparted a stimulating tinge of suspense or curiosity to the pleasure with which I looked forward to the prospects of this evening. His house stood at a distance of two or three miles beyond the general range of habitations in New York at this time, and as I walked briskly along in the clear twilight air I had leisure to go over in my mind all that I had known of Ken and had divined of his character. After all, had there not always been something in his nature—deep down, and held in abeyance by the activity of his animal spirits—but something strange and separate, and capable of developing under suitable conditions into—into what? As I asked myself this question I arrived at his door; and it was with a feeling of relief that I felt the next moment the cordial grasp of his hand, and his voice bid-

ding me welcome in a tone that indicated unaffected gratification at my presence. He drew me at once into the studio, relieved me of my hat and cane, and then put his hand on my shoulder.

"I am glad to see you," he repeated, with singular earnestness—"glad to see you and to feel you; and to-night of all nights in the year."

"Why to-night especially?"

"Oh, never mind. It's just as well, too, you didn't let me know beforehand you were coming; the unreadiness is all, to paraphrase the poet. Now, with you to help me, I can drink a glass of tamarind-water and take a bit draw of the pipe. This would have been a grim night for me if I'd been left to myself."

"In such a lap of luxury as this, too!" said I, looking round at the glowing fireplace, the low, luxurious chairs, and all the rich and sumptuous fittings of the room. "I should have thought a condemned murderer might make himself comfortable here."

"Perhaps; but that's not exactly my category at present. But have you forgotten what night this is? This is November-eve, when, as tradition asserts, the dead arise and walk about, and fairies, goblins, and spiritual beings of all kinds have more freedom and power than on any other day of the year. One can see you've never been in Ireland."

"I wasn't aware till now that you had been there, either."

"Yes, I have been in Ireland. Yes—" He paused, sighed, and fell into a reverie, from which, however, he soon roused himself by an effort, and went to a cabinet in a corner of the room for the liquor and tobacco. While he was thus employed I sauntered about the studio, taking note of the various beauties, grotesquenesses, and curiosities that it contained. Many things were there to repay study and arouse admiration; for Ken was a good collector, having excellent taste as well as means to back it. But, upon the whole, nothing interested me more than some studies of a female head, roughly done in oils, and, judging from the sequestered positions in which I found them, not intended by the artist for exhibition or criticism. There were three or four of these studies, all of the same face, but in different poses and costumes. In one the head was enveloped in a dark hood, overshadowing and partly concealing the features; in another she seemed to be peering duskily through a latticed casement, lit by a faint moonlight; a third showed her splendidly attired in evening costume, with jewels in her hair and ears, and sparkling on her snowy bosom. The expressions were as various as the poses; now it was demure penetration, now a subtle inviting glance, now burning passion, and again a look of elfish and elusive mockery. In whatever phase, the countenance possessed a singular and poignant fascination, not of beauty merely, though that was very striking, but of character and quality likewise.

"Did you find this model abroad?" I inquired at length. "She has evidently inspired you, and I don't wonder at it."

Ken, who had been heating the tamarind-water, and had not noticed my movements, now looked up, and said: "I didn't mean those to be seen. They don't satisfy me, and I'm going to destroy them; but I couldn't rest till I'd made some attempts to reproduce— What was it you asked? Abroad? Yes—or no. They were all painted here within the last six weeks."

"Whether they satisfy you or not, they are by far the best things of yours I have ever seen."

"Well, let them alone, and tell me what you think of this beverage. To my thinking, it goes to the right spot. It owes its existence to your coming here. I can't drink alone, and those portraits are not company, though, for aught I know, she might have come out of the canvas to-night and sat down in that chair." Then, seeing my inquiring look, he added, with a hasty laugh, "It's November-eve, you know, when anything may happen, provided it's strange enough. Well, here's to ourselves."

We each swallowed a deep draught of the smoking and aromatic liquor, and set down our glasses with approval. The punch was excellent. Ken now opened a box of cigars, and we seated ourselves before the fire-place.

"All we need now," I remarked, after a short silence, "is a little music. By-the-bye, Ken, have you still got the banjo I gave you before you went abroad?"

He paused so long before replying that I supposed he had not heard my question. "I have got it," he said at length, "but it will never make any more music."

"Got broken, eh? Can't it be mended? It was a fine instrument."

"It's not broken, but it's past mending. You shall see for yourself."

He arose as he spoke, and going to another part of the studio, opened a black oak coffer, and took out of it a long object wrapped up in a piece of faded yellow silk. He handed it to me, and when I had unwrapped it, there appeared a thing that might once have been a banjo, but had little resemblance to one now. It bore every sign of extreme age. The wood of the handle was honey-combed with the gnawings of worms, and dusty with dry-rot. The parchment head was green with mould, and hung in shrivelled tatters. The hoop, which was of solid silver, was so blackened and tarnished that it looked like dilapidated iron. The strings were gone, and most of the tuning-screws had dropped out of their decayed sockets. Altogether it had the appearance of having been made before the Flood, and been forgotten in the forecastle of Noah's Ark ever since.

"It is a curious relic certainly," I said. "Where did you come across it? I had no idea that the banjo was invented so long ago as this. It certainly can't be less than two hundred years old, and may be much older than that."

Ken smiled gloomily. "You are quite right," he said; "it is at least two hundred years old, and yet it is the very same banjo that you gave me a year ago."

"Hardly," I returned, smiling in my turn, "since that was made to my order with a view to presenting it to you."

"I know that; but the two hundred years have passed since then. Yes, it is absurd and impossible, I know, but nothing is truer. That banjo, which was made last year, existed in the sixteenth century, and has been rotting ever since. Stay. Give it to me a moment, and I'll convince you. You recollect that your name and mine, with the date, were engraved on the silver hoop?"

"Yes; and there was a private mark of my own there also."

"Very well," said Ken, who had been rubbing a place on the hoop with a corner of the yellow silk wrapper; "look at that."

I took the decrepit instrument from him, and examined the spot which he had rubbed. It was incredible, sure enough; but there were the names and the date precisely as I had caused them to be engraved; and there, moreover, was my own private mark, which I had idly made with an old etching point not more than eighteen months before. After convincing myself that there was no mistake, I laid the banjo across my knees, and stared at my friend in bewilderment. He sat smoking with a kind of grim composure, his eyes fixed upon the blazing logs.

"I'm mystified, I confess," said I. "Come; what is the joke? What method have you discovered of producing the decay of centuries on this unfortunate banjo in a few months? And why did you do it? I have heard of an elixir to counteract the effects of time, but your recipe seems to work the other way—to make time rush forward at two hundred times his usual rate, in one place, while he jogs on at his usual gait elsewhere. Unfold your mystery, magician. Seriously, Ken, how on earth did the thing happen?"

"I know no more about it than you do," was his reply. "Either you and I and all the rest of the living world are insane, or else there has been wrought a miracle as strange as any in tradition. How can I explain it? It is a common saying—a common experience, if you will—that we may, on certain trying or tremendous occasions, live years in one moment. But that's a mental experience, not a physical one, and one that applies, at all events, only to human beings, not to senseless things of wood and metal. You imagine the thing is some trick or jugglery. If it be, I don't know the secret of it. There's no chemical appliance that I ever heard of that will get a piece of solid wood into that condition in a few months, or a few years. And it wasn't done in a few years, or a few months either. A year ago to-day at this very hour that banjo was as sound as when it left the maker's hands, and twenty-four hours afterward—I'm telling you the simple truth—it was as you see it now."

The gravity and earnestness with which Ken made this astounding statement were evidently not assumed. He believed every word that he uttered. I knew not what to think. Of course my friend might be insane, though he betrayed none of the ordinary symptoms of mania; but, however that might be, there was the banjo, a witness whose silent testimony there was no gainsaying. The more I meditated on the matter the more inconceivable did it appear. Two hundred years—twenty-four hours; those were the terms of the pro-

posed equation. Ken and the banjo both affirmed that the equation had been made; all worldly knowledge and experience affirmed it to be impossible. What was the explanation? What is time? What is life? I felt myself beginning to doubt the reality of all things. And so this was the mystery which my friend had been brooding over since his return from abroad. No wonder it had changed him. More to be wondered at was it that it had not changed him more.

"Can you tell me the whole story?" I demanded at length.

Ken quaffed another draught from his glass of tamarind-water and rubbed his hand through his thick brown beard. "I have never spoken to any one of it heretofore," he said, "and I had never meant to speak of it. But I'll try and give you some idea of what it was. You know me better than any one else; you'll understand the thing as far as it can ever be understood, and perhaps I may be relieved of some of the oppression it has caused me. For it is rather a ghastly memory to grapple with alone, I can tell you."

Hereupon, without further preface, Ken related the following tale. He was, I may observe in passing, a naturally fine narrator. There were deep, lingering tones in his voice, and he could strikingly enhance the comic or pathetic effect of a sentence by dwelling here and there upon some syllable. His features were equally susceptible of humorous and of solemn expressions, and his eyes were in form and hue wonderfully adapted to showing great varieties of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting; and when Ken was giving utterance to some mysterious passage of the tale they had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look which appealed irresistibly to the imagination. But the interest of his story was too pressing to allow of noticing these incidental embellishments at the time, though they doubtless had their influence upon me all the same.

"I left New York on an Inman Line steamer, you remember," began Ken, "and landed at Havre. I went the usual round of sight-seeing on the Continent, and got round to London in July, at the height of the season. I had good introductions, and met any number of agreeable and famous people. Among others was a young lady, a country-woman of my own—you know whom I mean—who interested me very much, and before her family left London she and I were engaged. We parted there for the time, because she had the Continental trip still to make, while I wanted to take the opportunity to visit the north of England and Ireland. I landed at Dublin about the first of October, and, zigzagging about the country, I found myself in County Cork about two weeks later.

"There is in that region some of the most lovely scenery that human eyes ever rested on, and it seems to be less known to tourists than many places of infinitely less picturesque value. A lonely region, too: during my rambles I met not a single stranger like myself, and few enough natives. It seems incredible that so beautiful a country should be so deserted. After walking a dozen Irish miles you come across a group of two or three one-roomed cottages, and, like as not, one or more of those will have the roof off and the walls in ruins. The few peasants whom one sees, however, are affable and hospitable, especially when they hear you are from that terrestrial heaven whither most of their friends and relatives have gone before them. They seem simple and primitive enough at first sight, and yet they are as strange and incomprehensible a race as any in the world. They are as superstitious, as credulous of marvels, fairies, magicians, and omens, as the men whom St. Patrick preached to, and at the same time they are shrewd, skeptical, insensible, and bottomless liars. Upon the whole, I met with no nation on my travels whose company I enjoyed so much, or who inspired me with so much kindliness, curiosity, and repugnance.

"At length I got to a place on the seacoast, which I will not further specify than to say that it is not many miles from Ballymacheen, on the south shore. I have seen Venice and Naples, I have driven along the Cornice Road, I have spent a month at our own Mount Desert, and I say that all of them together are not so beautiful as this glowing, deep-hued, soft-gleaming, silvery-lighted, ancient harbor and town, with the tall hills crowding round it and the black cliffs and headlands planting their iron feet in the blue, transparent sea. It is a very old place, and has had a history which it has outlived ages since. It may once have had two or three thousand inhabitants; it has scarce five or six hundred to-day. Half the houses are in ruins or have disappear-

ed; many of the remainder are standing empty. All the people are poor, most of them abjectly so; they saunter about with bare feet and uncovered heads, the women in quaint black or dark blue cloaks, the men in such anomalous attire as only an Irishman knows how to get together, the children half naked. The only comfortable-looking people are the monks and the priests, and the soldiers in the fort. For there is a fort there, constructed on the huge ruins of one which may have done duty in the reign of Edward the Black Prince, or earlier, in whose mossy embrasures are mounted a couple of cannon, which occasionally sent a practice-shot or two at the cliff on the other side of the harbor. The garrison consists of a dozen men and three or four officers and non-commissioned officers. I suppose they are relieved occasionally, but those I saw seemed to have become component parts of their surroundings.

"I put up at a wonderful little old inn, the only one in the place, and took my meals in a dining-saloon fifteen feet by nine, with a portrait of George I. (a print varnished to preserve it) hanging over the mantel-piece. On the second evening after dinner a young gentleman came in —the dining-saloon being public property, of course—and ordered some bread and cheese and a bottle of Dublin stout. We presently fell into talk; he turned out to be an officer from the fort, Lieutenant O'Connor, and a fine young specimen of the Irish soldier he was. After telling me all he knew about the town, the surrounding country, his friends, and himself, he intimated a readiness to sympathize with whatever tale I might choose to pour into his ear; and I had pleasure in trying to rival his own outspokenness. We became excellent friends; we had up a half-pint of Kinahan's whiskey, and the lieutenant expressed himself in terms of high praise of my countrymen, my country, and my own particular cigars. When it became time for him to depart I accompanied him—for there was a splendid moon abroad—and bade him farewell at the fort entrance, having promised to come over the next day and make the acquaintance of the other fellows. 'And mind your eye, now, going back, my dear boy,' he called out, as I turned my face homeward. 'Sure 'tis a spooky place, that grave-yard, and you'll as likely meet the black woman there as anywhere else!'

"The grave-yard was a forlorn and barren spot on the hill-side, just the hither side of the fort: thirty or forty rough head-stones, few of which retained any semblance of the perpendicular, while many were so shattered and decayed as to seem nothing more than irregular natural projections from the ground. Who the black woman might be I knew not, and did not stay to inquire. I had never been subject to ghostly apprehensions, and as a matter of fact, though the path I had to follow was in places very bad going, not to mention a hap-hazard scramble over a ruined bridge that covered a deep-lying brook, I reached my inn without any adventure whatever.

"The next day I kept my appointment at the fort, and found no reason to regret it; and my friendly sentiments were abundantly reciprocated, thanks more especially, perhaps, to the success of my banjo, which I carried with me, and which was as novel as it was popular with those who listened to it. The chief personages in the social circle besides my friend the lieutenant were Major Molloy, who was in command, a racy and juicy old campaigner, with a face like a sunset, and the surgeon, Dr. Dudeen, a long, dry, humorous genius, with a wealth of anecdotical and traditional lore at his command that I have never seen surpassed. We had a jolly time of it, and it was the precursor of many more like it. The remains of October slipped away rapidly, and I was obliged to remember that I was a traveller in Europe, and not a resident in Ireland. The major, the surgeon, and the lieutenant all protested cordially against my proposed departure, but as there was no help for it, they arranged a farewell dinner to take place in the fort on All-halloween.

"I wish you could have been at that dinner with me! It was the essence of Irish good-fellowship. Dr. Dudeen was in great force; the major was better than the best of Lever's novels; the lieutenant was overflowing with hearty good-humor, merry chaff, and sentimental rhapsodies anent this or the other pretty girl of the neighborhood. For my part I made the banjo ring as it had never rung before, and the others joined in the chorus with a mellow strength of lungs such as you don't often hear outside of Ireland. Among the stories that Dr. Dudeen regaled us with was one about the Kern of Querin and his wife, Ethelind Fionguala—which being

interpreted signifies 'the white-shoulder-ed.' The lady, it appears, was originally betrothed to one O'Connor (here the lieutenant smacked his lips), but was stolen away on the wedding night by a party of vampires, who, it would seem, were at that period a prominent feature among the troubles of Ireland. But as they were bearing her along—she being unconscious—to that supper where she was not to eat but to be eaten, the young Kern of Querin, who happened to be out duck-shooting, met the party, and emptied his gun at it. The vampires fled, and the Kern carried the fair lady, still in a state of insensibility to his house. 'And by the same token, Mr. Keningale,' observed the doctor, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, 'ye're after passing that very house on your way here. The one with the dark archway underneath it, and the big mullioned window at the corner, ye recollect, hanging over the street, as I might say—'

"'Go 'long wid the house, Dr. Dudeen, dear,' interrupted the lieutenant; 'sure can't you see we're all dyin' to know what happened to sweet Miss Fionguala, God be good to her, when I was after getting her safe upstairs—'

"'Faith, then, I can tell ye that myself, Mr. O'Connor,' exclaimed the major, imparting a rotary motion to the remnants of whiskey in his tumbler. 'Tis a question to be solved on general principles, as Colonel O'Halloran said that time he was asked what he'd do if he'd been the Dook o' Wellington, and the Prussians hadn't come up in the nick o' time at Waterloo. 'Faith,' says the colonel, 'I'll tell ye—'

"'Arrah, then, major, why would ye be interruptin' the doctor, and Mr. Keningale there lettin' his glass stay empty till he hears— The Lord save us! the bottle's empty!'

"In the excitement consequent upon this discovery, the thread of the doctor's story was lost; and before it could be recovered the evening had advanced so far that I felt obliged to withdraw. It took some time to make my proposition heard and comprehended; and a still longer time to put it in execution; so that it was fully midnight before I found myself standing in the cool pure air outside the fort, with the farewells of my boon companions ringing in my ears.

"Considering that it had been rather a wet evening in-doors, I was in a remarkably good state of preservation, and I therefore ascribed it rather to the roughness of the road than to the smoothness of the liquor, when, after advancing a few rods, I stumbled and fell. As I picked myself up I fancied I had heard a laugh, and supposed that the lieutenant, who had accompanied me to the gate, was making merry over my mishap; but on looking round I saw that the gate was closed and no one was visible. The laugh, moreover, had seemed to be close at hand, and even to be pitched in a key that was rather feminine than masculine. Of course I must have been deceived; nobody was near me: my imagination had played me a trick, or else there was more truth than poetry in the tradition that Halloween is the carnival-time of disembodied spirits. It did not occur to me at the time that a stumble is held by the superstitious Irish to be an evil omen, and had I remembered it it would only have been to laugh at it. At all events, I was physically none the worse for my tumble, and I resumed my way immediately.

"But the path was singularly difficult to find, or rather the path I was following did not seem to be the right one. I did not recognize it; I could have sworn (except I knew the contrary) that I had never seen it before. The moon had risen, though her light was as yet obscured by clouds, but neither my immediate surroundings nor the general aspect of the region appeared familiar. Dark, silent hill-sides mounted up on either hand, and the road, for the most part, plunged downward, as if to conduct me into the bowels of the earth. The place was alive with strange echoes, so that at times I seemed to be walking through the midst of muttering voices and mysterious whispers, and a wild, faint sound of laughter seemed ever and anon to reverberate among the passes of the hills. Currents of colder air sighing up through narrow defiles and dark crevices touched my face as with airy fingers. A certain feeling of anxiety and insecurity began to take possession of me, though there was no definable cause for it, unless that I might be belated in getting home. With the perverse instinct of those who are lost I hastened my steps, but was impelled now and then to glance back over my shoulder, with a sensation of being pursued. But no living creature was in sight. The moon, however, had now risen higher, and the clouds that were drift-

ing slowly across the sky flung into the naked valley dusky shadows, which occasionally assumed shapes that looked like the vague semblance of gigantic human forms.

"How long I had been hurrying onward I know not, when, with a kind of suddenness, I found myself approaching a grave-yard. It was situated on the spur of a hill, and there was no fence around it, nor anything to protect it from the incursions of passers-by. There was something in the general appearance of this spot that made me half fancy I had seen it before; and I should have taken it to be the same that I had often noticed on my way to the fort, but that the latter was only a few hundred yards distant therefrom, whereas I must have traversed several miles at least. As I drew near, moreover, I observed that the head-stones did not appear so ancient and decayed as those of the other. But what chiefly attracted my attention was the figure that was leaning or half sitting upon one of the largest of the upright slabs near the road. It was a female figure draped in black, and a closer inspection—for I was soon within a few yards of her—showed that she wore the calla, or long hooded cloak, the most common as well as the most ancient garment of Irish women, and doubtless of Spanish origin.

"I was a trifle startled by this apparition, so unexpected as it was, and so strange did it seem that any human creature should be at that hour of the night in so desolate and sinister a place. Involuntarily I paused as I came opposite her, and gazed at her intently. But the moonlight fell behind her, and the deep hood of her cloak so completely shadowed her face that I was unable to discern anything but the sparkle of a pair of eyes, which appeared to be returning my gaze with much vivacity.

"'You seem to be at home here,' I said at length. 'Can you tell me where I am?'

"Hereupon the mysterious personage broke into a light laugh, which, though in itself musical and agreeable, was of a timbre and intonation that caused my heart to beat rather faster than my late pedestrian exertions warranted; for it was the identical laugh (or so my imagination persuaded me) that had echoed in my ears as I arose from my tumble an hour or two ago. For the rest, it was the laugh of a young woman, and presumably of a pretty one; and yet it had a wild, airy, mocking quality, that seemed hardly human at all, or not, at any rate, to be characteristic of a being of affections and limitations like unto ours. But this impression of mine was fostered, no doubt, by the unusual and uncanny circumstances of the occasion.

"'Sure, sir,' said she, 'you're at the grave of Ethelind Fionguala.'

"As she spoke she rose to her feet, and pointed to the inscription on the stone. I bent forward, and was able, without much difficulty, to decipher the name, and a date which indicated that the occupant of the grave must have entered the disembodied state between two and three centuries ago.

"'And who are you?' was my next question.

"'I'm called Elsie,' she replied. 'But where would your honor be going November-eve?'

"I mentioned my destination, and asked her whether she could direct me thither.

"'Indeed, then, 'tis there I'm going myself,' Elsie replied; 'and if your honor 'll follow me, and play me a tune on the pretty instrument, 'tisn't long we'll be on the road.'

"She pointed to the banjo which I carried wrapped up under my arm. How she knew that it was a musical instrument I could not imagine; possibly, I thought, she may have seen me playing on it as I strolled about the environs of the town. Be that as it may, I offered no opposition to the bargain, and further intimated that I would reward her more substantially on our arrival. At that she laughed again, and made a peculiar gesture with her hand above her head. I uncovered my banjo, swept my fingers across the strings, and struck into a fantastic dance measure, to the music of which we proceeded along the path, Elsie slightly in advance, her feet keeping time to the airy measure. In fact, she trod so lightly, with an elastic, undulating movement, that with a little more it seemed as if she might float onward like a spirit. The extreme whiteness of her feet attracted my eye, and I was surprised to find that instead of being bare, as I had supposed, these were incased in white satin slippers quaintly embroidered with gold thread.

"'Elsie,' said I, lengthening my steps so as to come up with her, 'where do you live, and what do you do for a living?'

"'Sure, I live by myself,' she answered; 'and if you'd be after knowing how, you must come and see for yourself.'

"'Are you in the habit of walking over the hills at night in shoes like that?'

"'And why would I not?' she asked, in her turn. 'And where did your honor get the pretty gold ring on your finger?'

"The ring, which was of no great intrinsic value, had struck my eye in an old curiosity shop in Cork. It was an antique of very old-fashioned design, and might have belonged (as the vender assured me was the case) to one of the early kings or queens of Ireland.

"'Do you like it?' said I.

"'Will your honor be after making a present of it to Elsie?' she returned, with an insinuating tone and turn of the head.

"'Maybe I will, Elsie, on one condition. I am an artist; I make pictures of people. If you will promise to come to my studio and let me paint your portrait, I'll give you the ring, and some money besides.'

"'And will you give me the ring now?' said Elsie.

"'Yes, if you'll promise.'

"'And will you play the music to me?' she continued.

"'As much as you like.'

"'But maybe I'll not be handsome enough for ye,' said she, with a glance of her eyes beneath the dark hood.

"'I'll take the risk of that,' I answered, laughing, 'though, all the same, I don't mind taking a peep beforehand to remember you by.' So saying, I put forth a hand to draw back the concealing hood. But Elsie eluded me, I scarce know how, and laughed a third time, with the same airy, mocking cadence.

"'Give me the ring first, and then you shall see me,' she said, coaxingly.

"'Stretch out your hand, then,' returned I, removing the ring from my finger. 'When we are better acquainted, Elsie, you won't be so suspicious.'

"She held out a slender, delicate hand, on the forefinger of which I slipped the ring. As I did so, the folds of her cloak fell a little apart, affording me a glimpse of a white shoulder and of a dress that seemed in that deceptive semi-darkness to be wrought of rich and costly material; and I caught, too, or so I fancied, the frosty sparkle of precious stones.

"'Arrah, mind where ye tread!' said Elsie, in a sudden, sharp tone.

"I looked round, and became aware for the first time that we were standing near the middle of a ruined bridge which spanned a rapid stream that flowed at a considerable depth below. The parapet of the bridge on one side was broken down, and I must have been, in fact, in imminent danger of stepping over into empty air. I made my way cautiously across the decaying structure; but when I turned to assist Elsie, she was nowhere to be seen.

"What had become of the girl? I called, but no answer came. I gazed about on every side, but no trace of her was visible. Unless she had plunged into the narrow abyss at my feet, there was no place where she could have concealed herself—none at least that I could discover. She had vanished, nevertheless; and since her disappearance must have been premeditated, I finally came to the conclusion that it was useless to attempt to find her. She would present herself again in her own good time, or not at all. She had given me the slip very cleverly, and I must make the best of it. The adventure was perhaps worth the ring.

"On resuming my way, I was not a little relieved to find that I once more knew where I was. The bridge that I had just crossed was none other than the one I mentioned some time back; I was within a mile of the town, and my way lay clear before me. The moon, moreover, had now quite dispersed the clouds, and shone down with exquisite brilliance. Whatever her other failings, Elsie had been a trustworthy guide; she had brought me out of the depth of elf-land into the material world again. It had been a singular adventure, certainly; and I mused over it with a sense of mysterious pleasure as I sauntered along, humming snatches of airs, and accompanying myself on the strings. Hark! what light step was that behind me? It sounded like Elsie's; but no, Elsie was not there. The same impression or hallucination, however, recurred several times before I reached the outskirts of the town—the tread of an airy foot behind or beside my own. The fancy did not make me nervous; on the contrary, I was pleased with the notion of being thus haunted, and gave myself up to a romantic and genial vein of reverie.

"After passing one or two roofless and moss-grown cottages, I entered the narrow and rambling street which leads through the town. This street a short distance

down widens a little, as if to afford the wayfarer space to observe a remarkable old house that stands on the northern side. The house was built of stone, and in a noble style of architecture; it reminded me somewhat of certain palaces of the old Italian nobility that I had seen on the Continent, and it may very probably have been built by one of the Italian or Spanish immigrants of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The moulding of the projecting windows and arched doorway was richly carved, and upon the front of the building was an escutcheon wrought in high relief, though I could not make out the purport of the device. The moonlight falling upon this picturesque pile enhanced all its beauties, and at the same time made it seem like a vision that might dissolve away when the light ceased to shine. I must often have seen the house before, and yet I retained no definite recollection of it; I had never until now examined it with my eyes open, so to speak. Leaning against the wall on the opposite side of the street, I contemplated it for a long while at my leisure. The window at the corner was really a very fine and massive affair. It projected over the pavement below, throwing a heavy shadow aslant; the frames of the diamond-paned lattices were heavily mullioned. How often in past ages had that lattice been pushed open by some fair hand, revealing to a lover waiting beneath in the moonlight the charming countenance of his high-born mistress! Those were brave days. They had passed away long since. The great house had stood empty for who could tell how many years; only bats and vermin were its inhabitants. Where now were those who had built it? and who were they? Probably the very name of them was forgotten.

"As I continued to stare upward, however, a conjecture presented itself to my mind which rapidly ripened into a conviction. Was not this the house that Dr. Dudeen had described that very evening as having been formerly the abode of the Kern of Querin and his mysterious bride? There was the projecting window, the arched doorway. Yes, beyond a doubt this was the very house. I emitted a low exclamation of renewed interest and pleasure, and my speculations took a still more imaginative, but also a more definite turn.

"What had been the fate of that lovely lady after the Kern had brought her home insensible in his arms? Did she recover? and were they married and made happy ever after? or had the sequel been a tragic one? I remembered to have read that the victims of vampires generally became vampires themselves. Then my thoughts went back to that grave on the hill-side. Surely that was unconsecrated ground. Why had they buried her there? Ethelind of the white shoulder! Ah! why had not I lived in those days? or why might not some magic cause them to live again for me? Then would I seek this street at midnight, and standing here beneath her window, I would lightly touch the strings of my bandore until the casement opened cautiously and she looked down. A sweet vision indeed! And what prevented my realizing it? Only a matter of a couple of centuries or so. And was time, then, at which poets and philosophers sneer, so rigid and real a matter that a little faith and imagination might not overcome it? At all events, I had my banjo, the bandore's legitimate and lineal descendant, and the memory of Fionguala should have the love ditty.

"Hereupon, having retuned the instrument, I launched forth into an old Spanish love song, which I had met with in some mouldy library during my travels, and had set to music of my own. I sang low, for the deserted street re-echoed the lightest sound, and what I sang must reach only my lady's ears. The words were warm with the fire of the ancient Spanish chivalry, and I threw into their expression all the passion of the lovers of romance. Surely Fionguala, the white-shouldered, would hear, and awaken from her sleep of centuries, and come to the latticed casement and look down! Hist! see yonder! What light—what shadow is that that seems to flit from room to room within the abandoned house, and now approaches the mullioned window? Are my eyes dazzled by the play of the moonlight, or does the casement move—does it open? Nay, this is no delusion; there is no error of the senses here. There is simply a woman, young, beautiful, and richly attired, bending forward from the window, and silently beckoning me to approach.

"Too much amazed to be conscious of amazement, I advanced until I stood directly beneath the casement, and the lady's face, as she stooped toward me, was not

more than twice a man's height from my own. She smiled and kissed her finger-tips; something white fluttered in her hand, then fell through the air to the ground at my feet. The next moment she had withdrawn, and I heard the lattice close.

"I picked up what she had let fall; it was a delicate lace handkerchief, tied to the handle of an elaborately wrought bronze key. It was evidently the key of the house, and invited me to enter. I loosened it from the handkerchief, which bore a faint, delicious perfume, like the aroma of flowers in an ancient garden, and turned to the arched doorway. I felt no misgiving, and scarcely any sense of strangeness. All was as I had wished it to be, and as it should be; the mediæval age was alive once more, and as for myself, I almost felt the velvet cloak hanging from my shoulder and the long rapier dangling at my belt. Standing in front of the door I thrust the key into the lock, turned it, and felt the bolt yield. The next instant the door was opened, apparently from within; I stepped across the threshold, the door closed again, and I was alone in the house, and in darkness.

"Not alone, however! As I extended my hand to grope my way it was met by another hand, soft, slender, and cold, which insinuated itself gently into mine and drew me forward. Forward I went, nothing loath; the darkness was impenetrable, but I could hear the light rustle of a dress close to me, and the same delicious perfume that had emanated from the handkerchief enriched the air that I breathed, while the little hand that clasped and was clasped by my own alternately tightened and half relaxed the hold of its soft cold fingers. In this manner, and treading lightly, we traversed what I presumed to be a long, irregular passageway, and ascended a staircase. Then another corridor, until finally we paused, a door opened, emitting a flood of soft light, into which we entered, still hand in hand. The darkness and the doubt were at an end.

"The room was of imposing dimensions, and was furnished and decorated in a style of antique splendor. The walls were draped with mellow hues of tapestry; clusters of candles burned in polished silver sconces, and were reflected and multiplied in tall mirrors placed in the four corners of the room. The heavy beams of the dark oaken ceiling crossed each other in squares, and were laboriously carved; the curtains and the drapery of the chairs were of heavy figured damask. At one end of the room was a broad ottoman, and in front of it a table, on which was set forth, in massive silver dishes, a sumptuous repast, with wines in crystal beakers. At the side was a vast and deep fire-place, with space enough on the broad hearth to burn whole trunks of trees. No fire, however, was there, but only a great heap of dead embers; and the room, for all its magnificence, was cold—cold as a tomb, or as my lady's hand—and it sent a subtle chill creeping to my heart.

"But my lady! how fair she was! I gave but a passing glance at the room; my eyes and my thoughts were all for her. She was dressed in white, like a bride; diamonds sparkled in her dark hair and on her snowy bosom; her lovely face and slender lips were pale, and all the paler for the dusky glow of her eyes. She gazed at me with a strange, elusive smile; and yet there was, in her aspect and bearing, something familiar in the midst of strangeness, like the burden of a song heard long ago and recalled among other conditions and surroundings. It seemed to me that something in me recognized her and knew her, had known her always. She was the woman of whom I had dreamed, whom I had beheld in visions, whose voice and face had haunted me from boyhood up. Whether we had ever met before, as human beings meet, I knew not; perhaps I had been blindly seeking her all over the world, and she had been awaiting me in this splendid room, sitting by those dead embers until all the warmth had gone out of her blood, only to be restored by the heat with which my love might supply her.

"'I thought you had forgotten me,' she said, nodding as if in answer to my thought. 'The night was so late—our one night of the year! How my heart rejoiced when I heard your dear voice singing the song I know so well! Kiss me—my lips are cold!'

"Cold indeed they were—cold as the lips of death. But the warmth of my own seemed to revive them. They were now tinged with a faint color, and in her cheeks also appeared a delicate shade of pink. She drew fuller breath, as one who recovers from a long lethargy. Was it my life that was feeding her? I was ready

to give her all. She drew me to the table and pointed to the viands and the wine.

"'Eat and drink,' she said. 'You have travelled far, and you need food.'

"'Will you eat and drink with me?' said I, pouring out the wine.

"'You are the only nourishment I want,' was her answer. 'This wine is thin and cold. Give me wine as red as your blood and as warm, and I will drain a goblet to the dregs.'

"At these words, I know not why, a slight shiver passed through me. She seemed to gain vitality and strength at every instant, but the chill of the great room struck into me more and more.

"She broke into a fantastic flow of spirits, clapping her hands, and dancing about me like a child. Who was she? And was I myself, or was she mocking me when she implied that we had belonged to each other of old? At length she stood still before me, crossing her hands over her breast. I saw upon the forefinger of her right hand the gleam of an antique ring.

"'Where did you get that ring?' I demanded.

"She shook her head and laughed. 'Have you been faithful?' she asked. 'It is my ring; it is the ring that unites us; it is the ring you gave me when you loved me first. It is the ring of the Kern—the fairy ring, and I am your Ethelind—Ethelind Fionguala.'

"'So be it,' I said, casting aside all doubt and fear, and yielding myself wholly to the spell of her inscrutable eyes and wooing lips. 'You are mine, and I am yours, and let us be happy while the hours last.'

"'You are mine, and I am yours,' she repeated, nodding her head with an elfish smile. 'Come and sit beside me, and sing that sweet song again that you sang to me so long ago. Ah, now I shall live a hundred years.'

"We seated ourselves on the ottoman, and while she nestled luxuriously among the cushions, I took my banjo and sang to her. The song and the music resounded through the lofty room, and came back in throbbing echoes. And before me as I sang I saw the face and form of Ethelind Fionguala, in her jewelled bridal dress, gazing at me with burning eyes. She was pale no longer, but ruddy and warm, and life was like a flame within her. It was I who had become cold and bloodless, yet with the last life that was in me I would have sung to her of love that can never die. But at length my eyes grew dim, the room seemed to darken, the form of Ethelind alternately brightened and waxed indistinct, like the last flickerings of a fire; I swayed toward her, and felt myself lapsing into unconsciousness, with my head resting on her white shoulder."

Here Keningale paused a few moments in his story, flung a fresh log upon the fire, and then continued:

"I awoke, I know not how long afterward. I was in a vast empty room in a ruined building. Rotten shreds of drapery depended from the walls, and heavy festoons of spiders' webs gray with dust covered the windows, which were destitute of glass or sash; they had been boarded up with rough planks which had themselves become rotten with age, and admitted through their holes and crevices pallid rays of light and chilly draughts of air. A bat, disturbed by these rays or by my own movement, detached himself from his hold on a remnant of mouldy tapestry near me, and after circling dizzily round my head, wheeled the flickering noiselessness of his flight into a darker corner. As I arose unsteadily from the heap of miscellaneous rubbish on which I had been lying, something which had been resting across my knees fell to the floor with a rattle. I picked it up, and found it to be my banjo—as you see it now.

"Well, that is all I have to tell. My health was seriously impaired; all the blood seemed to have been drawn out of my veins; I was pale and haggard, and the chill— Ah, that chill," murmured Keningale, drawing nearer to the fire, and spreading out his hands to catch the warmth—"I shall never get over it; I shall carry it to my grave."

DEFEAT.

By bitter pilgrimage he sought to win
Those far dim towers that he would roam within.

Through paths of peril, loud with dying groans,
Down chasms of failure, white with human bones,

Past brakes of treachery, whence the tiger sprung,
O'er swamps of envy, where the scorpion stung,

His eager feet pressed onward to attain
The luring bourn of that desired domain....

And there at last, worn fugitive of fate,
He clutched the mighty clarion at the gate.

A moment more, and while its proud peal rose,
The towers would rock, the portals would unclose....

But then, even then, by some foredoom profound,
He dropped dead ere his lips had waked one sound!

TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.

PLACED as our continent is, like a strip of land of varying width between the two great oceans, it furnishes not only local business to the railroads crossing it, but becomes as well a highway between the eastern and western portions of the Old World. Enthusiasts, speculators, capitalists, long talked of a Pacific Railway to extend from ocean to ocean, but not till 1869 did a Pacific Railway on United States territory become an accomplished fact, though at the narrowest point of our continent the Panama Railroad had long been in operation. Another was completed last year, a fourth is now practically complete, while six more are either nearly finished or far advanced —ten transcontinental railroads in all.

Far to the north, in the Dominion of Canada, is the Canadian Pacific Railway, in active construction and partly completed, to extend from the St. Lawrence to Port Moody in British Columbia.

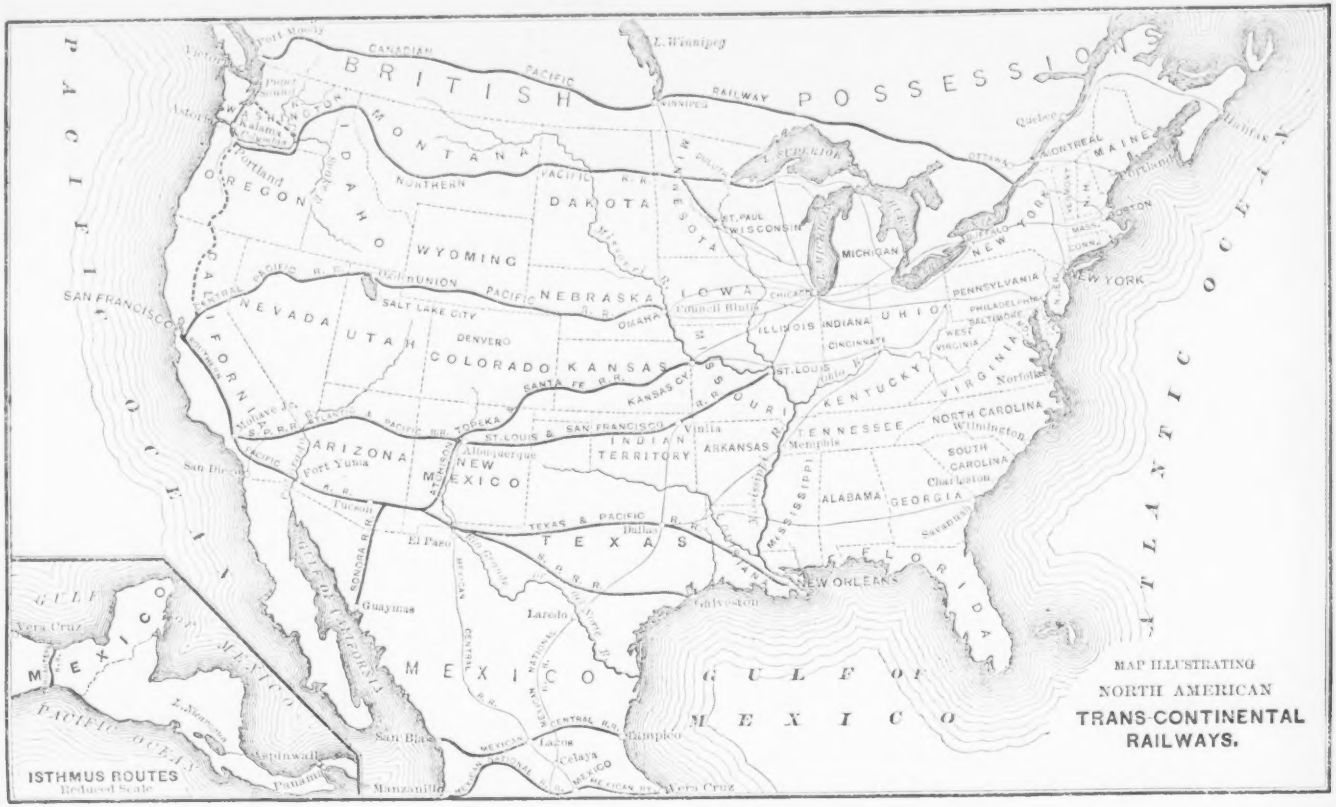
Within the United States are four great routes, all subsidized by the national government with grants of land, money, or both. Commencing at the north, we find the Northern Pacific, extending from Lake Superior to Puget Sound and Portland. Second, the Union-Central, from Council Bluffs, by the basin of the Great Salt Lake, to San Francisco. Third, the Atlantic and Pacific, or thirty-fifth parallel route, from St. Louis through the Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, to the Pacific coast, no specific terminus being there designated. Fourth, and furthest to the south, on the very borders of Mexico, is the Southern Pacific, or thirty-second parallel route (which we may consider as commencing at New Orleans), through Texas to El Paso, thence westward through Southern New Mexico and Arizona to Fort Yuma, on the Colorado, and on through California to San Francisco. It must be remembered that though our Pacific sea-board extends from north to south for twelve hundred miles, it has but four harbors of any consequence—Puget Sound, the Columbia River, San Francisco, and San Diego; hence any transcontinental railway naturally seeks one of these, and the trade of San Diego being as yet undeveloped, the southern routes have aimed at San Francisco, though the more southern port would seem to be their natural terminus.

In addition to these four routes, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, whose eastern terminus is at Atchison, on the Missouri, has extended its lines far to the southwest, and has acquired by purchase the Sonora Railway, recently built northeastward from Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, toward the Santa Fe lines in Arizona or New Mexico. The connection thus made will form another route, whose western terminus lies within Mexican territory. In Mexico itself charters and subsidies for three transcontinental, or "interoceanic" lines, as they call them there, have been obtained by American capitalists, and considerable progress has been made toward their construction. Of these the more northerly crosses from Tampico to San Blas, the second from Vera Cruz, by the city of Mexico, to Manzanillo. The third is the Tehuantepec Railroad, across the isthmus of that name, toward whose construction much progress had been made by American capitalists, but the term of their charter having lapsed, the Mexican government declared it void, confiscated the work already done, and is now constructing the road as a national enterprise. At the narrowest part of our continent the Panama Railroad has long been in operation.

Here are ten transcontinental railroads, three of which are completed, and in the construction of the remaining seven such progress has been made as assures their early completion. But it is with those within the United States that we are chiefly concerned, and it is of them mainly that we now propose to treat. Comparisons as to distances are of little value, so many other considerations, as to grades, fuel, etc., affecting the cost of transportation, and also because no one corporation yet owns a continuous railroad from the Pacific coast to a Northern sea-port, and the connections east of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers are made by so many different routes that lines south of the Northern Pacific may be considered as terminating at the Missouri River, or at the Mississippi below their junction.

THE UNION-CENTRAL PACIFIC.

As the Union-Central route has been so long completed, we shall neglect the geographical order, and consider it first.


BRITISH POSSESSIONS
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO
MEXICO
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
L. Winnipeg
WINNIPEG
MONTANA
OREGON
IDAHO
WYOMING
DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
NEVADA
UTAH
COLORADO
KANSAS
IOWA
MINNESOTA
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
OHIO
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
INDIAN TERRITORY
TEXAS
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
VIRGINIA
WEST VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA
ALABAMA
MISSISSIPPI
LOUISIANA
FLORIDA
NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA
MAINE
SAN FRANCISCO
SALT LAKE CITY
DENVER
OMAHA
CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS
NEW ORLEANS
Norfolk
Wilmington
Charleston
Savannah
Galveston
El Paso
Tucson
Fort Yuma
San Diego
Guaymas
Laredo
Vera Cruz
Tampico
Manzanillo
Acapulco
Panama
Aspinwall
San Blas
L. Nicaragua
MAP ILLUSTRATING
NORTH AMERICAN
TRANS-CONTINENTAL
RAILWAYS.
ISTHMUS ROUTES
Reduced Scale

Chartered in 1863 and completed in 1869, though carried out by private enterprise it was a distinctively national undertaking, assisted by large grants from the national domain and treasury. It owed much of its importance to the war, and to the recognized necessity of linking the Pacific coast into a closer union with the eastern and interior States. The story of its construction, marvellous alike by its rapidity and the political corruption it engendered, has long since become historical, and I do not propose to recount that oft-told tale. But Congress did not intend that this route should have a monopoly of the business, and chartered three other railroads, with the double object of hastening the settlement of the regions they traversed, and securing competing routes to the Pacific coast.

The Central Pacific, however, which forms the western half of the Union-Central route, was controlled by a few men whose appetite for gain had only been whetted by the enormous profits derived from its construction. At first Huntington and his associates, who controlled the Central Pacific, thought only of monopolizing the transportation business of California, and to this end they built and bought other roads, till every railroad of any consequence in the State was either owned by them or completely at their mercy. But their success in this direction has led to results of national importance, for having gained control of the internal traffic of the State, and occupied the best ground for railroads, they were now in a position to dictate terms to eastern lines seeking routes to the Pacific. This they have not been slow to do, and by combinations and traffic agreements forced on other companies they have come to control the traffic of the State, and to monopolize the entire transcontinental business of the United States, and have hitherto frustrated the well-intended design of Congress to provide independent and competing routes to the Pacific.

How long they can maintain their control over this business of course can not now be said, but so far their grasp on it has been rather tightened than loosened; and by their Southern Pacific from San Francisco to El Paso, and their recently acquired Texas lines thence to New Orleans, they now own or completely control a continuous line between those important sea-ports.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Like many other important Western enterprises, this was originated by down-east men, and first took organized existence in 1864, when Congress granted a charter for a railroad from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, with a branch to Portland, Oregon, on a route north of the forty-fifth parallel, and gave a land grant of 12,800 acres per mile in the States, and 25,600 acres per mile in the Territories, to aid the construction of the road. This vast land grant was estimated by Theophilus French, late auditor of government railroads, in his report of 1880, to amount to 42,000,000 acres. A more recent and presumably correct Congressional report of the past year places it at 48,215,040 acres, a trifling difference of over six millions of acres—rather more than the area of New Hampshire.

No further aid in cash or bonds was granted; but at $2 60 per acre—the minimum price placed by the company on these lands—the cash value of this land grant, at the lowest estimate of its extent, amounts to one hundred and nine millions of dollars.

The first incorporators were not practical railroad men, and their scheme of raising funds by a popular subscription to the stock was an utter failure. Later another board of more experienced directors endeavored to induce Congress to issue bonds in favor of the enterprise, or guarantee those of the road; but public opinion had grown hostile to any further grants of money, and not till 1870 was any important progress made toward the construction of the road. In that year a number of our most prominent capitalists and railroad managers took control of the enterprise, and contracted with Jay Cooke and Co., so well known by their successful negotiations of government bonds, to dispose of the securities of the road. This was during that period of flush times after the war and before the panic of 1873. Money was easily raised, and universal confidence prevailed. Men borrowed to invest. We were all not merely rich, but we were going to rapidly increase our property by high interest and promising investments. Those who know Jay Cooke best have implicit faith in his honesty. But inflated ideas prevailed in those days, and he indorsed the issue of mortgage bonds at the rate of $50,000 per mile, bearing $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. interest, and unhesitatingly recom-

mended them to his customers. Before the crash of 1873 he had negotiated the sale of some $30,000,000 of these bonds, and about 550 miles of railroad had been built. But its route lay through an almost unknown country, whose agricultural capabilities were yet practically untested, and much of which was ravaged by bands of hostile Indians, and that mighty flood of immigration which now pours into that far northwestern country with ever-increasing volume was as yet but a moderate stream.

A few conservative investors shook their heads. They said the road was being too expensively built, and was too heavily bonded even for its cost. With the crash of 1873 and the suspension of Jay Cooke, work ceased on the railroad, and for six years construction on this transcontinental line was practically suspended.

The railroad now went through the usual course, first passing into the hands of a receiver; then it was bought in and reorganized by the bondholders, but not till 1879 was active construction resumed on the main line, when a new issue of bonds for half the former amount, and at a less rate of interest, supplied ample funds for the prosecution of the enterprise.

But the control of the Northern Pacific has again changed hands in so remarkable a manner and with such far-reaching results as to deserve mention. In 1879 the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company was formed by the consolidation of certain companies which owned the routes from Portland to San Francisco, and the steamboat and railroad lines of the Columbia River, which is the only available outlet for the products of the interior. This consolidation was apparently intended to do in Oregon what the Central Pacific had done in California, and occupy every avenue of traffic.

Oregon and Washington Territory differ much from California, but most of all in physical features. The range of the Cascade Mountains extends throughout almost their entire length from north to south. About one-third of their area lies west of this range, which forms a formidable barrier between their eastern and western sections—tracts differing much in climate and productions, but each a good complement of the other. Passes exist through these mountains, but the rains and wet snows of winter obstruct travel, and the great gorge of the Columbia River forms the only natural highway between east and west. The word "impossible" is not to be found in the vocabulary of the modern railroad engineer, but when I saw the precipitous shores of this wonderful cleft through the range from the deck of a steamer in 1871, the word "impracticable" involuntarily suggested itself. The region east of the mountains is a productive wheat country, and large amounts of that cereal are already being sent down the Columbia.

The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company had acquired the steamers running on the Columbia as well as some short portage railroads at the falls, which gave them a monopoly of this traffic. Its managers foresaw that the business would soon demand a railroad, and that if they built in advance of the Northern Pacific through this gorge of the Columbia, it would be long before the construction of a still more costly line on the north shore would be undertaken by that company, who would either buy or use this as their Columbia River route. Construction was soon in progress all along the south shore from Portland eastward, and it has been pushed so energetically that the locomotive has already displaced the steamer, while the company's railroads ramify through the regions east of the Cascade Range, connecting with the main line of the Northern Pacific at the confluence of the Snake and Columbia rivers.

The president of this young company was a man whose career has been too remarkable to be passed over in silence, the more so as it differs so widely from that of most of our railroad millionaires. Henry Villard was born in Germany about forty-six years since. He was of good birth and education, and his parents were in comfortable circumstances; but he early determined to come to America in search of a larger and freer life than his own country afforded him. He chose journalism as his profession, and gained some renown as an energetic and daring correspondent during the war. Later, he married the daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, and by sagacious investments and inheritance acquired a handsome independence. After his marriage he spent much time abroad, at Frankfort and elsewhere, and became acquainted with bankers and capitalists interested in some West-

ern enterprises. This resulted in their intrusting him with the care of those investments, and his soon being placed in important positions, where his clear head soon took in the advantages to be gained by controlling the trade of the country just described.

How Henry Villard and the Oregon Company obtained control of the Northern Pacific reads like a romance; but as the story of the "blind pool" has often been told, and never contradicted, it may be accepted as substantially true. In the winter of 1880–81, Mr. Villard, who had planned this Oregon company which proved such a bonanza to its stockholders, told some of his friends that he wanted a fund of eight million dollars for a certain purpose which he could not then disclose, but which, in his judgment, would be a safe and profitable investment. His friends had such confidence in his sagacity and honor that instead of eight millions he was offered the use of sixteen, and his receipts for the subscriptions were soon at a premium of forty per cent. In the spring of 1881 the financial world and the Northern Pacific awoke to the fact that Villard and his friends held a majority of its stock, and that this great corporation, with its valuable charter and immense land grant, was controlled by a comparatively obscure company, whose operations had hitherto been confined to our remotest shores and Territories.

But control had been acquired, not for the purpose of thwarting its completion, but to prevent the construction of competing lines where there was traffic but for one, and by a union of interests to strengthen both companies, and hasten the completion of another transcontinental route.

Another important acquisition was made. A railroad to extend from Portland to meet the Oregon branch of the Central Pacific at the line between California and Oregon had been chartered by Congress in 1866, and endowed with a valuable land grant. Certain foreign capitalists had furnished funds for its construction on the security of its bonds, but in 1873, after two hundred miles of the road had been built, it passed into the hands of these creditors, who were now only too glad to have Villard take hold of it and push the enterprise to completion. This he not only agreed to do, but also possessed himself of the only other railroads in the Willamette Valley, thus completing his control of the entire railroad system of Oregon and Washington Territory. As a result of all this the Northern Pacific abandoned for the present its proposed route across the Cascade Range to Puget Sound and down the Columbia to Portland, using instead of the latter the Oregon Company's line on the south shore, and devoted its immediate energies to the completion of its transcontinental connection, and finishing the line from Portland to Puget Sound, leaving the direct route across the Cascade Range to be built at some future day.

THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.

This was organized under an act of Congress in 1866, for the purpose of building a railroad from a point near St. Louis, through the Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Arizona, to the Colorado River, on or near the line of the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, and thence by the most practicable route to the Pacific coast, no specific terminus being there designated. In aid of its construction Congress granted 12,800 acres per mile through the States, and 25,600 acres per mile through the Territories, making in all, according to a Congressional report of the past year, 40,630,560 acres.

In its early days it experienced the usual financial difficulties incident to such enterprises, was sold under mortgage, reorganized, and under the new name of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad halted, till very recently, at Vinita, in the Indian Territory, but 364 miles beyond St. Louis. In 1880, however, that great corporation known as the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, whose system commences at Atchison, on the Missouri River, and extends for more than a thousand miles to the southwest, began to cast around for an independent outlet to California. They had an outlet, it is true, by their connection with the Southern Pacific Railroad in Arizona, which was pushing its line eastward from California to Texas, but it was not to the interest of that company, which is virtually identical with the Central Pacific, to afford any inducements for transcontinental business over the Atchison route, but rather to throw such difficulties in the way as to send that business over the Union-Central route.

With this object in view, the Santa Fe

managers formed an alliance with those of the St. Louis and San Francisco, who still held the Atlantic and Pacific charter and land grant, for the purpose of at once constructing that part of its route which lay west of Albuquerque—a station on their main line in New Mexico—and thus gain a route to California, which, if not actually owned by them, would at all events be independent of Central Pacific influences. An agreement to this effect was entered into, whereby an equal interest in the resuscitated Atlantic and Pacific was secured to each company, and special care was taken to secure its independence by placing a controlling interest in its stock in the hands of trustees selected by each company. The Santa Fe is a distinctively Boston road, and to secure Boston the supremacy in the Atlantic and Pacific it was stipulated that two of the three trustees and seven of the thirteen directors should be Boston men, that the company should have its office in and be a Boston company, and that if the St. Louis men could not raise their share of the required funds, the Santa Fe men should have the right to do so, and complete the road.

Construction from Albuquerque westward through New Mexico and Arizona was soon in progress at a rapid rate. Late in 1881 the Atlantic and Pacific directors resolved to proceed at once with the construction of that part of their railroad situated in California, and also to resume construction on that portion situated between Vinita and Albuquerque. Large expenditures for these purposes were authorized, amounting in the aggregate to $16,500,000. It now looked as if the Atlantic and Pacific was in a fair way toward completion, and Boston was especially jubilant. But in January, 1882, the astounding fact came to light that Jay Gould, and Huntington of the Southern Pacific, had acquired control of the St. Louis and San Francisco road. Gould sought to control the traffic of the Southwest, and the extensions of the Santa Fe and some new branches of the St. Louis road interfered with his plans. Huntington of course had no intention of allowing any poaching on his Californian preserves, and, joining hands, the two had quietly obtained by their new purchase not only a controlling interest in the St. Louis, but a half interest in the Atlantic and Pacific, which, while it did not give them actual control, allowed the exercise of a veto power somewhat akin to it. Their precise objects were not at first apparent, but they soon let it be known that while they raised no objections to the building of the Atlantic and Pacific through New Mexico and Arizona, they insisted that it must terminate at the Colorado River, and its California connection be made by extending an already authorized branch of the Southern Pacific through California to meet it at the eastern boundary of the State.

Baffled and indignant, the Santa Fe directors now resolved that if they could not have a transcontinental line by California, they would at least have one by another route, even if not altogether within the United States. Accordingly, in March, 1882, they purchased the Sonora Railway, which now extends from Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, through the State of Sonora into Arizona. When this is connected with their eastern system they will own a line from Kansas City to the Pacific; but however profitable it may be for the company, its western terminus will be on Mexican soil, and the Californian monopoly remain unbroken. It has been said that the Santa Fe managers still hold the balance of power in the Atlantic and Pacific, and will insist on pushing the road beyond the Colorado into California as an independent line. However this may be, Southern Pacific influences were strong enough to make them reduce their called-for subscriptions from $16,500,000 to $6,000,000 for the proposed extension, and concessions on both sides resulting in some compromise unfavorable to the interests of California and the public are far more likely to ensue than any competition such as Congress sought to provide for when it granted charters for several Pacific railroads, and lands to aid their construction.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

This is sometimes called the thirty-second parallel route, and has been completed by the union of several different lines, now welded into two gigantic corporations, whose railroads connect at the Rio Grande. The history of its eastern half is that of a series of battles between rival routes for aid from the national government or the State of Texas. One of the earliest charters was obtained from the State for the Memphis, El Paso, and Pacific Railroad by a few needy Texans, who got with it a valuable land grant. Too

poor themselves to build a mile of it, they sent Fremont, the Path-finder, to New York to raise funds for its construction. There he fell into the hands of Marshall O. Roberts, who, for the trifling consideration of 11,000 out of 20,000 shares of stock, agreed to float the enterprise. Having thus secured control, he now proceeded to freeze out the Texans by levying a five per cent. assessment on the stock. Friends of Fremont, however, interfered to thwart this device; but though the Texans kept their charter, nothing was done under it till 1871, when the Texas Pacific was chartered by Congress, being formed by the union of the El Paso and two other railroads. Its charter was subsequently amended, and the title changed to the Texas *and* Pacific, and the company, which already had a grant of 10,240 acres per mile from the State of Texas, was given government lands at the rate of 12,800 acres per mile in California, and 25,600 acres per mile in the Territories, with permission to extend its line to San Diego, and purchase or consolidate with the Southern Pacific of California, whose charter authorized the building of a railroad from San Francisco to Fort Yuma, with a branch to connect with the Atlantic and Pacific at the Colorado.

That veteran railroad financier and manager, Thomas A. Scott, had already turned his attention to the Southwest, and for years devoted his best energies not only toward the construction of this railroad, but also to induce Congress to guarantee its bonds. But the Southern Pacific (*alias* the Central Pacific) managers, who were already actively at work, and who did not propose to allow a rival road to enter California, were not idle meantime, and not only opposed him, but sought to get away his land grant, offering to construct the road for that alone, while Scott asked an indorsement of the bonds. The lobbies reaped golden harvests, but Scott obtained no aid, and the Southern Pacific people were building on while the others were talking.

At last, in 1878, the rival roads came to an agreement, whereby the Texas and Pacific agreed not to build beyond the Rio Grande, and virtually left the Southern Pacific in possession of the field it fought for. In 1881, Scott, whose days were drawing to a close, sold his interest in the Texas and Pacific to Jay Gould, who has since consolidated it with several other Southwestern lines into that gigantic combination of over five thousand miles known as the Missouri Pacific, whose lines extend from Omaha, Kansas City, and St. Louis, to New Orleans, Galveston, and the Rio Grande.

Thus we see the intentions of Congress to provide competing lines to the Pacific coast defeated by these vast combinations. Any one who had suggested them as possible at the time those charters were granted would have been laughed at as a lunatic. It is true, the Northern Pacific is yet an independent route, and the Santa Fe extensions may be pushed beyond the Colorado. But any one who reviews the progress of consolidation and the fusion of competing interests which we have seen during the past fifteen years will surely admit that union under some form or other for the protection of the interests of those two great companies, the Union-Central-Southern (for it is virtually one) and the Northern Pacific, is far more probable than any conflict or competition between them.

Still, these combinations and consolidations, though tending to form monopolies, are not unmixed evils. Uncertain and ever fluctuating freight rates are a curse to business, as every manufacturer and every shipper will testify. They would prefer low rates all the time, of course, but if they can not have those, they would rather pay a little more and be sure of steady rates. Competition involves varying rates which jump up and down with the changing relations between the railroads, while a consolidation or pool of any kind usually results in somewhat higher but steadier rates.

The projectors of these routes believed that the largest portion of their business would be derived from the through traffic—an idea which prevailed even with practical railroad men till the completion of the Union-Central route began to dispel that dream. In fact, it is a popular idea today that the vast business of the Union Pacific consists of long trains of freight cars laden with tea, silk, or other valuable merchandise, rolling ceaselessly and in quick succession over its entire length. But the annual reports do not confirm this idea. In 1879, ten years after its completion, the Union Pacific carried over its whole line as through freight, both East and West, but 180,214 tons—just enough to make one daily freight train of average

size each way—while one express and one emigrant train daily amply accommodated the through passenger travel.

To-day its stockholders pocket comfortable dividends of seven per cent. on stock which was originally a gift, but of these profits less than ten per cent. is derived from the through business, while the local business keeps on increasing at a surprising rate. Nor has its completion given that "boost" to California that the "Pacific coasters" so fondly dreamed of. It has helped the progress of California, of course, in spite of the heavy tariffs of the Central Pacific, which, however, do not bear so heavily on the through traffic, but the settlement of that State has not advanced with the expected rapidity.

Not long since, when in Nebraska, I met a well-known Bostonian, formerly chief engineer of the great railroad that now gridirons the southern part of that State, and who had then just returned from a trip over the eastern part of the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Like a Western man, my first question was, "What do you think of the country it traverses?"

"Well," said he, "I am not sure that I want to answer that question. Ten years ago, when we were building this road, we all felt rather doubtful of the future of Nebraska. Most of us thought it would never amount to much except as a grazing and cattle country. You see what it is to-day, with its fine farms and pleasant homesteads. Much of the country I have just been through looks rather unpromising, but after the change I have seen here I am quite ready to believe it may prove an excellent farming country."

A little later I was travelling through Jewell County, Kansas, and got into conversation with two farmers, who told me that they had camped near where we stood, many years ago, on their way to California. They said the country then looked like a desert, and had any one told them that within twenty years that country would be settled by thrifty farmers, and that they themselves would select the spot for a home, they would have laughed him to scorn. To-day Jewell County is one of the best in Northern Kansas, where neat villages and snug homesteads dot the face of a rich farming country.

Those familiar with our newer Western States will recall many such instances, but a most remarkable one must be mentioned. Northwestern Nebraska consists largely of what is called "The Sand-hills"—a barren and apparently utterly worthless country of shifting sand-hills. Outlying groups of these hills may be seen near Columbus, in the Platte Valley, where a thin growth of wiry grass has already begun to clothe them. A few years ago they were utterly bare. Now, each season, the grass thickens a little and the sand becomes less shifting. A few years more and there will be pasturage on them. Then will come cattle and sheep to thicken the grass by cropping it and fertilizing it with their droppings.

These changes are slow, but they come as surely as the tall jointed grasses replace the short crisp buffalo-grass with the coming of the homesteader. This again influences the climate, and the taller grasses and cultivation of the soil produce an increase of moisture in the air, and statistics show a well-ascertained increase of moisture in the trans-Missouri country. To read the "land agents' literature" of the railroads which have lands to sell in it, one would think it a veritable land of Goshen. Some sections of Eastern Kansas and Nebraska are hard to surpass for fertility or natural beauty of rolling, undulating country, possessing a perfect natural drainage, and pleasant groves begin to dot the face of the once treeless country; but throughout this entire region the climate becomes drier and the soil apparently less fertile as you go west, though in time it changes, as we have seen above.

The Rocky Mountains and the arid region which stretches thence to California and Oregon must ever deprive this country of the genial influences of the moist winds from the Pacific Ocean, yet it seems not merely possible, but even highly probable, that a few generations will see this trans-Missouri country transformed from its present condition to a farming country with ample rain-fall for ordinary agriculture. So, too, with the arid regions west of the Rocky Mountains. In their primitive state, what can look more utterly barren than the valleys of Utah and Nevada? Yet even here, wherever water can be found and used, the apparently sterile soil yields a rich return of grain, fruit, and vegetables. Californian or Oregonian flour, which makes such delicious, snowy bread, can hardly surpass that of Utah, as those who have visited Salt Lake City will be ready to

bear witness. Not much of this part of our country, however, can be made available for agriculture, but its valleys and bottom-lands will yet furnish ground for many a productive farm in regions now scarcely known.

A few years ago a statement went the round of the newspapers showing how nearly all the really valuable public land of our continent had been taken up, and that soon the American pioneer or foreign immigrant would find that Uncle Sam had no longer a farm left to give away. Such statements are apt to be received and accepted as fact without question, yet the short period that has elapsed since it was made shows that to-day we know of more good farming land yet unoccupied and open for settlement between the Missouri River and the Pacific than was supposed to be in that entire region at the time that statement was made.

Some will tell you that all the really valuable Western lands have long since been taken up, and that only rocks and arid deserts remain; others, that after the completion of the Pacific railroads there will be only a few branch lines left to be built in the far West; others, that the mines of the Rocky Mountains will soon be exhausted, and that when they fail we shall see that region deserted. Such is the language of the croaker, of the disappointed man who failed in the West, as he would have done anywhere, of the Eastern man who thinks civilization is bounded by the Mississippi. But if you have lived in these regions, or have visited them, you will believe, with me, that never at any time in the history of our country have her prospects for rapid growth and continued prosperity been any better than at the present time. Each year sees new regions not only opened up, but others discovered to be valuable for some purpose, while the ever-growing net-work of iron bands binds the whole country in a closer union. Monopolists may seek to control the traffic of a continent, but the power of a free and intelligent people is still, and must ever remain, supreme in our land.

A HASHISH-HOUSE IN NEW YORK.

THE CURIOUS ADVENTURES OF AN INDIVIDUAL WHO INDULGED IN A FEW PIPEFULS OF THE NARCOTIC HEMP.

"AND so you think that opium-smoking as seen in the foul cellars of Mott Street and elsewhere is the only form of narcotic indulgence of any consequence in this city, and that hashish, if used at all, is only smoked occasionally and experimentally by a few scattered individuals?"

"That certainly is my opinion, and I consider myself fairly well informed."

"Well, you are far from right, as I can prove to you if you care to inform yourself more fully on the subject. There is a large community of hashish smokers in this city, who are daily forced to indulge their morbid appetites, and I can take you to a house up-town where hemp is used in every conceivable form, and where the lights, sounds, odors, and surroundings are all arranged so as to intensify and enhance the effects of this wonderful narcotic."

"I must confess that I am still incredulous."

"Well, if it is agreeable to you, meet me at the Hoffman House reading-room to-morrow night at ten o'clock, and I think I shall be able to convince you."

The above is the substance of a conversation that took place in the lobby of a down-town hotel between the writer of these lines and a young man about thirty-eight years of age, known to me for some years past as an opium-smoker. It was through his kindness that I had first gained access to and had been able to study up the subject of opium-smoking. Hence I really anticipated seeing some interesting phases of hemp indulgence, and was not disappointed.

The following evening at precisely ten o'clock I met the young man at the Hoffman House, and together we took a Broadway car up-town, left it at Forty-second Street, and walked rapidly toward the North River, talking as we went.

"You will probably be greatly surprised at many things you will see to-night," he said, "just as I was when I was first introduced into the place by a friend. I have travelled over most of Europe, and have smoked opium in every *joint* in America,

but never saw anything so curious as this, nor experienced any intoxication so fascinating yet so terrible as that of hashish."

"Are the habitués of this place of the same class as those who frequent the opium-smoking dives?"

"By no means. They are about evenly divided between Americans and foreigners; indeed, the place is kept by a Greek, who has invested a great deal of money in it. All the visitors, both male and female, are of the better classes, and absolute secrecy is the rule. The house has been opened about two years, I believe, and the number of regular habitués is daily on the increase."

"Are you one of the number?"

"I am, and find the intoxication far pleasanter and less hurtful than that from opium. Ah! here we are."

We paused before a gloomy-looking house, entered the gate, and passed up the steps. The windows were absolutely dark, and the entranceway looked dirty and desolate. Four pulls at the bell, a pause, and one more pull were followed by a few moments' silence, broken suddenly by the sound of falling chain, rasping bolt, and the grinding of a key in the lock. The outer door was cautiously opened, and at a word from my companion we passed into the vestibule. The outer door was carefully closed by some one whom I could not distinguish in the utter darkness. A moment later the inner door was opened, and never shall I forget the impression produced by the sudden change from total darkness to the strange scene that met my eyes. The dark vestibule was the boundary line separating the cold, dreary streets and the ordinary world from a scene of Oriental magnificence.

A volume of heavily scented air, close upon the heels of which came a deadly sickening odor, wholly unlike anything I had ever smelled, greeted my nostrils. A hall lamp of grotesque shape flooded the hall with a subdued violet light that filtered through crenated disks of some violet fabric hung below it. The walls and ceilings, if ever modern, were no longer so, for they were shut in and hung by festoons and plaits of heavy cloth fresh from Eastern looms. Tassels of blue, green, yellow, red, and tinsel here and there peeped forth, matching the curious edging of variously colored bead-work that bordered each fold of drapery like a huge procession of luminous ants, and seemed to flow into little phosphorescent pools wherever the cloth was caught up. Queer figures and strange lettering, in the same work, were here and there disclosed upon the ceiling cloth.

Along one side of the hall, between two doors, were ranged huge tubs and pots of majolica-like ware and blue-necked Japanese vases, in which were plants, shrubs, and flowers of the most exquisite color and odor. Green vines clambered up the walls and across the ceiling, and catching their tendrils in the balustrades of the stairs (which were also of curious design), threw down long sprays and heavy festoons of verdure.

As my companion, who had paused a moment to give me time to look about me, walked toward the far end of the hall, I followed him, and passed into a small room on the right, where, with the assistance of a colored servant, we exchanged our coats, hats, and shoes for others more in keeping with our surroundings. First a long plush gown, quilted with silk down the front, and irregularly ornamented in bead and braid with designs of serpents, flowers, crescents, and stars, was slipped on over the head. Next a tasselled smoking-cap was donned, and the feet incased in noiseless list slippers. In any other place or under any other circumstances I should have felt ridiculous in this costume, but so in keeping was it with all I had seen, and so thoroughly had I seemed to have left my every-day self in the dark vestibule, that I felt perfectly at home in my strange dress. We next crossed the hall to a smaller room, where a young man, apparently a Frenchman, furnished us, on the payment of two dollars each, with two small pipes and a small covered bronze cup, or urn, filled with a dry green shrub, which I subsequently learned was *gunjeh* (the dried tops and leaves of the hemp plant), for smoking. My friend, on the payment of a further sum, obtained a curious little box which contained some small black lozenges, consisting of the resin of hemp, henbane, crushed datura seeds, butter, and honey, and known in India as *Majoon*, amongst the Moors as *El Mogen*.

Passing from this room we ascended the richly carpeted stairs, enarbored by vines, and paused upon a landing from which three doors opened. Upon one a pink card bore Dryden's line,

"Take the good the gods provide thee."

The knob turned by my friend's hand allowed the door to swing open, and, welcomed by a spice breeze from India, we were truly in paradise.

"This," he said, in a whisper, "is the public room, where any one having pipe or lozenge, and properly attired, may enter and indulge—eat, smoke, or dream, as best suits him."

Wonder, amazement, admiration, but faintly portray my mental condition. Prepared by what I had already seen and experienced for something odd and Oriental, still the magnificence of what now met my gaze far surpassed anything I had ever dreamed of, and brought to my mind the scenes of the *Arabian Nights*, forgotten since boyhood until now. My every sense was irresistibly taken captive, and it was some moments before I could realize that I really was not the victim of some dream, for I seemed to have wholly severed my connection with the world of to-day, and to have stepped back several centuries into the times of genii, fairies, and fountains—into the very heart of Persia or Arabia.

Not an inharmonious detail marred the symmetry of the whole. Beneath, my feet sank almost ankle-deep into a velvety carpet—a sea of subdued colors. Looked at closely, I found that the design was that of a garden: beds of luxurious flowers, stars and crescents, squares and diamond-shaped plots, made up of thousands of rare exotics and richly colored leaves. Here a brook, edged with damp verdure, from beneath which peeped coy violets and tiny bluebells; there a serpentine gravelled walk that wound in and out amongst the exquisite plants, and everywhere a thousand shrubs in bloom or bud. Above, a magnificent chandelier, consisting of six dragons of beaten gold, from whose eyes and throats sprang flames, the light from which, striking against a series of curiously set prisms, fell shattered and scintillating into a thousand glancing beams that illuminated every corner of the room. The rows of prisms being of clear and variously colored glass, and the dragons slowly revolving, a weird and ever-changing hue was given to every object in the room.

All about the sides of the spacious apartment, upon the floor, were mattresses covered with different-colored cloth, and edged with heavy golden fringe. Upon them were carelessly strewn rugs and mats of Persian and Turkish handicraft, and soft pillows in heaps. Above the level of these divans there ran, all about the room, a series of huge mirrors framed with gilded serpents intercoiled, effectually shutting off the windows. The effect was magnificent. There seemed to be twenty rooms instead of one, and everywhere could be seen the flame-tongued and fiery-eyed dragons slowly revolving, giving to all the appearance of a magnificent kaleidoscope in which the harmonious colors were ever blending and constantly presenting new combinations.

Just as I had got thus far in my observations I caught sight of my friend standing at the foot of one of the divans, and beckoning to me. At the same moment I also observed that several of the occupants of other divans were eying me suspiciously. I crossed to where he was, esteeming it a desecration to walk on such a carpet, and, despite my knowledge to the contrary, fearing every moment to crush some beautiful rose or lily beneath my feet. Following my friend's example, I slipped off my list foot-gear, and half reclined beside him on the divan and pillows, that seemed to reach up and embrace us. Pulling a tasselled cord that hung above our heads, my friend spoke a few words to a gaudily turbaned colored servant who came noiselessly into the room in answer to his summons, disappeared again, and in a moment returned bearing a tray, which he placed between us. Upon it was a small lamp of silver filigree-work, two globe-like bowls, of silver also, from which protruded a long silver tube and a spoon-like instrument. The latter, I soon learned, was used to clean and fill the pipes. Placing the bronze jar of hashish on the tray, my friend bade me lay my pipe beside it, and suck up the fluid in the silver cup through the long tube. I did so, and found it delicious.

"That," said he, "is tea made from the genuine coca leaf. The cup is the real *mate* and the tube a real *bombilla* from Peru. Now let us smoke. The dried shrub here is known as *gunjeh*, and is the dried tops of the hemp plant. Take a little tobacco from that jar and mix with it, else it will be found difficult to keep it alight. These lozenges here are made from the finest Nepaul resin of the hemp, mixed with butter, sugar, honey, flour, pounded datura seeds, some opium, and a

little henbane, or hyoscyamus. I prefer taking these to smoking, but, to keep you company, I will also smoke to-night. Have no fear. Smoke four or five pipefuls of the *gunjeh*, and enjoy the effect. I will see that no harm befalls you."

Swallowing two of the lozenges, my guide filled our pipes, and we proceeded to smoke, and watch the others. These pipes, the stems of which were about eighteen inches in length, were incrusted with designs in varicolored beads, strung on gold wire over a ground of some light spirally twisted tinsel, marked off into diamond-shaped spaces by thin red lines. From the stem two green and yellow silken tassels depended. A small bell-shaped piece of clouded amber formed the mouthpiece, while at the other end was a small bowl of red clay scarcely larger than a thimble. As I smoked I noticed that about two-thirds of the divans were occupied by persons of both sexes, some of them masked, who were dressed in the same manner as ourselves. Some were smoking, some reclining listlessly upon the pillows, following the tangled thread of a hashish reverie or dream. A middle-aged woman sat bolt-upright, gesticulating and laughing quietly to herself; another with lack-lustre eyes and dropped jaw was swaying her head monotonously from side to side. A young man of about eighteen was on his knees, praying inaudibly; and another man, masked, paced rapidly and noiselessly up and down the room, until led away somewhere by the turbaned servant.

As I smoked, the secret of that heavy, sickening odor was made clear to me. It was the smell of burning hashish. Strangely enough, it did not seem to be unpleasant any longer, for, although it rather rasped my throat at first, I drew large volumes of it into my lungs. Lost in lazy reverie and perfect comfort, I tried to discover whence came the soft, undulating strains of music that had greeted me on entering, and which still continued. They were just perceptible above the silvery notes of a crystal fountain in the centre of the room, the falling spray from which plashed and tinkled musically as it fell from serpents' mouths into a series of the very thinnest huge pink shells held aloft by timid hares. The music seemed to creep up through the heavy carpet, to ooze from the walls, to flurry, like snow-flakes, from the ceiling, rising and falling in measured cadences unlike any music I had ever heard. It seemed to steal, now softly, now merrily, on tiptoe into the room to see whether we were awake or asleep, to brush away a tear, if tear there was, or gambol airily and merrily, if such was our humor, and then as softly, sometimes sadly, to steal out again and lose itself in the distance. It was just such music as a boatful of fairies sailing about in the clear water of the fountain might have made, or that with which an angel mother would sing its angel babe to sleep. It seemed to enter every fibre of the body, and satisfy a music-hunger that had never before been satisfied. I silently filled my second pipe, and was about to lapse again into a reverie that had become delightfully full of perfect rest and comfort, when my companion, leaning toward me, said:

"I see that you are fast approaching Hashishdom. Is there not a sense of perfect rest and strange, quiet happiness produced by it?"

"There certainly is. I feel supremely happy, at peace with myself and all the world, and all that I ask is to be let alone. But why is everything so magnificent here? Is it a whim of the proprietor, or an attempt to reproduce some such place in the East?" I asked.

"Possibly the latter; but there is another reason that you may understand better later. It is this: the color and peculiar phases of a hashish dream are materially affected by one's surroundings just prior to the sleep. The impressions that we have been receiving ever since we entered, the lights, odors, sounds, and colors, are the strands which the deft fingers of imagination will weave into the hemp reveries and dreams, which seem as real as those of every-day life, and always more grand. Hashish eaters and smokers in the East recognized this fact, and always, prior to indulging in the drug, surrounded themselves with the most pleasing sounds, faces, forms, etc."

"I see," I answered, dreamily. "But what is there behind those curtains that I see moving now and again?" The heavy curtains just opposite where we lay seemed to shut in an alcove.

"There are several small rooms there," said my companion, "shut off from this room by the curtains you see move. Each is magnificently fitted up, I am told. They are reserved for persons, chiefly ladies,

who wish to avoid every possibility of detection, and at the same time enjoy their hashish and watch the inmates of this room."

"Are there many ladies of good social standing who come here?"

"Very many. Not the cream of the *demi-monde*, understand me, but *ladies*. Why, there must be at least six hundred in this city alone who are *habituées*. Smokers from different cities, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and especially New Orleans, tell me that each city has its hemp retreat, but none so elegant as this."

And my companion swallowed another lozenge and relapsed into dreamy silence. I too lay back listlessly, and was soon lost in reverie, intense and pleasant. Gradually the room and its inmates faded from view; the revolving dragons went swifter and more swiftly, until the flaming tongues and eyes were merged into a huge ball of flame, that, suddenly detaching itself with a sharp sound from its pivot, went whirling and streaming off into the air until lost to sight in the skies. Then a sudden silence, during which I heard the huge waves of an angry sea breaking with fierce monotony in my head. Then I heard the fountain; the musical tinkle of the spray as it struck upon the glass grew louder and louder, and the notes longer and longer, until they merged into one clear, musical bugle note that woke the echoes of a spring morning, and broke sharp and clear over hill and valley, meadow-land and marsh, hill-top and forest. A gayly caparisoned horseman, bugle in hand, suddenly appeared above a hill-crest. Closely following, a straggling group of horsemen riding madly. Before them a pack of hounds came dashing down the hill-side, baying deeply. Before them I, the fox, was running with the speed of desperation, straining every nerve to distance or elude them. Thus for miles and miles I ran on until at last, almost dead with fright and fatigue, I fell panting in the forest. A moment more and the cruel hounds would have had me, when suddenly a little field-mouse appeared, caught me by the paw, and dragged me through the narrow entrance to her nest. My body lengthened and narrowed until I found myself a serpent, and in me rose the desire to devour my little preserver, when, as I was about to strike her with my fangs, she changed into a beautiful little fairy, tapped my ugly black flat head with her wand, and as my fangs fell to earth I resumed my human shape. With the parting words, "Never seek to injure those who endeavor to serve you," she disappeared.

Looking about I found myself in a huge cave, dark and noisome. Serpents hissed and glared at me from every side, and huge lizards and ugly shapes scrambled over the wet floor. In the far corner of the cave I saw piles of precious stones of wondrous value that glanced and sparkled in the dim light. Despite the horrid shapes about me, I resolved to secure some, at least, of these precious gems. I began to walk toward them, but found that I could get no nearer—just as fast as I advanced, so fast did they seem to recede. At last, after what seemed a year's weary journey, I suddenly found myself beside them, and falling on my knees, began to fill my pockets, bosom, even my hat. Then I tried to rise, but could not: the jewels weighed me down. Mortified and disappointed, I replaced them all but three, weeping bitterly. As I rose to my feet it suddenly occurred to me that this was in no way real—only a hashish dream. And, laughing, I said, "You fool, this is all nonsense. These are not real jewels: they only exist in your imagination." My real self arguing thus with my hashish self, which I could see, tired, ragged, and weeping, set me to laughing still harder, and then we laughed together—my two selves. Suddenly my real self faded away, and a cloud of sadness and misery settled upon me, and I wept again, throwing myself hysterically upon the damp floor of the cave.

Just then I heard a voice addressing me by name, and looking up, I saw an old man with an enormous nose bending over me. His nose seemed almost as large as his whole body. "Why do you weep, my son?" he said; "are you sad because you can not have *all* these riches? Don't, then, for some day you will learn that whoso hath more wealth than is needed to minister to his wants must suffer for it. Every farthing above a certain reasonable sum will surely bring some worry, care, anxiety, or trouble. Three diamonds are your share; be content with them. But, dear me, here I am again neglecting my work! Here it is March, and I'm not half through yet!"

"Pray what is your work, venerable patriarch?" I asked; "and why has the Lord given you such a huge proboscis?"

"Ah! I see that you don't know me," he replied. "I am the chemist of the earth's bowels, and it is my duty to prepare all the sweet and delicate odors that the flowers have. I am busy all winter making them, and early in the spring my nymphs and apprentices deliver them to the Queen of the Flowers, who in turn gives them to her subjects. My nose is a little large because I have to do so much smelling. Come and see my laboratory."

His nose a little large! I laughed until I almost cried at this, while following him.

He opened a door, and entering, my nostrils met the oddest medley of odors I had ever smelled. Everywhere workmen with huge noses were busy mixing, filtering, distilling, and the like.

"Here," said the old man, "is a batch of odor that has been spoiled. Mistakes are frequent, but I find use for even such as that. The Queen of Flowers gives it to disobedient plants or flowers. You mortals call it asafœtida. Come in here and see my organ;" and he led the way into a large rocky room, at one end of which was a huge organ of curious construction. Mounting to the seat, he arranged the stops and began to play.

Not a sound could be heard, but a succession of odors swept past me, some slowly, some rapidly. I understood the grand idea in a moment. Here was music to which that of sound was coarse and earthly. Here was a harmony, a symphony, of odors! Clear and sharp, intense and less intense, sweet, less sweet, and again still sweeter, heavy and light, fast and slow, deep and narcotic, the odors, all in perfect harmony, rose and fell, and swept by me, to be succeeded by others.

Irresistibly I began to weep, and fast and thick fell the tears, until I found myself a little stream of water, that, rising in the rocky caverns of the mountain, dashed down its side into the plain below. Fiercely the hot sun beat upon my scanty waters, and like a thin gray mist I found myself rising slowly into the skies, no longer a stream. With other clouds I was swept away by the strong and rapid wind far across the Atlantic, over the burning sand wastes of Africa, dipping toward the Arabian Sea, and suddenly falling in huge rain-drops into the very heart of India, blossoming with poppies. As the ground greedily sucked up the refreshing drops I again assumed my form.

Suddenly the earth was rent apart, and falling upon the edge of a deep cavern, I saw far below me a molten, hissing sea of fire, above which a dense vapor hung. Issuing from this mist, a thousand anguished faces rose toward me on scorched and broken wings, shrieking and moaning as they came.

"Who in Heaven's name are these poor things?"

"These," said a voice at my side, "are the spirits, still incarnate, of individuals who, during life, sought happiness in the various narcotics. Here, after death, far beneath, they live a life of torture most exquisite, for it is their fate, ever suffering for want of moisture, to be obliged to yield day by day their life-blood to form the juice of poppy and resin of hemp in order that their dreams, joys, hopes, pleasures, pains, and anguish of past and present may again be tasted by mortals."

As he said this I turned to see who he was, but he had disappeared. Suddenly I heard a fierce clamor, felt the scrawny arms of these foul spirits wound about my neck, in my hair, on my limbs, pulling me over into the horrible chasm, into the heart of hell, crying, shrilly, "Come! thou art one of us. Come! come! come!" I struggled fiercely, shrieked out in my agony, and suddenly awoke, with the cold sweat thick upon me.

"Are you, then, so fond of it that nothing can awaken you? Here have I been shaking and pulling you for the past five minutes. Come, rouse yourself; your dreams seem to be unpleasant."

Gradually my senses became clearer. The odors of the room, the melodies of early evening, the pipe that had fallen from my hand, the faces and forms of the hemp-smokers, were once more recognized.

My companion wished me to stay, assuring me that I would see many queer sights before morning, but I declined, and after taking, by his advice, a cup of Paraguay tea (coca leaf), and then a cup of sour lemonade, I passed down-stairs, exchanged my present for my former dress, returned my pipe, and left the house.

The dirty streets, the tinkling car-horse bell, the deafening "Here you are! twenty sweet oranges for a quarter!" and the drizzling rain were more grateful by far than the odors, sounds, and sights, sweet though they were, that I had just left. Truly it was the cradle of dreams rocking placidly in the very heart of a great city, translated from Bagdad to Gotham.

"HE is simply the best servant I ever saw," I remarked to the Commodore, speaking of Cæsar, as we smoked our after-dinner cigars on the veranda together. "Where did you get him?"

"What! did you never hear?" he cried. "I've known you for six months, and my wife there will have it that I tell everybody within twenty-four hours' acquaintance. I'll tell you about it. It's rather a singular story. In the summer of 1862" (here his wife, rising, left us to ourselves), "when I was a young lieutenant-commander, after the fights between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, the gun-boat I commanded lay for two days near the mouth of the Rappahannock, awaiting the arrival of another gun-boat, which had been cruising about in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. The second day—a scorching one in July—finding it very dull on board, with nothing to do, and thinking to reconnoitre a bit, I had a boat lowered, and rowed off toward the village of Urbanna, just in sight, which was situated on the shores of a beautiful little cove, connecting by a narrow passage with the river. The principal street terminated in a very long wharf which extended to the centre of this cove, affording accommodation to steamboats and large vessels which its shallow waters would not permit to approach nearer the shore. It was *very* hot: the thermometer hanging in my cabin showed 93°, the sun shone down from a cloudless sky upon the yellow wheat stubble interspersed with shocks of the unthreshed grain; the heat quivered in quick fluttering pulsations above the dark green corn fields. All was perfectly peaceful. Not a sign of a gray-coat anywhere. Not a human being in sight as I entered the cove except two or three slumbering field hands resting after dinner under the shade of a tree some distance off. And—yes, I was mistaken, there *was* a small negro boy whom I now spied standing on the extreme outer end of the long wharf. A basket at his feet, the sun pouring down on his flat uncovered head, while he shaded his eyes with one hand that he might the better fix his gaze on the gun-boats lying in the river. As I approached I found he was singing softly to himself in a mechanical sort of fashion. The strain grew louder as I came nearer; his attention, too, was so engrossed that I was alongside the wharf as yet entirely unperceived. All at once, as I rested on my oars, looking at him, he broke out in full voice, rich and mellow as a fine contralto:

"'Cyah'ss *my* eyes up t' de sky,
I *do* belong to de Union ban',
En dah I see de chaleot ridin' long by,
I *do* belong to de—
I do belong to de Union ban'.'

"A pause. Then, 'Helloa, there!' I cried, at the same time reaching upward for one of the wharf posts wherewith to steady myself as I stood up in the boat to speak with him. I missed my aim, just at the moment I hailed him, the boat shooting in an instant under the overhanging sides of the pier out of his sight. Looking aloft through a small hole in the planks, I could see that he had been greatly startled. He gave a sort of a spring backward, nearly overturning his basket as he did so, and peering around hither and thither in search of the invisible caller, while he muttered:

"'Good thing I done tuk dat ah baskit off my hade!' Then, raising his voice, 'Who dat holleh?' Perfect silence. Then, '*Who* was it, I say?'

"I kept still, wickedly enjoying his perplexity, when, still looking about him, and seeing nothing, his eyes began to distend.

"'Mighty like evil,' he muttered, 'cep'in' don' no evils come dis soon in de mawnin; evils is night-hawks.'

"I still gave no sign of my vicinity; so presently he returned to the contemplation of the gun-boat, soliloquizing: '*Lawdy!* don' I wush I could git on boa'd one dem dah t'ings! I'd—'

"'Helloa, there!' I cried again, interrupting him, as I pushed out from under the wharf. When he saw me his eyes grew bigger than ever, and giving one quick glance at my uniform, he snatched up his basket, and was for making off, when I called him to stop, adding, 'Don't you want to sell your berries?'

"He halted then, and recollecting his manners, pulled his sunburned forelock, as he stammered, in much trepidation, 'Y-yea, sch; mammy done sont y'all down to Maws Tom Pahma's sto' to sell um fu heh.'

"'And you ran down here to gaze at the gun-boats instead—is that it? You oughtn't to leave your berries out there

in the hot sun. They won't be so good, and I'd like to buy them. What do you ask for the basketful?'

"He looked down in much embarrassment, kicking about with his bare feet, as he presently replied, 'Maws Tom Pahma he 'low mammy poun' o' suga' fu' dese sha blackbays.'

"'A pound of sugar! Well, but wouldn't she just as lief have the money? I haven't any sugar with me, and I'd like to have them for my dinner. Look here.' I drew out a bright silver half-dollar, and held it up to him. 'I guess she'd as lief have the money. Wouldn't she?'

"His eyes began to glisten; the circulation of metallic currency was already a thing of the past in the South, and reaching out his hand at once for the coin, he grinned his entire acquiescence to the proposal before declaring: 'Lawdy, yeas, Maws Yankee Soljeh; oh, yeas, seh. But dese sha's wah times, an' sto's do'n' 'low no sulva money. Mammy glad to git Yankee money, cert'n.'

"'Well, then, it's a bargain. Here's your Yankee money. Now give me the berries.'

"'I 'bleeged t' kyah de baskit back,' he said, as I was extending my hand for it.

"The basket! I hadn't thought of that. What was I to do? I had nothing with me into which I could bestow my anticipated dessert. I glanced down into the boat. Nothing there, except a heap of regulation blankets and an oil-cloth overcoat which had been carelessly left huddled together at the bow. Oh, for a receptacle of some kind! I could not bear to relinquish those big, luscious-looking berries, I had been living on salt food for so long, and yet— In my perplexity, looking about me, all on a sudden my attention was caught by the swinging sign of the little country store beyond the wharf, at the entrance of the village. I might be able to buy a bucket or a pail there. Well thought of!

"'Here, my boy. What's your name?'

"'Cæsa', maws.'

"'Well, Cæsar, I'd like you to stay here and watch this boat' (I made her fast to a stake as I spoke), 'while I go ashore to buy a pail to hold my blackberries. I'll be back in fifteen or twenty minutes at furthest. Wait here until then. Don't leave the boat on any account, and don't let any one touch her. D'ye hear?'

"I had already climbed up the side of the wharf (after first taking the precaution to pocket the half-dollar), and was walking rapidly away, when, with the same deliberation which had characterized his former replies, he drawled out after me:

"'Ye-a-s, Maws Yankee Soljeh. Th' ain't nobody yeah gwine to tech heh.'

"'Very well. I'll give you the money when I come back.'

"I was not risking much in leaving the boat in his charge, after all. The whole country for miles around looked deserted. The entire male population, with the exception of a few very old and decrepit men, of whom 'Maws Tom Pahma' furnished a sample, had gone off with the Confederate army. And the women and children kept well within-doors so long as we remained anchored in sight. I soon reached the shop, where I made my purchase—a common painted wooden water-bucket—and fearing I had already loitered too long, I left the building, and was about to return at once to the gig, when I happened to spy, just outside, lurking behind a tree, the very boy whom I had left on the wharf, standing there with my basket of blackberries on his head, having followed me, I suppose, at his leisure. I accosted him at once:

"'What made you leave the boat? What are you doing here?' I asked, with some asperity.

"But he put on a look of most innocent bewilderment.

"'Mammy sont y'all to de sto' to sell dese sha blackbays.'

"'Yes, so you told me before; but you've already sold them to me. What made you leave the boat?' I repeated.

"'I di'n' leave no boat; I ain't been nigh de wata. I com' f'om home. Mammy sont y'all down to Maws Tom Pahma's sto'; Maws Tom he 'low poun' suga' fu' dese sha' blackbays,' he drawled, even slower than before.

"'Yes, I know; but you agreed just now to let me have them for half a dollar. Here's your money. Quick, I've no time to lose.'

"As he still remained motionless and staring, I caught the basket from his hand, poured its contents into my bucket—he wearing the most amusing look of utter amazement and consternation the while—then thrusting the money into his hand, I said:

"'Now go home, and see that your mother gets the money. I'm afraid you're a very bad boy, Cæsar.'

"His eyes widened more and more, as I had seen them do on the wharf.

"'Dis ain't Cæsa', maws. You's mistookin. I—I's Pompey. Cæsa' done 'scape clean 'way f'om me down yond' de road f'om de gret house t' 'Banna.'

"As he spoke I glanced down the length of the wharf; the boy had disappeared; and this was he, of course, beyond the shadow of a doubt. My senses could not so deceive me. And bringing my gaze to bear on his face I surveyed him sternly. Was it imagination, or did I detect a lurking expression of mischief playing about his mouth? 'You little rascal!' I cried, losing all patience as I concluded that I did, 'do you mean to have the audacity to persist in asserting you are not the boy I left in charge of my boat not ten minutes ago? I've a great mind to give you the rope's-end. I would do it if I had one convenient, you little liar.'

"His eyes met mine for one instant; then, thrusting his knuckles into them, he began to whimper piteously: 'Dis sheh some Cæsa's wu'k sho', 'cla'. 'Cla' t' gracious, maws, I do'n' know nuthin' 'tall 'bout no boat. *I* ain't seen Cæsa'. Cæsa' done run clean 'way to de Yankees, I s'pec'; 'case, Lawd knows, I ain't seen him. Me 'n' Cæsa' favors mightily.'

"He was, for his years, such a seasoned hypocrite that I had a great mind to fall aboard of him then and there, but at that moment my glance wandered inadvertently toward the river. I caught sight of the black smoke-stack of the gun-boat we were expecting. My presence on board my own boat was absolutely necessary in the event of her arrival. I could tarry no longer, and, speeding away down the long pier, I left him still gazing after me with his eyes widely opened, astonished, and tearful. As I proceeded along it occurred to me that there might be two of them, after all, since such a youngster would scarcely have the wit to think of such a name as Pompey as a companion piece to Cæsar. Pshaw! it was only a name with which he was familiar, for, as I reached the end of the wharf where I had left him, he *had* disappeared. Not a sign of him anywhere, except two or three spilled blackberries. I looked all about me—down at my boat lying where I had left her, and under the wharf. Nobody in sight. So it must have been he who had followed me, and played the part of a double so well.

'The young scamp!' I muttered, as I descended into the gig and began pulling toward the river. 'But for my promptitude in seizing these berries he would have regularly done me; 'twas well I spied him there at the village.'

"Ten minutes' easy pulling brought me alongside the gun-boat, and I presently found myself on board, with so much to do that I very soon banished all thoughts of my recent experience, since the new gun-boat I had descried had now arrived within speaking distance, with the intelligence that we were to proceed together at once to Washington, *viâ* Baltimore, there to await further instructions. So we weighed anchor at five o'clock, and by ten that evening were well out of the river, with the Chesapeake Bay spread before us.

"Just about that time—at ten o'clock, I mean—one of the men, occupied with some work in the vicinity of the aft cabin, came running up from below to the deck, where a party of us were seated.

"'There's a strange noise down below, sir; like some 'un cryin'. None of us can account for it. I've looked through and through the cabins, sir; there's no one there.' A silence. Then he added, hesitantly: 'I'm afraid it bodes no good to us, sir.'

"'Nonsense, Roberts!' said I, rising.

"'No, sir; it's true. Only listen, sir.'

"A strange sound there certainly was. I could now hear it plainly. So two of us descended the ladder at once, followed by the man. The sound grew louder as we approached the officers' cabin, then suddenly ceased as I called for a light and we proceeded thither.

"It was perfectly still and apparently empty when we entered, but as I walked across to the berths to begin my search I stumbled, and nearly fell over some obstacle which seemed to resolve itself into a soft warm substance with as many tentacles as a cuttle-fish, and employing them all to adhere tenaciously to my knees. Looking downward in some alarm, while I held the light aloft, the better to discover the nature of this singular impediment, I was perfectly electrified to behold the ubiquitous Cæsar, whom I thought I had left miles behind, now making a perfect Laocoon of himself as he clung with all four limbs to my legs, his head thrown back, and his big black eyes fixed with an indescribable expression on my face. It was himself, and not another.

I recognized him at once. Moreover, beside him on the floor was the basket of blackberries—mine and yet not mine, for we had eaten those I had brought with me—the ones I had seized from Cæsar—from Pompey, I mean. There were two of them, then, after all. But how had this one gotten on board? I put the question to him.

"'Oh, Lawdy, Maws Yankee Soljeh—oh, Lawdy, maws! I woan' do so no mo'. I—I gwine home t' mammy dis vay minit.'

"Which, with countless sobs and asseverations, was the only reply I could elicit.

"'I gwine home *now*,' he repeated again and again.

"'Go home! you little rascal. I wish you could. You're half-way down the bay now. How did you get here? Who brought you?'

"[Sob, sob.] '*You* did, maws' [sob].

"'*I* did! Come, don't trifle with me, you scamp. I won't stand it.'

"[Sob.] 'Yeas, maws, you *did* [sob]. I slid down side de whahf while you's gone to Maws Tom Pahma's sto', an'—an' I hid 'hind de blankits an' t'ings in de boat tell you come an' git in. Oh, Lawdy, maws, please, seh, doan' kill me.'

"It was true, I had pulled him to the gunboat with me, concealed underneath the heap of blankets in the bow; and once arrived at the ship, after the gig was hauled up alongside, he had probably watched his opportunity, when no one was around, and had stolen forth from his hiding-place with his berries as a peace-offering in case he should be discovered, and had made his way down into the cabin to investigate the inside of a 'Yankee soljeh boat,' as he called it, trusting to luck to find a way back to the village. The rest of his narrative was somewhat incoherent. He had become interested in the things around him, and had looked about him for some time, always taking care to creep under the shelter of the berths when he heard any one approaching. The last time he had done so it was very warm, he was tired and hungry, and—and—

"When he awakened it was to find everything dark and strange and lonely, and the room moving along, which latter circumstance impressed him as being so awful that he began to cry aloud, thus accounting for the mysterious sound deemed so portentous. It took a long time to elicit all this, but when at last the boy concluded, I surveyed him in much perplexity.

"'Dallam, what on earth shall we do with him?' said I, turning to my brother officer.

"'I don't know, indeed, unless you leave him in some asylum in Baltimore,' was the reply. 'Sending him home is not to be thought of.'

"All this while Cæsar remained squatted in a forlorn little heap upon the cabin floor, gazing from one strange face to another; but as he heard those words, all at once he fetched an unearthly howl, and falling again on his knees before me, he begged *me* to keep him.

"'I know I done ben a bad boy, maws; but please, seh, jis try me. I kin wuk roun' right smaht; kin clean shoes, an' tote wood an' wata, an' wait on de kitchin. I min' you, maws, '*deed* I will. I woan' nuvva run 'way no mo'.'

"Well, the upshot of the matter was that, after giving a good laugh to the ridiculous and a little sigh to the troublesome side of the business, I finally consented to give him a trial, Dallam's servant kindly undertaking to begin teaching him his duties next day.

"I have kept him ever since. There never was a better servant. Little chap as he was, he was with me all during the war, serving me cheerfully and well, and never but once expressing any regret for the home and kindred he had left behind. Two or three days after we reached Washington, finding him thoughtful, and asking him what was the matter, he told me he was 'studyin' 'bout Pompey,' adding, 'I mighty 'fraid Pompey gwine ketch it when mammy fine out he done lemme run 'way wid de baskit.'"

"Did he never see any of his home people again?" I inquired, as the Commodore paused.

"Yes, he did. He went to see them four—five years ago. But I must tell you how he found them. In May, '76, fourteen years afterward, I had him in New York with me. I was going over to Jersey City on some business one morning, and was stepping down-town at a brisk pace, Cæsar following in my wake with my satchel, when my attention was attracted by an altercation going on at the front door of a shabby-looking boarding-house opposite. The disputants were a stout burly Irishman and his wife, and a slender young negro, whose back was

turned. The cause of disagreement, as I presently ascertained, was about the price demanded for lodging and breakfast, the colored man alleging that he had been induced to enter the house the evening before on the strength of a positive promise that the total sum of his accommodation should not exceed seventy-five cents. This statement was emphatically and volubly denied by the others, who demanded double the amount, referring to their printed scale of prices, and threatening to send for 'the police' to enforce their claim.

"'I done tole you I couldn' read none,' said the negro. 'Wha's use showin' *me* dat ah readin'?'

"I saw he was evidently a countryman in the hands of sharpers; besides, there was something in his lingo which was strangely familiar; so I crossed the street, and paused on the sidewalk in front of the house, awaiting further developments.

"A great deal of talking ensued, until finally the negro was fairly bullied into producing the demanded sum.

"'I s'pose I got to pay you. I know bett'n to come yeh 'gin, dough.'

"'We must see that man righted, Cæsar,' I said. 'If I don't mistake, he's from your State.'

"But Cæsar did not answer; he stood as one petrified, gazing on his fellow-countryman with all his eyes. So, leaving him, I ran hastily up the steps.

"'Let me see that paper, if you please.'

"'Shure an' I'll do nathin' of the koind,' replied the Irishman, turning very red, as he crumpled his scale of prices in his hand.

"'You are right,' I replied. 'But I don't need it. Your sign-board here,' designating one attached to the side of the door, 'confirms this man's story in every respect. You'd better take the amount he owes you at once, or I'll send my man here after an officer, and he won't arrest the colored man either.'

"The landlord muttered something about busybodies interfering with other people's business, taking care to pocket the money, however; and I had already descended the steps, when the young negro, whose face I had scarcely seen, turning to thank me, I started back almost in consternation. He was Cæsar's very counterpart! In an instant it occurred to me who he was. 'Isn't your name Pompey?' I asked, interrupting his burst of gratitude.

"'Yeas, seh,' surprisedly. 'Pompey Grymes, boss.'

"'I knowed it—I knowed it fus' time I done yeahed 'im talk,' broke in Cæsar at this juncture, as he came forward, seizing his brother's hand, and relapsing into his almost forgotten Virginia dialect. 'Howd'y, Pompey, howd'y? Lawd bless you, my brother Pompey, I—I's *glad* to see you,' the tears streaming down his honest face as the two stood facing each other like the two Dromios just before the curtain drops.

"I gave Cæsar a holiday that day, which he spent with his double, who was employed as deck hand on a boat plying between Norfolk and New York. And the next week the two reunited brethren proceeded together to Middlesex County to see the old people for a month, which is the longest period of my separation from him since that hot afternoon in 1862 when, like the master of the fishing-boat, I carried 'Cæsar and his fortunes.'"

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair has preached more than one little sermon from the text of alleged editorial partiality. It is very difficult for the poet, or the story-teller, or essayist, who with fond parental affection naturally supposes the offspring of his brain to be a little better than other offspring, to believe that the superiority does not equally impress other observers. If the editor to whom the poet sends the verses which have been written with tears and deep emotion does not feel his heart tingling as he reads, and own the pathos and the fire, it is, in the secret judgment of the poet, because he is the victim of his prejudices, and is resolved to recognize no charm and no value except in the work of a clique of personal favorites. Were his mind not clouded with unworthy partialities, he would own that the sonnet upon a grasshopper's leg is far nobler in conception and of an infinitely subtler melody than the lines to a locust's wing. Or, again, how is it possible for any intelligent mind not to see that the story which is to-day declined is a hundredfold better than that which was yesterday accepted?

"I hope that I am not vain," says Vanitas, "but I really think that I can distinguish mica from silver and gold from tinsel, and if the paper which I send is not of finer quality than any of Sainte-Beuve's—I certainly do not

wish to overstate the matter—why, I am profoundly mistaken." This is the theme of endless variations, and when the neat and courteous editorial circular arrives, stating that the paper kindly offered for publication is not found available by the editor, that hapless word "available," which, of all words in the English language, seems to have been made for the very purpose of expressing the editorial decision without a suggestion of opinion upon the intrinsic value of the offering, is decried and denounced and spurned as a justly degraded outcast and criminal to be hounded through the world. "Unavailable, indeed!" cries Vanitas, with a snort of contempt, "why does he not say plainly and in a manly way that he does not know me, and that he can not waste time in considering the contributions of tyros and nobodies? Unavailable! My prehistoric novel unavailable! How is American literature, for which the world is yearning, ever to appear, if its great works are to be suppressed by ignoramuses as unavailable?"

It is melancholy to think of the wrath and scorn and lofty pity which these innocent circulars produce. The fact, also, that they are printed and not written is a bitter aggravation. The editor of a magazine, struggling with his vast work, planning for future numbers, engaging such articles as must be engaged far in advance, reading and considering the endless mass of contributions of every kind, keeping himself familiar with the general movement of literature, and among busy men the busiest, receives a huge MS., addressed to him by an unknown author, requesting immediate attention to the work, and a prompt opinion of its merits, and of the probable capacity of the writer and the desirability of his pursuing a literary career, and, if the MS. be declined, the reasons of the declination are desired, and directions how to obviate the objections hereafter, with such general reflections and details of counsel as may be useful to the inexperienced; but, above all, no printed circular. That would be deliberate insult and outrage. If it must be so, let the MS. be returned, but without the wanton provocation of a printed circular with its hideous "unavailable."

Why should editors be put without the pale of humanity? Has there been some Dred Scott dictum against them? What tribunal has adjudged that editors have no rights which authors are bound to respect? Recently a letter of biting satire was received by one of this fraternity. It hinted that although the injustice and partiality and other wickedness of the editorial sanctum were well known, and although modest, unlaurelled, and struggling literary aspirants had little chance of fair treatment, it was nevertheless generally supposed among them that at least the mere form of opening their manuscripts would be observed, and that although they might not be actually read, the appearance of attention would be vouchsafed even by the most scornful editor. But even this, it seemed, was too extravagant an expectation. The MSS. were not even opened, much less read. For if they were, how could it happen that a contribution received on a certain day, at a certain hour, should be returned on the same day, at a certain other hour, marked with fatal precision by the post-office upon the envelope? Unavailable, indeed! It was not unavailable, but unread. Would the editor, in the midst of his vast labors, graciously pause long enough to explain this extraordinary rapidity in the consideration and condemnation of a contribution?

There was no doubt whatever that this writer sincerely believed that he had been the victim of an unfaithful editor, and that his MS. had been received, and, without reading, immediately returned. There was also no doubt that he believed a previous contribution from him to have been accepted, not upon its merit, but through the influence of a relation. He was evidently of opinion that a magazine is edited, as an unreformed civil service is filled, by mere personal favoritism, and this particular editorial sinner should be distinctly apprised that he had been found out. But this was the editorial reply that he received:

"I very well remember the MS. about which you write. The character and the incidents are fresh in my remembrance now; I could rehearse nearly every event related by you which occurred during that period of dreadful suspense at the agency. The story was graphic, but very far exceeded the space at my command for a short story.

"I have read many complaints against editors and their treatment of contributors, but yours is the only one that I can recall which is based on the promptness of the editor in the consideration of the author's MS. The MS. of your story was read within two hours after its reception. The same decision would have been reached if I had kept you waiting for weeks, but would you not with better reason have complained of the delay? For years it has been my study to keep contributors waiting no longer than should be absolutely necessary for my verdict upon their MSS.

"I am not only the reader of MS. offered, but also the responsible editor of the magazine. From an experience of twenty years I have learned how entirely an editor depends upon contributors for the success of the periodical committed to his charge. From this view (and I see no other possible view for an editor to take), what motive could I have for slighting any author's MS.?

"I shall be very glad to have the opportunity of considering other stories from your pen; but if you should again receive back your MS. within four or five days, I shall expect your thanks rather than your blame.

"I am sorry that you should do your work so little credit as to suppose that a MS. of yours had been accepted through the interest of your uncle. That would have been impossible. Sincerely yours."

Such a letter will do much more than many sermons of the Easy Chair to persuade contributors that the fate of their articles depends, not upon the fame of the writer or the personal favor of the editor, but upon the merit and the timeliness—in a word, upon the availability—of the article itself. The editor of a magazine is a trustee. The character

and the prosperity of the trust committed to him, as well as his own reputation and his own personal and pecuniary interest, depend upon the success of the magazine. But how can he promote that success by accepting the work of his personal friends, or of a little clique of writers, to the exclusion of the better work of unknown men? It is the editor's acceptance of this last which has made the fame of many of the best known of living writers.

"My dear," said the wise nurse to the young child, "bugaboos beset us on every hand. But look steadily at them and they will vanish. The man who came home at midnight saw an awful spectre, with outstretched, wide-flying arms, warning him from his own door. Yet he marched bravely on, and lo! it was one of his own shirts dangling in the night wind upon the clothes-line."

THE songs of Burns have associated such beauty and pathos with the Scotch tongue that the language itself has acquired a charm of melodious tenderness. It appears in the beautiful story of Stuart of Dunleath, and in many a song which is but an echo of the sweet and familiar tone of the poet. A strain of this kind was lately sent to the Easy Chair from Kansas. The singer is stated to be a lady in Illinois, and the old story is hinted in it with pensive grace:

"What mak's my auld een blurred and wet;
My heart ache wi' forgotten thraes?
A pinch o' dust wi'in my hond
O' what was ance a bonnie rose.

"A bonnie rose, yet bonnier far
The lassie on whose bosom fair
It glowed and trembled, while its breath
Grew sweeter frae its restin' there.

"'Twas simmer-time, the flowery days
O' youth and luve to her and me;
We gied nae thought to winter's snaws,
That garr'd the simmer's blooms to dee.

"My lassie lang has gane to sleep;
My bonnie bud maun droop and dee;
A pinch o' dust wi'in my hond
Is a' the rose that's left to me."

Naturally the correspondent who sends this little song falls into reminiscences of other days. He is a native New-Yorker, but long a stranger to the city, to which he returned in 1876 after an absence of thirty-nine years. His grandfather came to the city a hundred years ago, on its evacuation by the British, the centenary of which event will be celebrated in November, and he saw General Washington pass down Broad Street with his troops. Wheat then grew where now the Astor House stands. The open fields lay beyond the City Hall, and our correspondent himself recalls the open country a little beyond. When he was ten years old his grandfather took him to see General Lafayette at the City Hall, and as they came out his grandfather told him that the General said, as he looked at the crowd in the Park, "Why, I see no peasantry or blouses; they are all gentlemen!" This recalls, by contrast, the story of Voltaire, who, when he was insulted and driven home by the London mob, turned upon the door-step, and complimented them upon the nobleness of the national character and their love of liberty.

Our correspondent recalls the cholera in 1832-3, and the crowds of anxious faces peering at the newspaper bulletins, upon which were posted the reports of the Board of Health; and especially he remembers the appalling record of one day when there were reported: "Whole number of cases, 3000; number of deaths, 301." In the same year he saw the packet-ship *Washington Irving* on a bright August morning lying in the East River with all sails set, and just about to put to sea with Joseph Bonaparte as her passenger. Another day he recalls an excited crowd gathered around the office of the *Courier and Enquirer*, whose editor had just had an encounter with the editor of the *Herald*—an event which was much more frequent then than now—a fact which will be probably considered to indicate that such collisions tended to improve editorial manners.

The December night of what is still the Great Fire of New York is "photographed on memory." It was a bright moonlight night. The cold was so intense that the engines were useless. The space bounded by the East River and South, Wall, and Broad streets was filled with a roaring flame, in the midst of which stood the Exchange, whose dome fell and buried the marble statue of Alexander Hamilton, the financial genius of American prosperity. Amid the waste of smouldering ruins only one building was left standing in what had been the most thronged and the busiest part of the city. Seven hundred buildings, covering thirteen acres, were destroyed, and the loss was more than twenty millions of dollars. Since that night, and within a few years, Chicago and Boston have suffered still more severely. But in the annals of New York the Great Fire of 1835 will be remembered like that of 1666 in the story of London.

Among the conspicuous persons of that earlier part of the century, our correspondent well remembers Dr. David Hosack, who impressed his young imagination as "a sort of cross between Dr. Samuel Johnson and Daniel Webster, with the pomposity of the former and the dark features of the latter." This impression of the appearance of Dr. Hosack is confirmed by his portrait in the American Portrait Gallery—an interesting collection of likenesses of the people who were noted half a century ago. This portrait is one of the best works of an artist who was very famous in his time, Thomas Sully, of Philadelphia—a welcome guest in the more cultivated society of New York sixty and seventy years ago, when it was said that Clinton, Hosack, and Hobart were the tripod upon which the city stood.

Dr. Hosack's social genius, with his gener-

ous accomplishment and refined taste, made his house the most attractive in the city. It was the resort of the most distinguished strangers as well as of the most agreeable New-Yorkers, and Mrs. Lamb, the delightful Herodotus of old New York, tells us that the Duke of Saxe-Weimar mentions in his diary the charm of the Hosack Saturday evenings. In the public libraries and upon the book-shelves of the older houses in the city is still to be seen the stately quarto containing Dr. Hosack's eulogy upon his friend De Witt Clinton. On great nights at the old Park Theatre the doctor and his family were always conspicuous—the old Park, where our gossip saw the elder Booth as Richard III., the Woods in *La Somnambula*, Charles Mathews in a dozen airy parts, and Fanny Kemble's flashing eyes.

Among the other notable figures of the city recalled by our correspondent was Laurie Todd, as Grant Thorburn called himself. He was conspicuous in the street with his leather apron, stooping as he hobbled and jerked himself along, his spectacles shoved up from his sly gray eyes, or as he stood in his shop, behind the counter, surrounded with flowers and singing-birds, and glass globes flashing with gold-fish. Into the shop one day came a brisk youth with the maiden to whom he was betrothed, and as they went they took with them a superb potted plant which was worth at least ten dollars. "My first impulse," said the Scotchman, "was to arrest the fellow for stealing; but on reflection I said, 'Now this young man is worth nothing, so I will wait; he will marry that girl, who is rich, and then I shall get my money.' So one morning, sure enough, they came sailing in in full dress, and proceeded to make selections of flowers for their wedding; and I made out their bill, sir; and the first item I set down in that bill, sir, was, 'One grandiflora, $50,' sir; and I got my money."

Such scenes and persons fill the memory of our correspondent, and it is in such memories that they now mainly live. The city has become great and splendid—a city of palaces, and of the mad extravagance of Sybaris. But amid all its magnificence and lavish profusion it has no social circle like that which made Dr. Hosack's Saturday evenings famous, or that of the club which sparkled with the humor and fancy of Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Bryant, Verplanck, and their companions.

THERE was undoubtedly as much surprise as disappointment at the result of the art competition which was opened some months since by the publishers of this Magazine. They made a munificent and most advantageous offer for the best original illustration of Domett's "Christmas Hymn," which should be designed expressly for the competition, and should be suitable for publication in the Magazine. In response to the announcement three hundred and thirty-eight drawings were offered, and twenty-three were received after the date fixed for closing the competition, and therefore too late for consideration. The committee, with great regret, did not feel themselves justified by the terms of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever. Even the best drawing which was submitted was not suitable for publication in the Magazine. But, unwilling to relinquish the purpose of promoting the interest of art in the country by stimulating a generous rivalry in production, the proposers of the competition have reopened it upon somewhat different terms.

Alfred Domett, whose hymn was selected for illustration, is a poet who has a peculiar interest as the Waring of Robert Browning's charming poem,

> "What's become of Waring
> Since he gave us all the slip?—
> Chose land travel or sea-faring?"

The hymn is a series of pictures of various aspects of Christmas at different epochs and under widely different conditions. It has a strikingly sonorous rhythmic sweep, and invites illustration by its graphic form and its rich suggestion. But whether this very literary excellence did not discourage the young artist by challenging him to cope with the work of a mature master in another art is a fair question. A sensitive beginner might feel that he could only follow the lead of so intrepid and confident a tread as that of Domett in the poem, and so be deprived at the very beginning of that perfect freedom of movement which is indispensable to the best design.

But whatever the feeling of the committee may have been—and a more competent and sympathetic tribunal no aspirant could desire—they have suggested that the competition be re-opened under conditions which propose no restraint upon the invention of the artist except that which is imposed by the object itself. The publishers' intention is to engrave the most suitable design among those which satisfy the terms of the offer for the December or Christmas number of the Magazine for the next year, 1884. It is to be a Christmas illustration, and the simple requirement of the competition is that the work be an original illustration appropriate to Christmas, suitable for publication in the Magazine, of which it will occupy one page. Any sacred or secular aspect of Christmas may be selected. The church, the home, the religious rite, the domestic feast, in any of their details or suggestions, are open to the designer. But of course the combination of different designs in the same picture is to be avoided. This proposal leaves every artist to range, like Queen Elizabeth, although in another sense,

> "In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

The advantage which this competition offers to the young artist is not only the money and

the opportunity of study of the great works of art in Europe, but it is also the reputation which is at once secured to him by the publication of his work, and its introduction with his name to millions of readers. It opens to him also the most American form of art work, in the sense that it has been carried to the greatest excellence in America. The Yankee faculty and mechanical ingenuity are offered especial opportunity in the process of wood-engraving and printing. Under the spur of American superiority in this art, English magazines are beginning to emulate, but not yet to rival, the American. The art, indeed, in its present excellence, is almost an American art, and the work of the successful competitor for the Harper prize will be engraved in the most perfect manner, and his success will be capital at once supplied to him, whose increase will depend only and wholly upon himself.

It is an error to suppose that talent is not stimulated or evoked by such competition, and that prize poems and prize pictures are always valueless. Such has not been the experience of that modern school of art, France, whose cleverest pupils, sent to study in Italy, have made their names famous. The broad and generous offer now proposed may not, indeed, produce a work worthy of the award. Nevertheless, it invites a friendly competition of excellence, and even if the response should be inadequate, the endeavor is wise. The mere fact that the art demand and activity in the country suggest and justify such an offer is in itself stimulating to artistic taste and ability. It is an evidence of the prosperity of art which tends to make it still more prosperous. It is a hint to the young artist of the direction in which he should turn his talent, and if another surprise and disappointment should be in store for us, such considerations will be our consolation.

Amid all the centennial commemorations with which we have become familiar, none is more worthy of the universal observance which it will receive than the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, which occurs on the 10th of November. At Eisleben, his birth-place, and throughout Germany, and everywhere in the countries that lead civilization, will the auspicious day be gratefully remembered and reverently celebrated. For in the truest sense Luther is the father of modern civilization. He emancipated the human mind from ecclesiastical slavery. He proclaimed that freedom of thought without which it is easy to see that, despite the great modern inventions, the spirit of the Dark Ages must have been indefinitely prolonged, and the course of modern civilization must have been essentially different. It was the spiritual freedom which Luther asserted that produced political freedom and the freedom of the press: Luther's spirit was to make the invention of Gutenberg the true servant of humanity, and to open to the benign genius of liberty the lands to which Gioja's mariner's compass should point the way. Indeed, among human benefactors there are few greater names than Martin Luther.

Of course neither in his own life nor in that of those who followed him most closely was the great doctrine of liberty, for which his name stands, fully developed, nor has that doctrine yet regenerated human society. The right of private judgment carries with it an immunity which is by no means willingly or completely recognized even by the communities which are most truly Lutheran in the sense of sharing his protest against the old order and his affirmation of the authority of the individual conscience. Indeed, much that is strictly Lutheran, in the sense of necessary consequence of his great doctrine, is not to be found in his works, and would have been personally repudiated by him. But it is his, nevertheless, as the free political development of England and America is the result of Puritanism, however different its aspect may be from that of the Puritan Commonwealth, and however sternly the Puritan may have denounced it. Out of strength comes forth sweetness. Out of Luther came forth John Woolman and Channing, and those also at whom Woolman and Channing would look in wonder and even with apprehension.

The lesson of Luther's birthday is not only that the individual conscience alone reveals the truth and the way to the sincere soul, but that the man who has the courage to hold to it firmly will be at last recognized and honored. It is the oldest of sayings that a prophet is not honored in his own country, and that we do not recognize the angels with whom we live. Many a "solid man of Boston" glorifies the memory of Sam Adams who, had he lived in Sam Adams's day, would have thought him a pestilent fellow, and who look askance upon the Sam Adamses of their own day. It may be wisely remembered by the respectable and dominant opinion which delights to pay homage to Luther that the same respectable and dominant opinion of his own time hated and hunted him. The tale is forever repeated. The other day at a public dinner in Boston the Lord Chief Justice of England, who would be heard nowhere more respectfully than in Boston, mentioned several distinguished men of that city and neighborhood, but the four that he first named together were Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster and Joseph Story and Theodore Parker. But how long is it since, to many of the eminent citizens who applauded Lord Coleridge, Theodore Parker was abhorrent as dangerous both to church and state?

Mr. Seward once declined to deliver an oration upon Washington's Birthday, saying that nothing could be more agreeable to his feelings than to accept and join in honoring the illustrious memory of the great patriot, but

that he was so busily occupied in sustaining the patriots of to-day that it would be a wrong to Washington's memory to suspend his efforts. In Mr. Seward's view, the freedom of the Territories was a cause not less honorable than that of the independence of the Colonies, and it was immediately pressing. The same feeling that inspired reverence for Washington stimulated his endeavor to aid those who were doing Washington's work under changed conditions. And so, extolling the brave, humane, indomitable, and unquailing Luther, the truest commemorative service, when the sermon is spoken, and the oration is delivered, and the festivities have ceased, will be to recognize and sustain the Luthers of to-day, the men who are working in his spirit, and who, amid the bitterest hostility and the most contemptuous ridicule, follow the voice that speaks in their own consciences. Charity begins at home. Good manners are tested by a man's conduct in his own family. Reverence for Luther will be proved by respecting the Lutheran spirit.

In the old mediæval legend Christ comes to the saintly hermit as a feeble old man asking shelter, and again as a little child who had lost his way. The good saint succored them both, and when, says the legend, his Lord asked him how he knew that it was Jesus, the saint replied, "Lord, I knew Thee not; but I did as I thought Thou wouldst have done."

In Mrs. Oliphant's entertaining *Life of Sheridan*, which is just published in the "English Men of Letters" series, we do not find the doubtful but amusing story of his coming out in the gray of the morning from a disastrous night of gambling, and in his ill temper vigorously kicking a man who stood with his foot up apparently busily engaged with his shoe. "What d' ye mean by that?" angrily asked the man; "I'm only tying my shoe." "D—— you," returned Sheridan, "you're always tying your shoe!" This is the kind of mental process which is attributed to the English traveller in the United States, who whips out his note-book at every novel incident, and instantly enters a generalization. In the railroad car some unfortunate gentleman falls in a fit, and our observer records that Americans are subject to epilepsy when travelling; he goes to a watering-place ball, and sees several spindle-shanked boys whirling in the waltz, and remarks in his diary that Americans are undersized, and of dreadfully spare legs.

An American gentleman of great reputation as an acute social observer, and who told the story of himself with infinite amusement, relates that he was sitting at a public dinner table in Switzerland opposite two cockney gentlemen, who watched him with the evident expectation of seeing some extraordinary conduct. By some awkward mischance he struck his bottle of claret with his arm, and it fell into the lap of an English lady who sat next him, and whose dress was drenched before he could seize the bottle and offer a hundred warm apologies, which the lady graciously accepted. The cockneys looked on with an expression of pleased horror, as if they had been quite sure of something of the kind, and the American quietly ordered another bottle. The cockneys, however, were evidently confident that they had not seen the last of the adventure, and could scarcely eat their dinner for eager watching of their opposite neighbor. Suddenly, by an incredible chance, the American again touched his bottle, and away it went, gurgling and flowing once more into the lap of the astounded lady. The scene was so preposterous that the gentleman and lady mutually broke into a hearty laugh, and the ridiculous incident led to a very pleasant friendship. But as the second bottle followed the first, one of the watching cockneys nudged his companion violently in the side, and exclaimed, loudly, with an air of triumph, "There, he's done it again!" Before he slept, doubtless, the good cockney, like Captain Cuttle, had made a note of it, and his faithful diary was made to testify that Americans are exceedingly clumsy, and always empty their wine into the laps of English ladies.

This habit of generalization is amusing, but mischievous, and it is very insidious. Even husbands have been known to say, impatiently, of something done by their wives which was not quite wise or timely, "That's just like a woman." Such a husband obviously invites the retort that his impatience is just like a man. It is a ludicrously disproportioned penalty to exact for a foolish word or act of one poor little woman that the good name of the entire sex shall suffer, and no spirited woman will hesitate to take her revenge upon the whole sex of her slanderer. Such generalization is an exaggeration which speciously undermines veracity. It is due to the desire of producing a striking impression, a strong sensation; and as it is not true, it smooths the way to saying directly what is not true. A man who habitually exaggerates has not a clear perception of the truth, nor an honest regard for it, and when the sensation can not be produced without telling a lie, a lie will be told. Moreover, in the smallest things the exact statement will come to seem to a generalizer tame and ineffective. Like a morbid palate which demands a pungent stimulant with every mouthful, this generalizing disposition requires extravagance in every statement.

The subject has been freshly brought to our attention by a good-natured note from a Canadian, suggesting that a recent paper in these pages upon "The Canadian Habitant" does injustice by making the people of an isolated part of a single province stand for the whole body of Canadians. The people of Canada our remonstrant holds to be in general well educated and progressive, and he thinks it as unfair to cite a Lower Canadian French hab-

itant as an ideal or distinctive Canadian as to take a greaser or a clay-eater as a characteristic and representative Yankee citizen. At least he condemns it as a very unfair generalization, as the Americans of fifty years ago indignantly denounced Mrs. Trollope's descriptions of vulgar scenes and people which she had observed in the United States as characteristic of the American people.

It is, however, always to be remembered that if the generalizer, and especially the generalizing traveller, is rather ridiculous and even a falsifier in the extent of his assertion, yet that the occasion of his extravagance is worthy of consideration. There were not five hundred cats in the yard, as the eager child reported to his mother, but there was one cat, and if there was also a pan of cream, the one cat deserved immediate attention. If the entire company of passengers in the car did not actually flood it with expectoration, as the disgusted tourists might have asserted, there were perhaps two or three offenders whose offense was disgusting. If every American man, woman, and child does not insist upon opening the car window and smothering the neighbors with dust, smoke, and cinders, yet enough Americans insist upon doing it to make travel often very uncomfortable. If every traveller arriving late at a hotel does not stamp along the passage, and slam his boots down at the door of his room with a thunder which awakens all the neighboring sleepers, yet a certain number of travellers are guilty of that crime, and merit punishment without benefit of clergy.

So as the upright man wondered what rascally thing he had done that a rascal should praise him, when the generalizer asks us why we always wear coats out at the elbows, and why we never "clean our gums" upon the doormat, and whether we have no hat that is not disgraceful, we may reasonably retire to our closets and ask ourselves whether we are quite as neat and orderly as we ought to be.

Editor's Literary Record.

A HISTORY of the *Negro Race in America*,[1] by whomsoever written, would be an interesting literary event. But such a history, written by a negro, is something more than this. It is also a highly suggestive social and political fact, whose significance lies deeper than any mere personal qualities of the writer, however marked these may be, and however indicative of the capabilities of individuals of the race. That such a history has at length been written by a negro of culture and ability—Mr. George W. Williams—and that his work affords plentiful evidence that he is a man of vigorous and penetrating intellect, an earnest and scholarly thinker, and a graceful, incisive, and eloquent writer, in whose workmanship it is impossible to descry anything that betrays an intellectual or a literary color-line, are certainly very interesting facts, which, taken in connection with other notable individual instances of the capabilities of the negro as developed by education and the chance of a fair opportunity, must compel a revision of many of the traditional opinions that were once entertained relegating him to an inferior grade as a moral and intellectual being. But however interesting all these facts may be, that which invests the publication of Mr. Williams's history with special significance is the certainty that having been written by one of themselves, of whose sympathies they are assured, of whose abilities they may be justly proud, and in whom they have full confidence, *it will be read and laid to heart* by people of the negro race in this country, and will exert upon them the magnetic invigorating influence, as an incentive and an educator, that history has always exerted upon mankind, arousing their ambition, stimulating their self-respect, awakening their energies, and inciting them to redoubled efforts for intellectual improvement and social and political advancement by its indignant story of the wrongs and sufferings endured by their race through long generations before they received the boon of freedom, by its moving pictures of the prejudice and ostracism to which they have been since subjected, and by its copious record of the fine examples their race has furnished, in spite of obstacles such as no other people have ever encountered, of fortitude and fidelity, of probity and magnanimity, of endurance and self-sacrifice, of courage, of patriotism, of love of liberty, of business aptitudes, of intellectual ability, and, in fine, of every virtue and endowment that have been exhibited by men of any race, in any age or nation. For the first time the negro people are now to experience the potency of history as an educator, and that its effect upon their character will be marked and beneficent scarcely admits of a reasonable doubt. The first volume treated of the period from 1619 to 1800, which witnessed the introduction and establishment of negro slavery upon this hemisphere. The second volume brings down the history of the negro race in this country from 1800 to 1880, and shows us its condition, first while in slavery, and afterward when enjoying freedom and citizenship. Naturally, perhaps, Mr. Williams gives comparatively little attention to ethnological details, or to particulars illustrative of social and racial characteristics; and save for a few brief touches

[1] *History of the Negro Race in America.* From 1619 to 1880. Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers, and as Citizens, etc. By GEORGE W. WILLIAMS. In Two Volumes. Volume II., 1800 to 1880. 8vo, pp. 611. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

exhibiting some peculiar physiological and psychological features of the negro, and a few of his social, moral, religious, and intellectual traits, his attention is mainly concentrated upon the political and semi-political movements that have affected our negro population, and that were prompted by the fact that slavery was a powerful and disturbing factor in our national politics. His history is therefore very largely a record of what has been done for or against the negro race as an accident of our political conditions by men of another race, rather than of what the negro has accomplished for himself. Nor is this any discredit either to the historian or his race, since the negro while held in slavery, though not intrinsically incapable of either thinking or doing for himself, was so fettered and manacled in mind and body that free action or movement, whether physical or intellectual, was as impossible to him as if he were congenitally impotent. For these reasons it has been Mr. Williams's aim, not so much to give a picturesque sketch of the negro, and of his conditions and relations while in slavery, as to quicken in him the sense of his capabilities and powers now that he is a freeman, to teach him what he may do by the example of what has been done by other men of his own race, and to arouse in him that keen ardor of competition, of self-assertion, self-improvement, and pride of citizenship which shall raise him by his own efforts to a deserved and acknowledged equality with men of the white race. Beginning with the struggle for the restriction of slavery on the one hand and for its extension on the other, which signalized the early part of the present century, and reached its culmination, first in the establishment and afterward in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the volume now under notice is a faithful and—allowance being made for the stand-point of its author—a singularly calm and impartial history of all the movements growing out of the slavery question from the year 1800 until the war of the rebellion, and the events affecting the negro that followed in its train. The recital comprises pithy accounts of the development and decay of antislavery sentiment at the South, including a view of the movement for African colonization under the auspices of the Colonization Society; of the efforts of the Quakers to ameliorate the condition of slaves; of the services of negroes as soldiers and sailors in the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812; of the growth of antislavery agitation in the North, including graphic sketches of those who were foremost in it, and of the methods they pursued; of the national legislation on the subject of slavery that grew out of this agitation; of the John Brown expedition; of the conduct of the negroes in the war of the rebellion, both as slaves and as soldiers; of the reconstruction of the Confederate States, its errors and consequences; of what has been accomplished since as well as what was done before the war by negroes as soldiers, public officials, politicians, orators, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, and men of business; and of what the negro people have done for the education and improvement of their race—the whole illustrated and re-enforced by numerous individual examples, and by a large and valuable body of carefully prepared vital, prison, labor, educational, financial, and social statistics. The defect of Mr. Williams's work is its tendency to subordinate every problem in our history to that of the negro, and indeed to see nothing but the negro in American history, as if the slavery question and the subsequent question of the status of the negro were the sole or at least the gravest and most important of all the political questions with which the country has had to deal in the past, or with which it must deal in the future. Undoubtedly these are grave and important questions, and unquestionably for a time the slavery question was one of preponderating influence; but, after all is said, they are only a portion of the congeries of equally difficult, equally vital and momentous, and most engrossing problems which have beset us at every stage of our national life.

In view of the elaborate memoirs of Richard Brinsley Sheridan by Dr. Watkins and Thomas Moore, and the brief but excellent sketch by Professor Smyth, there would seem to have been but little left concerning him that was worth the telling that had not been told already. Certainly nothing new had been revealed of his personal character, of the incidents of his life, or of his career as dramatist, theatrical manager, orator, or statesman, that rendered a fresh biography of him necessary or desirable. Least of all was a new biography demanded by reason of his eminence as a man of letters, his sole claims to consideration on that score being two or three plays of unrivalled brilliance, as many more that were originally worthless and are now as clean dead and forgotten as they deserve to be, and a few verses and prose essays that escape the same fate only because they can not be said to have ever really lived. Nevertheless, on these slight grounds, by a marvellous stretch of posthumous courtesy, Sheridan has been assigned a niche in the "English Men of Letters" by the accomplished editor of the series, and Mrs. Oliphant has compiled a readable sketch of him,[2] in which she makes a plentiful use of old material, skillfully re-arranged and judiciously pieced out by supplementary or interjectional thoughts, deductions, reflections, and conjectures of her own. Mrs. Oliphant's portraiture of Sheridan is an unflattering one, and gives the reader a just idea of the darker and ingrained as well as of the fairer and superficial shades of his erratic and unbalanced charac-

[2] *Sheridan.* By Mrs. Oliphant. "English Men of Letters." 12mo, pp. 199. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ter—its strange medley of splendid follies, tinselled vices, and small virtues—so that the reader rises from the contemplation of the man with a feeling of mingled admiration, reprobation, pity, and contempt. It is only just to say that Mrs. Oliphant's account of the composition and first representation of Sheridan's masterpieces, *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*, and her original and acute outline and critical analysis of each, are fine specimens of honest and discriminating literary workmanship.

How it would have startled the gentle soul of Mary Lamb and filled it with dismay, could she have foreseen that in the process of time she should be announced to the world as one of its *famous* women! How, too, it would have delighted the heart of her brother to pillory the prospective rascal-author of her woe, and pelt him with a pitiless shower of mad wit and stinging epithet and jibe! And, in sooth, the title must seem a strange misnomer even to those whose souls are many removes distant from gentleness of the quality that characterized Elia's sister. None the less, however, is the life of *Mary Lamb*,[2] by Anne Gilchrist, now just published in the "Famous Women Series," a thoroughly delightful one, lovingly sympathetic in its portraiture, and charged with much new and interesting matter, quaintly illustrative of incidents in the daily life of Lamb and his sister, and of habits and companionships that clung to them in all their London migrations, which have hitherto escaped the most lynx-eyed of his biographers. The character of Mary Lamb, as it is here ingeniously woven from her own and her brother's letters and writings, is a most engaging one, rich in tender appeals to the sensibilities and affections of the reader. Among the interesting new matter, or matter as good as new, which has been introduced into this delightful memoir, is an essay on needle-work, written by Mary Lamb in 1814, and published in an old periodical of the period in the following year, now unearthed for the first time in nearly seventy years. The exquisite *morceau* is interesting for the sagacious ideas advanced by Miss Lamb with regard to needle-work as a social factor; and apart from this, its practical side, it is invaluable for the strong side light thrown by its autobiographic touches upon the early family life of the Lambs, and also for its unconscious depiction of vanished phases of the social life and habits of people of their class in the early part of this century. But the interest of the volume is properly made to centre on the brother and sister, and this constitutes its great charm. Mary's letters, of which a large number are given, contribute largely to this interest, and besides have an independent value for the intrinsic worth of their matter and the beauty and simplicity of their style. Those especially to her energetic and somewhat eccentric young friend, Sara Stoddard, afterward the wife of William Hazlitt, are wonderfully bright and vivacious—brimful of good-humored sallies, sharp but loving criticisms, gentle raillery, tender counsels, and practical wisdom, and, moreover, abounding in unconscious revelations of the home ways and every-day doings and sayings of Charles and herself, and of their noble bearing under the unexampled wretchedness in which they were periodically plunged by her terrible malady. The memoir is written in a style of quiet vivacity and unstudied simplicity thoroughly in harmony with the character and writings of its pure and gentle-hearted subject.

[2] *Mary Lamb*. By ANNE GILCHRIST. "Famous Women Series." 16mo, pp. 326. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE ignorance of the elementary principles of political economy which has been exhibited by those who are intrusted with the direction of our public affairs, and more especially by those who exercise the function of making the laws of the nation, has been a reproach of long standing, the more stinging because well founded. It has not been formulated by pessimistic railers and chronic malcontents, but has been sorrowfully and repeatedly iterated not only by those whose business made them practically observant of and conversant with the operations of economic laws, and whose interests have been jeopardized by their violation, but also by able abstract thinkers, who have not been influenced by any personal interests, and who have devoted their lives to the study of the subject in all its ramifications. One of the ablest of these eminent thinkers, Professor Perry, of Williams College, a scholar who is proverbial for his careful and guarded statements, sorrowfully laments this state of things in the latest edition of his most elaborate work on the subject of political economy. Speaking of our own country, he says: "A knowledge of economic science has scarcely ever been a requisite for places of honor and profit—not even for the highest fiscal positions. There has been no demand for this sort of knowledge." And he goes on to particularize that of the Secretaries of the National Treasury, from the formation of the Constitution until the present day, only five could lay any claim at all to a scientific mastery of the subject, while only one of the Presidents of the United States had, to any considerable breadth and depth, a personal control of it. Finally, he adds, "Only a few members of either branch of Congress, from the beginning on, have been economists in the scientific sense; and what is worse, these have been regarded as scarcely better qualified for their place on that account." Naturally enough it follows that "the usual action of Congress has not been guided by much economic wisdom," and that "the fiscal and commercial laws enacted by it have been most complicated and conflicting." It is no marvel that this state of things exists, if we consider the manner in

which members of the national legislature and departmental officers are chosen or appointed, their entire lack of previous training, and the utter unconcern that is manifested as to the question of qualifications by those from whom they derive their positions. It is safe to say that scarcely a Congressional district in a hundred gives a thought to the question of the ability of its member to deal with economic problems, or, indeed, with any other subjects requiring the grasp of a practiced and statesman-like thinker. And, with slight modification, the same censure will apply with equal pertinence to the election of members of the federal Senate by the State Legislatures. In both cases the availability of the candidate depends not at all upon his knowledge of economic science in any of its departments. The fact is that we have law-makers and public servants who are disgracefully ignorant of the elementary principles of political economy, because the people, from whom they derive their powers and positions, are ignorant or disregardful of it. And it is therefore nothing but the statement of the operation of the well-known natural law that the fountain can rise no higher than its source when we say that the rulers and law-makers of a people can be no better than the people themselves. The remedy undoubtedly lies in the improved knowledge of the people; for if they are educated in the principles of economic science their representatives and public servants will also be so educated, since they are of, and must be taken from, the people. If it be asked, How shall this remedy be applied? the reply is, by agencies that lie close at hand—the rostrum, the lyceum, the public library, the public high school, the college, and, above all, the press. By one or other of these agencies the artisan and the man of business, and our youths in school, college, and factory, may all be reached, so that with the new generation a new and better order of things may be inaugurated. One of the most encouraging signs of the times in this direction is the publication of popular editions of two admirable treatises on political economy, respectively by Professor A. L. Perry,[4] of Williams College, and Professor Francis A. Walker,[5] Superintendent of the Censuses of 1870 and 1880, each of which is sufficiently plain and elementary to be easily mastered by any fairly intelligent youth or adult, and yet exceedingly thorough and comprehensive. Written by political economists of differing though not absolutely irreconcilable schools, who bring the thought and research of years to bear upon the subject, and treat it with conspicuous candor and ability, the studious reader of the two treatises has it in his power to gain from them a luminous view of the history and field of the science, to attain a competent knowledge of the doctrines that have been maintained by the various schools, and by independent individual thinkers who are not restricted by the limitations of any particular school, and to ascertain what has been rejected, what still remains the subject of controversy, and what is received and accepted in common by all. Without entering into the details of their points of difference, whether it involves their methods and definitions, their nomenclature and analysis, or their arrangement and final conclusions, we shall content ourselves with advising all who may desire to master this complex and most important practical science to read the two treatises concurrently, weighing their points of disagreement, and comparing their statements and application of principles—in fine, using each to test the arguments of the other, and to discipline the mind in the practice of prolonged and connected reasoning on complex and abstract subjects.

What Social Classes Owe Each Other[6] is the title of a pungent little volume on social and economic problems by Professor Sumner, of Yale College, in which he mercilessly punctures some of the shibboleths involving social and political fallacies that are current in the mouths of certain agitators of the day, who, under the guise of friends of humanity and philanthropic reformers, are preaching a gospel of envy and unrest, addressed to the ignorance, the passions, the prejudices, and spirit of discontent that prevail among those who are less prosperous and less capable than their fellows. Among other things, Professor Sumner shows with sententious brevity, and a logic that would be more effective if it were less contemptuous, that rights, duties, and obligations are reciprocal, and not all on one side; that there is no individual or class in society which lies under the burden of fighting the battles of life for any other individual or class, or of solving social problems for their satisfaction; that all the schemes for producing equality and obliterating the existing organization of society really involve the sacrifice of the liberty of the best and most useful members of society for the benefit of those who are less good and useful; that all men have the unquestionable *right to pursue*, but not all men have the *ability to secure*, happiness, equality, and well-being; that the state owes nothing to anybody except peace, order, and the guarantees of rights; and especially that in a free state one man can not demand help from, and can not be charged with the burden of giving help to, another. These and other related topics, involving the relations of one man to another, of one class to another, of both to society and the state, and of labor to capital, and *vice versa*, are discussed with singular force and

[4] *Political Economy*. By ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY, LL.D. Eighteenth Edition. 8vo, pp. 608. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[5] *Political Economy*. By FRANCIS A. WALKER. 8vo, pp. 490. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[6] *What Social Classes Owe Each Other*. By WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER. 18mo, pp. 169. New York: Harper and Brothers.

perspicacity by Professor Sumner, and the sharp and bitter logic of his apothegmatic sentences is often relieved by the grim humor that lurks beneath it. But if we ask *cui bono?* the most that can be said of the book is that it is suggestive rather than constructive, it punctures fallacies, but solves nothing, and instead of helping or placating those whose fallacies it punctures, its sneering and contemptuous tone will tend rather to exasperate them and confirm them in their errors and illusions.

EXTENSIVELY as Socialism and Communism have engaged the interest and excited the apprehensions of the friends of law and order, comparatively few, even among the more intelligent classes, have any very precise idea of the distinctive character and objects of the two movements; for although they in reality represent two entirely different yet allied movements, having many widely dissimilar objects and methods as well as theory and practice, they are very commonly regarded as identical, and their names are often popularly used as convertible terms. Not only are the two systems thus often erroneously confounded, but what we know of them having been derived for the most part from hostile sources, our knowledge of their scope and fundamental principles is also very imperfect, and as relates to some of their essential features amounts to little more than a travesty of the reality. Fallacious, and in many of their aspects dangerous, as these movements undoubtedly are, they have some basis in truth and natural equity; and it is not by false or railing accusations and perverted statements of their objects and purposes that the fallacies they inculcate can be exploded, or the dangers they threaten be averted. On the contrary, as has been repeatedly exemplified in the course of their history, the misrepresentations and perversions of their doctrines that have been made, when detected and exposed, have invariably generated a more powerful sympathy in their behalf, which has blinded men to their dangerous tendencies, and has led to a reaction which endowed them with greater vitality than they before possessed, and largely increased the number of their advocates and adherents. There is no disguising the truth that Socialism and Communism are portentous facts growing out of the present conditions of civilized society, that they have come to stay, and that they are not to be got rid of except by a fair and perhaps a desperate fight. They can be vanquished neither by ridicule nor by panic fear, but must be met honestly and boldly on their merits or demerits. Apparently convictions such as these have led Professor Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, to prepare a historical sketch of the various socialistic systems of France and Germany,[1] accompanied by brief biographical outlines of the lives and work of their most influential leaders, in which he gives a fair and impartial presentation of the two systems as they have existed and now flourish in those great strongholds, neither concealing their good nor glossing over their evil features. Professor Ely draws a marked line of distinction between Communism and Socialism, clearly defining their points of contact and divergence, of agreement and disagreement, what they hold in common, and in what they are *à l'outrance*. In the course of his highly interesting study, in connection with brief sketches of the founders and more recent eminent thinkers and leaders of the various socialistic and communistic schools—including such noted names as Babœuf, Cabet, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Rodbertus, Karl Marx, and Lassalle—he presents a series of concise but comprehensive summaries, mostly in their own language and from their own point of view, of their theories and principles, and of the application of them which they have advocated or reduced to practice, thus affording, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the two movements at the various stages of their development and on different scenes. Mr. Ely concludes his thoroughly practical and candid little volume with four short essays, furnishing large opportunities for instructive comparisons, severally upon "The Ideal of Social Democracy," on "Social Democracy since the Death of Lassalle," on "Socialism of the Chair," and on "Christian Socialism." In the first of these he embodies a *résumé* of the desires and demands of the German social democratic party of to-day; in the second he gives a succinct sketch of the external history of the social democracy in Germany as manifested in the field of active politics, and of its internal history as displayed by the men who have led it, the ideas which controlled it, and the measures it has adopted in its political and economic propaganda; in the third he describes the principles of the economic system as set forth by the so-called Professorial Socialists of Germany, of whom Bismarck's favorite counsellor, Adolf Wagner, is the leading mind; and in the last he gives brief but extremely interesting outlines of the projects of the Christian Socialists of Great Britain, whose basis is the co-operative union of individuals in general society, and of the Christian Socialists of France and Germany, whose action is predicated upon the authority and social power of the Church.

[1] *French and German Socialism in Modern Times.* By RICHARD T. ELY, Ph.D. 18mo, pp. 374. New York: Harper and Brothers.

IN the winter of 1881–2, Professor Ernst Haeckel, of Jena, well known as a naturalist, and as one of the most radical and belligerent of the modern school of skeptical philosophers, visited Ceylon in order to study the forms of tropical organic and vegetable life that exist on that island and the adjacent sea; and he has given the result of his observations during a sojourn there of six months in the most genial and readable volume that has

been produced by any recent traveller. One who is familiar with the truculence and asperity that frequently disfigure Professor Haeckel's scientific prolusions, and who looks apprehensively for their recurrence, or for a parade of his advanced skeptical theories, in his account of his *Visit to Ceylon*,[8] will be agreeably disappointed. Only distant, cursory, and most good-natured allusions are made to the latter, and instead of the former we meet on every page a gayety that is irrepressible. Although the professor visited the island on a scientific mission as a naturalist, he reserves the more exclusively scientific results of his visit for a more purely technical volume, and in the one before us vouchsafes the reader only such glimpses of his professional work as have a general interest, and convey an idea of the marvellous beauty and variety of the forms of marine life in the Cingalese waters, while attention is mainly directed to the people of the island, their manners, customs, beliefs, and occupations, their attitude to their English masters and rulers, the character of the country and its productions, and the infinite variety of its bird, plant, and animal life. Animated sketches are given of all these, together with highly entertaining accounts of the difficulties he encountered, and the strange incidents he witnessed or that befell him in his free movements among the indigenous or naturalized inhabitants. The book is a delightful introduction to a new field, rich in novel varieties of life, manners, productions, and people.

Professor Church, of University College, London, has supplemented his excellent *Stories from Homer* by a companion volume of *Stories from Virgil*,[9] drawn from the Æneid, and describing the adventures and exploits of Æneas from the sack of Troy to the death of Turnus. The stories are paraphrases rather than literal translations of the original, and are confined to a presentation of its most striking incidents, in the continuous narrative form which is always so acceptable to youthful readers. The stories are unincumbered by the philosophy and rhetoric which the young have not yet learned to appreciate, but at the same time the chief characteristics of the poet's style and expression are faithfully preserved. They are finely illustrated by richly colored engravings adapted from a series of designs by Pinelli, a Roman artist of the early part of this century, who had a deserved reputation for his power of representing energetic action.

Sir John Lubbock's investigations of the habits, instincts, natural conditions, and mental endowments of the class of insects known as the social hymenoptera, as recorded in a recently published volume entitled *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*,[10] reveal some new facts in the natural history of these interesting creatures which are a substantial addition to the previous knowledge on the subject. The object of his observations being not so much to describe the usual habits of these insects as to test their mental condition and powers of sense, it was the original intention of the author to concentrate his attention principally upon bees. But he soon found that ants were more convenient than bees for most experimental purposes, because they were calmer and less excitable, and evinced greater power and flexibility of mind; and hence, although at the close of his treatise he pays some attention to bees and wasps, and gives some exceedingly interesting results of his scrutiny of them, the chief interest of his work resides in its record of his observations of ants, the new facts concerning them he brings to light, the old theories and alleged facts he confirms or refutes, and the surprising inferences and conclusions his investigations seem to warrant. The introductory chapters give a general preliminary view of the habits, instincts, and behavior of ants, their kinds, habitations, communities, food, character, industry, division of labor, relations to plants and other insects, methods of propagation and self-preservation, and other particulars with which most students of natural history are familiar, but a knowledge of which is highly desirable for an intelligent comprehension by the unscientific reader of the experiments described in the subsequent chapters. It is these later chapters, in which the author records the minute details of his multitudinous patient and ingenious experiments, that stamp his work with a distinctive scientific value, whether we consider the importance and novelty of the facts they apparently establish, or the surprising character of some of the inferences which they render probable or plausible. To follow these experiments closely were impracticable in a notice as brief as this must necessarily be; but their nature, drift, and general scope may be gathered with reasonable clearness from the following summary of results, given as nearly as possible substantially in Sir John Lubbock's own language: Ants have the power of recognizing friends, even when the latter have been reduced to insensibility by intoxication, or after long periods of separation, or when reared from the pupa state in the nests of strangers; but this power of recognition is not effected, as has been supposed by some eminent naturalists, by the use of a sign or quasi pass-word; it is not personal or individual, and is not due to the circumstance that each ant is individually acquainted with every other member of

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[8] *A Visit to Ceylon.* By Ernst Haeckel, Professor in the University of Jena, etc. Translated by Clara Bell. 12mo, pp. 337. Boston: S. E. Cassino and Co.

[9] *Stories from Virgil.* By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. 12mo, pp. 264. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[10] *Ants, Bees, and Wasps.* A Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera. "International Scientific Series." By Sir John Lubbock, M.P., Bart., etc. 12mo, pp. 458. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

the community—sometimes numbering from 100,000 to 400,000 individuals—to which it belongs. They have some power of communicating their thoughts to each other, of giving information to one another, something approaching to language. If we ask ourselves whether they are conscious beings, it is difficult to deny them the gift of reason when we see them, often in the face of accidental conditions of which they could have had no previous experience, excavating chambers and tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering and storing food, nursing their young, feeding and making use of domestic animals, holding slaves, recognizing friends, and manifesting aversion to strangers and enemies, and, on the whole, there is good ground for the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of man not so much in kind as in degree. Ants have the power of distinguishing light and colors, and of discriminating objects; but their perceptions of objects and their sensations of light and color must be very different from ours, since some colors affect their eyes which are imperceptible to ours, and the same may be true of objects. It would appear, therefore, that the colors and proportions of objects and the general aspect of nature must present to them a very different appearance from what they do to man. Though the subject is still involved in doubt, observations seem to indicate that ants are not deaf, as Huber and Forel maintained, but that they possess some sense of hearing, and that while they are insensible to sounds that affect us, they have the power to distinguish sounds which we can not hear. As regards the senses of smell and touch, there can be no doubt that both are highly developed in them. To sum up: The economy of labor and the ingenuity and inventiveness displayed under exceptional circumstances by ants, the social and friendly relations which exist between those of the same community, and between them and other animals, the hostility they manifest to stranger ants and other insects, their power of communicating their thoughts, their enjoyment of the senses, their prevision, and their ability to accommodate themselves to novel or accidental conditions, all indicate intention, foresight, and calculation; that they have their desires, passions, and caprices; and lead to the conclusion that they are endowed with reasoning powers so marked in kind and degree as to force the admission that "they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence."

THE novels of the month are fair in quality and comparatively few in number, among them being two by native authors who are deserved favorites, Rev. William M. Baker (recently deceased, many of our readers will regret to learn) and Frank Lee Benedict. Our list comprises the following: *The Price She Paid*,[11] by Frank Lee Benedict; *The New Timothy*,[12] by William M. Baker, a new edition; *Altiora Peto*,[13] by Laurence Oliphant; *By the Gate of the Sea*,[14] by David Christie Murray; *His Triumph*,[15] by Mary E. Denison; *Disarmed*,[16] by Miss Betham-Edwards; and *Thicker than Water*,[17] by James Payn. Of the above it deserves to be noted that *Altiora Peto* and *By the Gate of the Sea* form the initial numbers of the new and tasteful yet cheap "Duodecimo Edition" of "Franklin Square Library" novels, just projected by the Messrs. Harper.

[11] *The Price She Paid.* A Novel. By Frank Lee Benedict. 12mo, pp. 429. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[12] *The New Timothy.* A Novel. By William M. Baker. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 71. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Altiora Peto.* A Novel. By Laurence Oliphant. "Franklin Square Library." Duodecimo Edition, pp. 242. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 58. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *By the Gate of the Sea.* A Novel. By David Christie Murray. "Franklin Square Library." Duodecimo Edition, pp. 116. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 29. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *His Triumph.* By Mary E. Denison. 16mo, pp. 218. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[16] *Disarmed.* A Novel. By Miss Betham-Edwards. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 42. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Thicker than Water.* A Novel. By James Payn. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 74. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of September.—The following State nominations were made: Nebraska Democratic August 29, J. W. Savage for Justice of the Supreme Court, and for Regents of the State University Dr. D. R. Daniels, G. W. Johnson, and J. M. Woolworth; Pennsylvania Greenback August 30, T. P. Ryndder for Auditor-General, and Captain A. T. Marsh for Treasurer; New York Greenback September 5, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher for Secretary of State, Louis A. Post for Attorney-General, G. L. Halsey for Comptroller, Julian Winne for Treasurer, E. A. Stillman for State Engineer; New Jersey Democrats September 13, Leon Abbett for Governor; New Jersey Republicans September 18, Judge Jonathan Dixon for Governor.

The Northern Pacific Railroad was completed, August 22, by the joining of the two ends, thirty miles west of Mullen Tunnel, Montana. On the occasion of the formal opening, September 8, a golden spike was driven at the point of meeting.

The Irish Registration Bill was rejected in the House of Lords, August 21, by a vote of 52 nays to 32 yeas.

The French captured Hué, the capital of

Annam, August 25, and soon afterward a treaty of peace was signed.—On September 1 the French forces, after a desperate engagement, defeated the Black Flags, between Ha-Noi and Sontay.

According to official reports of the recent cholera epidemic in Egypt, there were 27,318 deaths up to September 1.

DISASTERS.

August 15.—Twelve miners killed by the breaking of a rope, near Redruth, England.

August 21.—One-third of the city of Rochester, Minnesota, destroyed by a cyclone. Railroad train on its way from Rochester to Zumbrota lifted from the track and completely demolished. Thirty persons killed and fifty wounded.

August 25.—Twenty-three workmen killed by the fall of a scaffold at the King of Bavaria's new palace on Chiem See.

August 26.—Eighteen of the crew of the steamer *Woodburn* lost, with the vessel, off Eddystone Light.—Many fishing vessels wrecked off the Grand Bank. Over sixty lives supposed to have been lost.

August 27.—Violent volcanic eruptions near the island of Java, followed by a huge tidal wave causing the loss of many thousand lives. Several towns were destroyed, light-houses disappeared, and the mountain of Kramatoa sank beneath the sea. Sunda Strait was greatly changed, and navigation rendered dangerous.

August 28.—Explosion of steamer *Riverdale's* boilers, on the North River, New York. Five persons killed and several injured.

August 31.—News of the loss of the Dutch arctic steamer *Varna*, in the Kara Sea, on July 4.—Steamer *Ludwig*, sixty days out from Antwerp, with seventy persons on board, given up for lost.

September 2.—Forty persons killed in a crowd run into by a railroad train at Steglitz.

September 4.—Nine militiamen killed and fifteen wounded by a railroad accident near Grayville, Illinois.

September 14.—News of the loss of the steamer *Proteus*, of the Greely Relief Expedition, in Smith Sound, July 23.

OBITUARY.

August 18.—At Cardiff, Wales, William Wirt Sikes, author and United States Consul, aged forty-six years.

August 19.—At York, Pennsylvania, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, in his seventy-fourth year.

August 24.—At Frohsdorf, the Comte de Chambord, aged sixty-three years.

August 27.—Announcement of death, on July 13, of Ranavalo II., Queen of Madagascar.

September 3.—At Bougival, France, Ivan Sergyeevich Tourgnéneff, aged sixty-five years.

September 11.—In Paris, France, Henri Conscience, aged seventy years.

September 12.—At Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, Hugh J. Hastings, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, aged sixty-five years.

September 16.—At Manchester, Massachusetts, Junius Brutus Booth, aged sixty-two years.

September 18.—In London, England, John Payne Collier, in his ninety-fifth year.

Editor's Drawer.

THERE appears to be too much electricity around this year, or else it is unevenly distributed. It is a year of uncommon atmospheric disturbance, volcanic activity, and general disaster. We can not yet predict these disturbances and disasters, but in our newly acquired wisdom we fancy that we can assign their cause. We watch what we call electric storms in the sun, and its ominous and changing spots, and though we are not sure that the sun's troubles induce our earthly calamities, yet we are inclined to refer both to one cause. We fortunately have an agency, about which we know little, that can be made accountable for all our unexplained misfortunes. In our empirical condition electricity now is as useful in our perplexity as malaria is to the doctors in their experiments: it is a handy scapegoat. We know, in fact, that electricity is the most skittish agency that man ever attempted to harness to his uses. We have tamed it to go in single and double teams, duplex and even quadruplex; we can send it round the globe on a wire, or we can store it and carry it round in a trunk (subject, of course, when it enters the port of New York, to a duty), and we make it repeat speech, turn machinery, and dispel darkness. We have done all this within a few years, and got to feel quite comfortable in our ability to handle it, and yet every few days it shows new freaks, mocks us with its subtle eccentricity, storms the sun, tears the earth to pieces, and declares itself master instead of servant.

All this is so clearly outside the province of the Drawer that we should not have alluded to it but for another aspect of the electric agency, which is clearly within our purview, and that is the moral. We know that it is usually held nowadays that crime is either hereditary, or caused by badly cooked food, poor clothes, and unwholesome lodgings; at any rate, that it is a disease, with little personal responsibility, caused by something akin to malaria, and to be cured by physical treatment. The so-called criminal should be pitied rather than punished. If a man is properly nurtured he will be pure. It is so well settled that when an exception occurs in the case of a well-nurtured man or woman who steals, we

put the action out of the catalogue of crimes by calling it kleptomania. And the proof of this is that no poor and shabby person has ever been known to have kleptomania. We are accustomed also to trace other delinquencies to like causes. We know that certain views of life and moral duty, called by their authors systems of philosophy, are due to dyspepsia. We have recently had Carlyle explained by a diagnosis of his stomach made by Mrs. Carlyle and Mr. Froude. We can tell the cause of most of our latter-day poetry: we say at a glance that such a poem came from the undercrust of a pie, and that another one is the result of anæmia, and that another has the sentiment of gin, and that others show a clogged state of the biliary duct. A proper course of medical treatment would cure most of these.

This is, as they say of evolution, a very pretty working theory for philanthropists, but it does not altogether satisfy us. Does it account for the suicides, of which there has been an epidemic in 1883? Or for the eccentric conduct of so many women, which is reported in our daily newspapers? Or for the moral condition of what is called fast and high society in London and New York and Bucharest? Not satisfactorily. But there is an agency that covers the whole like a mantle. We do not say that sin is merely perverted electricity. But we do say that in all our observation of mankind it never before acted as it has done since the sun spots turned up. There may have always been spots in the sun; perhaps there has, as there has always been more or less wickedness around; but we have been very slow to see the connection between the two. We can now, by the light of electricity itself, so to speak, observe the close relation of electric disturbances to moral disorders. If there is anything in this theory, when we have electric storms we ought not only to look out for atmospheric disasters, shipwrecks, tidal waves, earthquakes, and for collisions and railway and steamboat catastrophes, which are directly caused by human stupidity and carelessness, but also for an access of mental disorders, crimes, and eccentricities. People are probably moved to suicide and a general violation of the decalogue (we refer to the old one, and not to the Shapira revision) by electricity. The normal electric conductors of the system are disturbed. Under such a disturbance some are made ill, some fly to poetry, some steal, some slander, some run off with other people's husbands. This of course. But the question is, are we always controlled in our actions by this subtle fluid, even when there is no unusual display of it? For instance, is "affinity" electricity? We have not space here to pursue the subject, which our readers will see has infinite relations to human life.

But assuming the physical, mental, and moral interference of electricity with human beings, and that it is as much the cause of crime as it is of virtue—the latter resulting, of course, from a well-regulated electricity—there is a practical suggestion to be made. Instead of coddling criminals, as we should do if they are simply unfortunate victims of disease, we ought to treat them by electricity. Police courts ought to be provided with electrometers, or whatever machine it is for measuring the quantity of electric fluid in an object, and put those arraigned to a scientific test, not for the purpose of punishment, but of cure. A bad man is merely an overcharged thunder-cloud. Of course he is dangerous. He ought to be shut up until his electric condition is made normal. We can not afford to run the risk of being struck by his lightning. And our jails and penitentiaries ought to be under charge of electricians. We want, in short, to apply electricity to moral diseases as we do to physical, and no one can tell what wonders may be wrought. The treatment can always be adjusted to the condition of the subject. The electrician can strike some of them with lightning at once, and end all. Or he can give just the right charge to induce a flow of virtue through the heart. It must be a matter of experiment for a good while. But if the system works well in prisons, a still wider field is opened outside for this moral agency. Perhaps those characters known as "dangerous women" are merely the subjects of electric disturbance. All they need is the battery to become sweet ornaments of society. If this theory is sound, a glorious prospect is before us. What could not a skillful electrician do in Congress and in our State Legislatures? A new era will dawn when we can rectify moral evil as easily as we can whisper the tones of endearment into a beloved, delicate, pink ear fifty miles from our lips.

A MILLIONAIRE in Philadelphia who indorses the views of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., about the dead languages, says that he lives in the most convenient place in the city, for "the horse-cars run *pro* and *con* on his street."

IN this country first, second, and third class cars are not common on our railways, and those who travel much know that occasionally persons who belong in the cattle train get into a passenger-car. An accident of this sort, which is related by the Lynn (Massachusetts) *Transcript*, the Drawer desires to make as conspicuous as possible for the benefit of all concerned. The incident occurred on the Eastern Railroad, between Boston and Lynn.

A very well known citizen of Lynn, returning from Boston, found the cars very much crowded, and in fact only one seat not occupied by a passenger, but utilized by one to hold a valise. Our fellow-citizen, whom we will call Mr. B——, quietly lifted the baggage from the cushion with a view to setting it on the floor and filling the seat himself.

"What are you doing there?" sharply exclaimed the occupant of the inner seat. "That belongs to a friend of mine."

"Never mind your friend," calmly replied Mr. B——; "I will take care of him when he comes."

Both parties "ceased firing" at this point, and the train moved on to Somerville; but no "friend" claimed the valise and seat, and Mr. B—— reminded his fellow-traveller of that fact, who said,

"Well, that gentleman will be here soon."

But as Everett and Chelsea were passed, and there was no change in the situation, Mr. B—— concluded to make a movement. He accordingly left his seat, and, walking to the rear of the car, said to the conductor:

"There's a suspicious character in this car. A gentleman has left a valise in that seat, and I believe that man means to steal it, and I want you to stop him."

The conductor replied, "Yes, I've seen that class of gentry before, and I'll attend to his case." Whereupon Mr. B—— returned to his seat.

As the train slowed up at Oak Island the traveller gave signs of preparing to leave the car; observing which, the conductor approached. As was expected, the traveller grasped the valise; but the conductor interposed, ordering him to drop it. He indignantly refused, saying,

"It is mine!"

But Mr. B—— here said: "You're a liar, sir! You told me that it belonged to a 'gentleman' who was to occupy the seat."

The traveller retained the valise and attempted to go; but the conductor sternly said:

"If you don't leave that I'll arrest you. I will take it to head-quarters in Boston, where you can get it by proving property."

The Oak-Islander, beaten at all points, was obliged to surrender on the terms offered, and left the train—a specimen of a baffled and disgusted hog (that's the word).

IT is hard to be good, early. A mother recently took her four-year-old boy to church, but had to be constantly chiding him for speaking out in meeting. He finally broke out: "Mamma, if you won't let me talk, take off my shoes so I can work my toes."

A YOUNG couple who had just moved, and found themselves seriously embarrassed by the expense of the operation, were discussing the state of the larder at the dinner table, when the Irish maid thrust her head in at the door and brought this to a crisis with, "Every blessed thing is given out but the tay and coffee, and sure they will if they last long enough."

THERE seems to be a rivalry in various parts of the country as to what place can produce the meanest man. The prize is claimed by a man in the West who unfortunately lost his wife just after he had procured her a new set of teeth. The husband felt the loss deeply, because she was a good woman, and had, as they say, "tongue enough for two sets of teeth," and pondered how he could lessen his cost. Before the funeral he removed the set of teeth and took them back to the dentist, with the request that he should have his money back, as they had been very little used. The award of the prize is, however, disputed in the case of an Israelite in an Eastern city who, having been a grasping miser all his life, repented on his death-bed, and seeming to think that an atonement could be made by burying some of his gains with him, made his wife promise to seal up ten thousand dollars in his coffin. The good wife, reluctant to part with so much money, consulted his brother. Pondering the problem, at last he exclaimed, "I have it. I will put in a *shirtified scheck*."

THE war was just over, and Major B——, of the Confederate army, having gone back to New Orleans and exchanged his tattered gray uniform for a new civil outfit, started out to the extreme frontier of Texas on business. After a long day's ride across the prairies he was not sorry after night-fall to come upon a cabin in whose window a friendly light was gleaming, the only habitation he had seen for hours. Counting confidently upon the well-known hospitality of the people, he rode up to the fence and called loudly several times before he could make himself heard. At last the door was thrown open, and a gaunt, gigantic figure, holding a pine torch flaming above his head, came down the path and out of the gate to see who it was and what was wanted. He inspected the well-dressed, well-mounted stranger, who returned the compliment as well as he could by a light that fell fitfully upon a stern face surrounded by a shock of coarse red hair and beard, a suit of "butternut" clothing, and a pair of enormous rawhide boots in which the trousers were carelessly stuffed.

"Good-evening," said the major, with suavity. "Can I get a night's lodging here? I have been riding all day in the hot sun, and am not long out of a sick-bed, so I am pretty well used up."

The giant advanced, and thrusting his torch near, took another long look, and then said: "No, siree! You kain't stop at no house of mine."

"Well, how far is it to the next place?"

"Nigh on seventeen mile."

"Seventeen miles! I can't make that to-night."

"P'r'aps you kin; p'r'aps you kain't," said the giant, philosophically.

The major was very tired and very hungry, and condescended to expostulate, "Well, I must say I never heard of a Texan turning any man away from his door at this time of night."

The giant shuffled uneasily on his feet, and

this appeal to his hospitality might have been successful, but the major went on:

"I am willing to pay you well, and I wish you would let me have a little corn for my horse."

"You'd *pay?* You be derned!" swore the giant, greatly incensed. "I ain't keepin' a hotel; no, nor runnin' a livery-stable neither; and I 'ain't got nothin' to give yer, nor any of your sort."

"All right. Then I'll go into camp. I'm used to that. Any water about here?" asked the major.

"Been a soldier?" inquired the giant, in a mollified voice.

"Yes."

"Which side?"

"Confederate."

"You don't say so! Where did you serve? and what's the name of your colonel and brigade commander?"

Satisfactory answers were given to these questions, and the giant, laying aside his suspicious, unfriendly manner, said, heartily:

"That's all right. You kin stay a year, ef you want to. Git down. What mought your name be?"

"Major B——."

"Any relation to General John B—— and Colonel George B——?"

"Yes; nephew."

"Nephew! Git right down off that horse. Git down, I tell you! git down! Come right in. Nephew! Well, ef that don't beat the Jews! I fit the Indians fur ten years with old Jack, and his brother was colonel of my regiment," burst out the giant, and throwing away his torch, he almost seized the major bodily, and having helped him to alight, caught up his saddle-bags and pistols, and led the way into the cabin, shouting to an invisible wife:

"Looisy! Looisy! come here! Here's a nephew of my old colonel. Git some supper. Kill a chicken and make some biscuits right away, and be sure the coffee is good. Be quick about it, now."

"Looisy" was not prepared to meet the public gaze, and remained invisible some time—indeed, until she had cooked the meal her husband had ordered—when she came in to make acquaintance—a pale, delicate-looking woman, in a perfectly new calico dress. Never was a more cordial welcome given a visitor. Supper over, the two soldiers sat talking on the little porch until very late.

"Got any terbacker about yer close?" inquired mine host.

Pipes were lit, and it was under that confiding influence that he said, in a shamefaced, awkward way between the puffs of smoke:

"You must have thought me a low-lived cuss and no gentleman to turn you off like that, but dern me if I didn't think you was one of them Yankee bummers or a Freedman's Bureau! I ax your pardon fur it freely. But you are the first of the boys I've seed dressed up like a wax figger! I ax your pardon again. A soldier, even if he fit agin me, would er been welcome, but I do hate a buzzard bummer worse than a rattlesnake."

Next morning there was a smoking good breakfast ready for the major. His horse, already bridled and saddled, was waiting at the gate, to which his host accompanied him. As he mounted, the giant, as if in justification of his want of penetration, waved his hand toward him, and said:

"You see, major, them breeches was mightily agin yer." And as he rode off, after a hearty shake of the hand, and charged with innumerable messages to "General John and Colonel George," called out, "Better not be wanderin' round Texas in 'em, major; them breeches is *mightily* agin yer."

A GENTLEMAN in an Eastern city, having occasion to publish a paper on local antiquities, stated that a certain old house was formerly occupied by the "*step-mother* of Colonel Lear, Washington's private secretary." Soon after, he received a call from one of the descendants of the same family, who, with great indignation, informed him that "Mrs. Lear was no such a person, but always bore a most respectable character."

SISYPHUS TO THE STONE.

SISYPHUS, having tried in vain to roll the stone to the top of the hill, one day thought it might not be a bad idea to talk to and reason with it, and so he stopped when about half-way to the top, braced his feet against a couple of projecting rocks, lay with his chest against the stone, and remarked:

"Well, now, you are an unsociable sort of a stone, anyhow, to go rolling back against me all the time. I have been acquainted with you a long while now, and you don't seem to like me at all. What did I ever do to you that you should roll back and break my ribs, and knock out my artificial teeth, and keep me in a lather of perspiration all the time? In winter, when it is cold, and the hill is all slippery, you allow me to roll you half-way up, and then suddenly fall back, and we both go rolling down together. And then in the summer-time, when it is ninety in the shade, you get me so warm that my standing collar grows limp, and my collar-button soaks out of the button-hole and works down my back. And when I begin to feel happy because I know I have got you almost to the top, you suddenly whirl back, and down we go to the bottom of the hill, and I get my clothes all torn, and sand down my back."

Here Sisyphus paused, because he was rested, and started to push the stone up a little further. He hadn't pushed it far before he lost his footing, and down they went together. When they reached the bottom, Sisyphus said:

"Now, then, old stone, here we are again! But why don't you roll past me once, and let me proceed to the top of the hill alone? I would then brace myself on the top and pull you up with a rope, that we might always be together. There is no use of your rolling—a rolling stone gathers no moss—and, come to think of it, I don't know that moss ever did a stone much good, anyhow. You don't gather anything but my ribs, and what good do they do you? No good at all."

At this juncture Sisyphus braced himself, placed his palms against the stone where he knew he could secure the best hold, and remarked:

"I always like to start with the thumb of my right hand against this knob, and the thumb and forefinger of my left hand in these apertures. Now, then, be a good old stone. I have just got time to try to roll you to the top of the hill once, before the whistle blows for six o'clock, and if we can make it all right, my years of labor will be crowned with success before the *table d'hôte* is over."

And Sisyphus stopped talking and commenced rolling the stone. At the start, he went on easy enough, but when he had ascended about sixty feet he stretched himself out, let the stone remain against his left shoulder, while he jammed his hand into one of his pockets, took out some small stones, and placed them under the large one to keep it from moving back. Then he said:

"If I could only put on harness and wear spiked shoes, I might get that rock up all right. I know it is against the rules for me to sit here and rest, just as well as I know it is against the rules for me to keep the stone stationary by putting smaller stones on the under side of it. But still I have something to be thankful for. That stone has no patent-medicine advertisement on it, so I am not a rolling advertisement. If that old rock had a fever-and-ague advertisement on it, the letters would be painted on it afresh every fortnight, and then when the rock would roll back on me I should get my clothes all covered with paint. Besides, the letters would become impressed on me; every time the stone would roll on me I would take a fresh impression, and by the time I resulted in a five-o'clock edition I might have the painter's colic."

Having spoken the above, Sisyphus again got into position, and moved the stone upward an inch or so, when he stopped, and said:

"Come, now, be a nice, dear, good, kind stone, just for old Sis's sake. That's right, move along easy, just like that, a little longer, and we will be all right. There, now, steady, that's a good fellow. Just go on that way a little longer, and old Sis will never go back on you. Any one that says you're a clumsy old stone doesn't know anything about graceful stones; that's all I have to say about it. Now just a little further to the left, and miss that sharp rock that's jutting out, because I can't roll you over that, and it might take me an hour to roll you around it. Now go along all right, and I'll never sharpen my knife on you again. In union there's strength."

Sisyphus at this juncture was suddenly stopped, because one of his feet came in contact with one of the small stones which he had placed under the large one to keep it from rolling back, and in another instant the stone had fallen back into his arms, and they rolled speedily to the bottom of the hill. When they got there, Sisyphus jumped up, and running over to the stone, kicked it several times, and said:

"You're a healthy old rock, anyhow. I believe you just take delight in whirling downhill with me and breaking my bones. Do you think I have nothing else to do but purchase arnica, you mean old thing? I don't believe you're a natural rock anyhow, dern you! I believe you're only made of sand, and haven't a spark of genuine rockhood in you. I guess I've had all the rolling I want. If I got to the top, I might get some of the miasmatic gases that arise from the base. If I remain at the bottom, the people at the top will get the malaria. Besides, I don't believe there is anything at the top but a German beer garden; and, after all, the bottom of the hill is good enough for me."

Then Sisyphus sat down upon the stone, drew a match angrily across it, lighted his pipe, blew graceful rings from his mouth, and looked as happy as a pasha smoking cigarettes on a silken couch. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE following story is not invented; and the Drawer would not make room for it if it had not confidence in the entire truthfulness of the Union officer, whom we will call Colonel B——, who relates it, and if he had not had confidence in the truthfulness of the soldier who told him the dream and the singular accompanying circumstances, which here follow:

Colonel B——, while lying wounded in a Southern hospital during the late war, became interested in a soldier who was ill and occupied the cot next to his. One day Colonel B——'s servant killed and cooked a hare, which he brought to his master, and the colonel offered a bit of the meat to this wounded soldier, who had been eying it wistfully. To his surprise, the soldier refused it, and when asked the reason, replied that he did not eat meat that day. The colonel, thinking he was a Romanist, said, "You are out in your reckoning, for to-day is not Friday." But the man replied that he knew it was not Friday—he was not a Catholic; but he did not eat meat on Thursday. The colonel's curiosity was aroused by this reply, and he asked the soldier to tell him the reason. He refused at first, but finally said that he was afraid the colonel would laugh at him if he gave his reason. Upon the colonel's assuring him that he would not, the soldier confessed that it was owing to a

dream he once had. He said that he was once riding through an almost uninhabited part of the country, and coming to a small cabin by the road-side, he stopped to see if he could get shelter there for himself and his horse for the night. Three villainous-looking men came to the door, and he was so repelled by their appearance that he simply inquired the distance to the nearest town, determining to ride on to a more reputable-looking place. However, when they told him that the nearest house was seven miles distant, and night had already come, and both he and his horse were very tired, he decided to ask the men to keep him overnight. After consulting together for a moment they replied that they would. He accordingly put up his horse, and went to the room which was shown him, and in spite of his fears fell asleep directly. Almost immediately, as it appeared afterward, he dreamed that he saw these three men in an adjoining room; one was sharpening an ordinary butcher knife on a whetstone; another was melting some lead, and running it in a mould of peculiar shape; and the third was cleaning an old musket. As he watched them in his dream he saw the man load the musket with the bullet which had been cast in the mould of the peculiar shape. The three men then left the room, and went to a retired part of the garden, which the soldier saw distinctly in his dream, and one of them began to dig a grave with a spade which had a broken wooden handle. At this point the soldier awoke in a great fright, and as the house seemed perfectly quiet, he determined at once to escape. He jumped from the window upon a shed, and from the shed to the ground, and ran, as for his life, until he reached the nearest house. Upon inquiring there he learned that these men were a bad lot, but it was not supposed that they would murder an unoffending traveller. In the morning the soldier persuaded the landlord and his sons to accompany him to the house from which he had escaped, to get his horse. On reaching the house they found it deserted. They entered, and there found the same knife and whetstone and musket which the soldier had seen in his dream. They unloaded the musket, and drew from it the bullet of peculiar shape, and also found the vessel in which the lead had been melted. The soldier then led the way to the garden, and there, in the spot which he had seen in his dream, was the newly dug grave, and the spade with the broken wooden handle lying beside it.

When Colonel B—— asked the soldier what connection all this had with his refusal to eat meat on Thursday, he replied, in rather a shy and shamefaced way, that as his life had been spared in consequence of this dream on a Thursday, to show his gratitude to God he had abstained from eating meat on that day. Colonel B—— believed that the soldier was an honest and trustworthy person.

It gives us pleasure to receive and to print—and we are sure that it will give all those who have enjoyed these pages in previous years pleasure to read—the following just and beautiful tribute to the memory of the late editor of the *Drawer*, Mr. William A. Seaver:

W. A. S.

[*Obiit January 7*, 1883.]

"Good-night, my boy;" and with a smile
He turned his steps and sped away:
Since then 'tis but a little while,
And he is dead to-day:
Dead, and the friend that once I knew,
My comrade both in joy and pain,
So often tried and always true,
Will never smile again.

His days were many, and the world
Had most of all his thought and care:
But now his sails of toil were furled
In Art's serener air.
The evening lamp, the storied page,
The mantling glass, the song, the jest—
These turned the twilight of his age
To morning and to rest.

The thorny paths of life he knew:
His tender heart was quick to feel;
And wounds his pity wept to view
His bounty glowed to heal.
Of worldly ways, of frailty's slips,
Of mortal sin, he had his share;
Yet still could breathe, with childhood's lips,
His artless childhood's prayer.

Good deeds were all the work he wrought;
Sweet thoughts and merry all he prized;
Nor power nor fame by him was sought,
Nor humble things despised.
Strife could not live before his face,
But wheresoe'er his footsteps fell
Came kindness, with its smile of grace,
And everything was well.

He did not strive to win the heights:
Enough for him the lowly vale,
The autumn sunset's pensive lights,
The autumn's perfumed gale.
But toilers on the upward slope,
Who greatly strove and bravely dared,
Had cheer of him, and felt new hope,
Howe'er their fortune fared.

To brighten life, where'er he went,
With laughter's sparkle, and to make
Home's fireside lovely with content,
For gentle Humor's sake—
This was his fate. Ah, darkly shows
The path where yesterday he shone—
That downward path of many woes
That we must tread alone!

Yet he, like us, had lost and grieved:
He knew how hard it is to bear,
When, lone and listless and bereaved,
We sink in dumb despair.
And could those lips, now marble chill,
But speak once more from that true heart,
With what a jocund, blithe good-will
They'd bid our grief depart!

It was but yesterday he went:
This is the room and that the door:
When some few idle days are spent,
'Twill all be as before:
The heavenly morning will destroy
This rueful dream of death and pain,
And I shall hear him say, "My boy,"
And clasp his hand again.

WILLIAM WINTER.